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THE GREAT SOUTH.

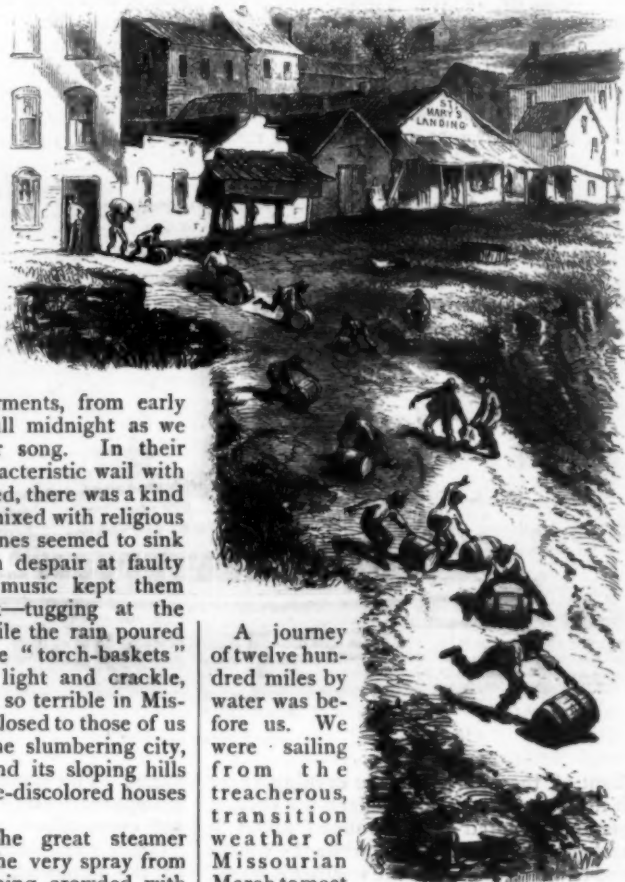
DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI—THE LABOR QUESTION—ARKANSAS.

"O, starboard side."
"Oo-le-oo-le-oo!"
"Nudder one down dar!"

THE roustabouts were loading sacks of corn from one of the immense elevators at East St. Louis into the recesses of that mammoth steamboat, the "Great Republic," and singing at their toil. Very lustily had they worked, these grimy and uncouth men and boys, clad in soiled and ragged garments, from early morning, and it was full midnight as we stood listening to their song. In their voices, and in the characteristic wail with which each refrain ended, there was a kind of grim passion, not unmixed with religious fervor. The singers' tones seemed to sink into a lament, as if in despair at faulty expression. But the music kept them steadily at their work—tugging at the coarse, heavy sacks, while the rain poured down in torrents. The "torch-baskets" sent forth their cheery light and crackle, and the heat-lightning, so terrible in Missouri, now and then disclosed to those of us who were still awake the slumbering city, with its myriad lights and its sloping hills packed with dark, smoke-discolored houses beyond the river.

Towards morning, the great steamer turned swiftly round, the very spray from the boiling water seeming crowded with oaths, as the officers drove the negroes to their several tasks; and the "Great Republic" glided slowly, and with scarcely a perceptible motion, down the stream. The blinking lights of the ferries behind us faded into distance. We passed tug-boats fuming and growling like monsters, drawing after them mysterious trains of barges; and finally entered upon the solitude which one finds so impressive upon the Mississippi.

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LOADING FLOUR ON A STEAMER AT
ST. MARY'S, MO.

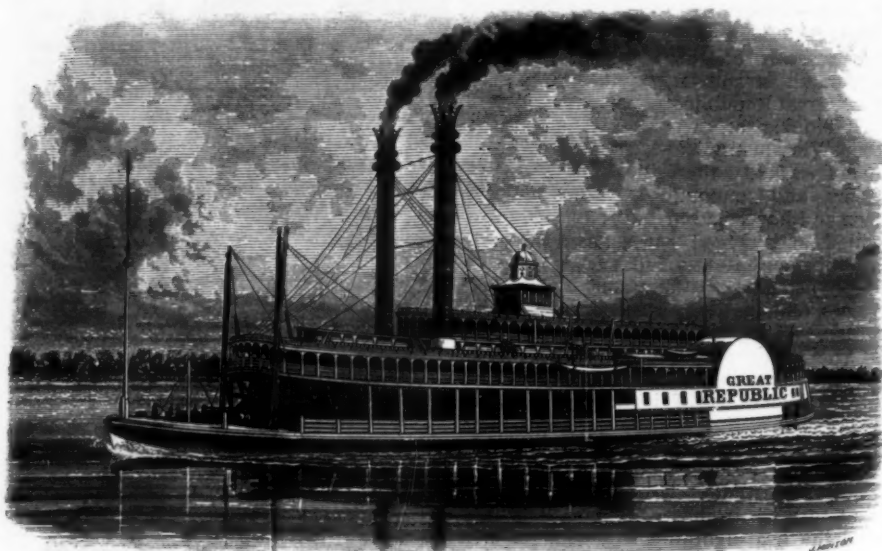
A journey of twelve hundred miles by water was before us. We were sailing from the treacherous, transition weather of Missouriian March to meet loveliest summer robed in green, and garlanded with fairest blooms. The thought was inspiring. Eight days of this restful sailing on the gently throbbing current, and we should see the lowlands, the Cherokee rose, the jessamine, the orange tree. Wakeful and pacing the deck,—across which swept a chill breeze,—with my Ulster close about

me, I pondered upon my journey and the journey's end.

The "Great Republic" is the largest steamer on the Mississippi river—literally a floating palace. The luxuriantly furnished cabin is as long and as ample as the promenade hall in the Hombourg Kursaal, and has accommodations for two hundred guests. Standing on the upper deck or in the pilot house, one fancies the graceful structure to be at rest, even when going at full speed. This is the very luxury of travel. An army of servants come and go. As in an ocean voyage, breakfast, dinner and tea succeed each other so quickly that one regrets the rapid

stories. Romantic enough were their accounts of the adventures of steamers in war time—how they ran the gauntlet here, and were seized there; and how, now and then, Confederate shells came crashing uncomfortably near the pilots themselves.

The pilots on the Western rivers have an association, with head-quarters at St. Louis, and branches at Louisville, Pittsburg and Cincinnati. Each of the seventy-four members, on his trip, makes a report of changes in the channel, or obstructions, which is forwarded from point to point to all the others. They are men of great energy, of quaint, dry humor, and fond of spinning



THE "GREAT REPUBLIC."

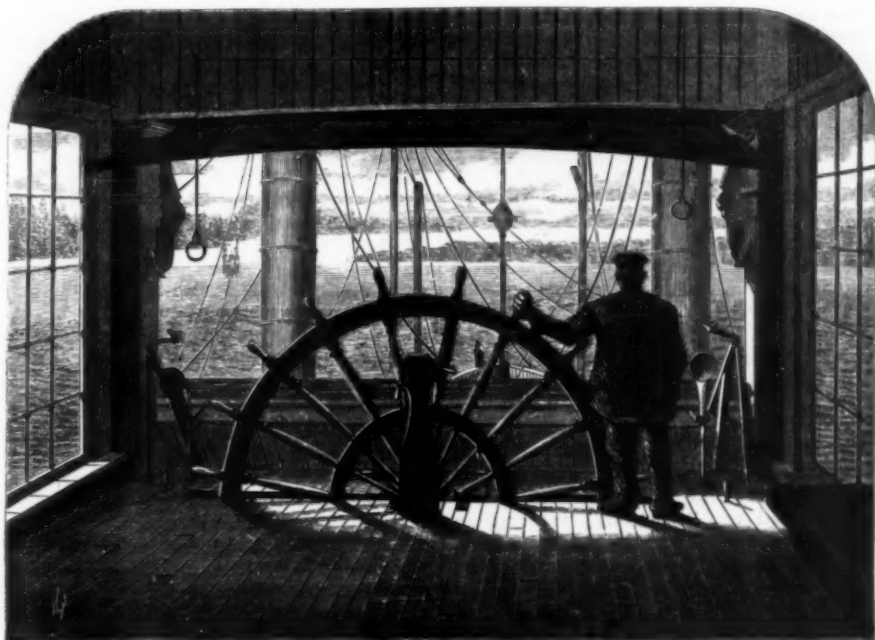
flight of the hours. In the evening there is the blaze of the chandeliers, the opened piano, a colored band grouped about it and playing tasteful music while the youths and maidens dance. If the weather is warm, there are trips about the moonlit wilderness of decks—and flirtations.

The two score negro "roustabouts" on the boat were sources of infinite amusement to the passengers. At the small landings the "Great Republic" would lower her gang-planks, and down the steep levees would come kaleidoscopic processions of negroes and flour barrels.

The pilots, perched in their cosy cage, twisted the wheel and told us strange

yarns. The genial "Mark Twain" served his apprenticeship as pilot, and one of his old companions and tutors, now on the "Great Republic," gave us reminiscences of the humorist. One sees, on a journey down the Mississippi, where Mark found many of his queerest and seemingly impossible types.

Our first night on the river was so extremely dark that the captain made fast to a shelving bank, and the "Great Republic" laid by till early dawn. Then we sailed down past the fertile bottom lands of Missouri and Illinois—past Grand Tower, with its furnaces and crowded villages—past the great cypress swamps and



THE PILOT HOUSE OF THE "GREAT REPUBLIC."

the wooded lands, until we came to Cairo, at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi. One broad lake spread a placid sheet above the flat country at the Ohio's mouth. The "Great Eastern" might have swung round in front of the Illinois Central tracks at Cairo. Stopping but to load more bags of corn and hogsheads of bacon, with hundreds of clamorous fowls, we turned, and once more entered the giant river, which was then beginning to show a determination to overflow all proper bounds, and invade the lands upon its banks.

When the rains have swollen its tributary rivers to more than their ordinary volume, the Mississippi is grand, terrible, treacherous. Always subtle and serpent-like in its mode of stealing upon its prey, it swallows up acres at one fell swoop on one side; sweeping them away from their frail hold on the main land, while, on the other, it covers plantations with slime, and broken tree trunks and boughs, forcing the frightened inhabitants into the second story of their cabins, and driving the cattle and swine upon high knolls to starve, or perhaps finally to drown. It pierces the puny levees which have cost the States bordering upon it such immense sums, and goes

bubbling and roaring through the crevasse, distracting the planters, and sending dismay to millions of people in a single night. It promises a fall on one day; on another it rises so suddenly that the adventurous woodsmen along the border have scarcely time to flee. It makes a lake of the fertile country between the two great rivers; it carries off hundreds of wood-piles, which lonely and patient labor has heaped, in the hope that a passing steamer will buy them up, and thus reward a season's work. Out of each small town on its western bank, set too carelessly by the water's edge, it makes a pigmy Venice, or floats it off altogether. As the huge steamer glided along, on the mighty current, we could see families perched in the second stories of their houses, gazing grimly out upon the approaching ruin. At one point a man was sculling from house to barnyard with food for his stock. The log barn was a dreary pile in the midst of the flood. The swine and cows stood shivering on a pine knoll, disconsolately burrowing and browsing. Hailed by some flustered paterfamilias or plantation master bound to the nearest town for supplies, we took him to his destination. As we

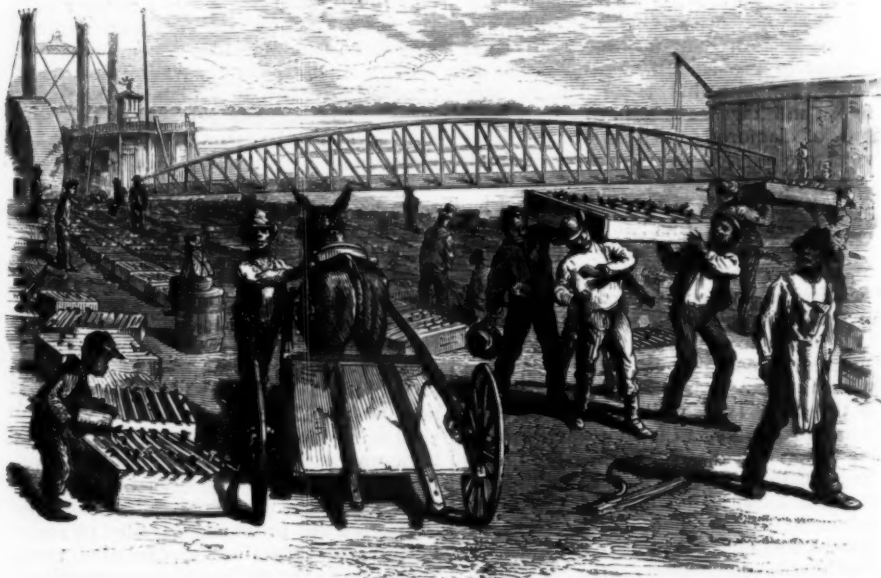
passed below the Arkansas and White rivers, the gigantic volume of water had so far overrun its natural boundaries that we seemed at sea, instead of upon an inland river. The cotton-woods and cypresses stood up amid the water wilderness like ghosts. Gazing into the long avenues of the somber forests, we could see only the same level, all-enveloping flood. In the open country the cabins seemed ready to sail away, though their masters were usually smoking with much equanimity, and awaiting a "fall."

While we are gossiping of the river, let us consider its peculiarities and the danger of its inundations more fully. Below the mouth of the Missouri, the great river takes a wholly different appearance and character from those of the lovely stream which stretches from Lake Pepin down; and some of the old pilots say that section of it below St. Louis should have been called the "Missouri" rather than the Mississippi. The Missouri, they claim, gives to the Father of Waters most of its characteristics, which dominate it until it has been reinforced by the Ohio, the Arkansas, the White and the Red. The river is forever making land on one side, and tearing it away on the other, the bends in its course not permitting the current

to wash both banks with equal force. The farmer on the alluvial bottoms sees with dismay his corn-field diminish year by year, acres slipping into the dark current; yet the ease with which corn, cotton and sugar are raised in their respective localities along its banks is such, that they willingly run the risk. The pilots complain bitterly of the constant changes in the channel, which it requires the eyes of Argus almost to detect. They say that the current might be made to bear more upon the rocky shores, thus avoiding disastrous losses of land and many "crevasses." The stream is so crooked that a twenty miles sail by water is sometimes necessary where the distance across the promontory, round which the steamer must go, is not more than a mile. Sometimes the current, tired of the detour, itself brushes away the promontory, and the astonished pilots see a totally new course opened before them.

The occasional inundations of the alluvial lands are so little understood, and the general course of the Mississippi is comprehended by so few, that a little sketch of its progress downward to the Delta country may prove interesting.

At the junction of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers properly begins what is



THE FOWL MARKET, CAIRO, ILLINOIS.

known as the Lower Mississippi, although the name is not usually applied to the stream until it has crossed the grand "rocky chain" or bed extending across its channel between St. Louis and Cairo. All below this "chain," in the Mississippi Valley, is alluvium, through which the river meanders from one bluff to another—the bluffs being from forty to one hundred miles apart. Touching these bluffs at Commerce, Mo., on the west bank, it courses across the valley, passing the vast prairies of Lower Illinois, known as "Egypt," on the east, meets the Ohio at Cairo, and strikes the bluffs again at Columbus, on the eastern or Kentucky shore. It skirts these bluffs as far as Memphis, having on its west the vast earthquake lands of Missouri and Arkansas. It then once more crosses its valley to meet the waters of the White and Arkansas rivers, and skirts the bluffs at Helena in Arkansas, flanking and hemming in the St. Francis with her swamps and "sunk lands." Reinforced by the White and Arkansas, it again crosses its valley to meet the Yazoo near Vicksburg, creating the immense Yazoo reservoir on the east bank, extending from the vicinity of Memphis to Vicksburg, and the valleys and swamps of the Macon and Tensas, on the west side. These latter have no terminus save the Gulf of Mexico, as the river does not approach the western bluffs after leaving Helena. From Vicksburg to Baton Rouge the river hugs the eastern bluffs, and from Baton Rouge to the mouth is the pure "delta country," for a distance of more than two hundred miles.

All of this vast valley below the rocky chain crossing the river channel lies lower than the high water line of these powerful waters, and the efforts of men to stay an inundation seem very puerile. The valley is divided into several natural districts, one embracing the lands from the chain to the vicinity of Helena, where the St. Francis debouches; another from Helena nearly to Vicksburg on the east bank, for the Yazoo valley; a third comprises the country from the Arkansas to the Red River, known as the Macon and Tensas valley; a fourth runs from the Red River to the Gulf, on the west side; and a fifth from Baton Rouge to the Gulf on the east side.

Some of these districts have been imperfectly leveed; others have never been protected at all, and the general opinion is

that when high water does come, the fact that there are a few levees increases the danger of a complete inundation, as the



A CREVASSE ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

stream, finding itself restrained, breaks the barriers which attempt to control its current. Under the slave system, the planters on the lowlands were able to guard against ruin by water by elaborate preparation and vigilance, which they cannot summon now; and it is believed that nothing but the execution of a grand national work by the general government will ever secure to the delta that immunity from ruin so desirable for people already prostrated by war and political knavery.

Yet the inundations do not come with alarming frequency. In 1867 the lowlands were overflowed and distress ensued; and in this year (1874) the confusion, distress, and trepidation have been terrible to witness. Starvation has stood at thousands of doors, and only the hands of government and charity have saved hundreds from miserable deaths. Below Memphis, and in a wide belt of country round about, along the bottom lands in the State of Mississippi, and throughout the Louisiana lowlands, we hear of immense damage. In an hour the planter is doomed to see a thousand acres, which have been carefully prepared for planting cotton, covered with water two or three feet deep. The country round about becomes a swamp—the roads are rivers—the lakes are seas.

The overseers and negroes have been at work since the last crop was gathered, repairing the fences and cleaning the ditches; early in January they pulled down the old stalks, started the plows to throw quadruple furrows over the broad fields, then, throwing out the "middles," left a sloped bed of fresh ground to



A SUBMERGED TOWN ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

plant on, and loose earth to cover with. If the spring freshet breaks over this prepared earth, and reduces it to a mud-puddle, the work is all to be done over again, and the whole season is hindered. Planting ordinarily begins about the last of March. Piles of cotton seed are distributed about the field, and it is strewn along the beds,—a ton of seed to eight acres,—and then covered, or “barred off,” as the plantation slang has it. When the stalks have appeared, the “scraping” begins, and all save the most vigorous plants are weeded out. Every day until early in July is then occupied with the guarding of the crop against the caterpillar and the hundred other dangers that threaten it, the picking beginning in the first days of September. Meantime some of the hands have been preparing baskets, and setting the gins in order; new laborers, often double and treble the number employed during the rest of the season, arrive, and until Christmas all are busy with cotton picking. The year is none too long for the round of culture, even beginning in earliest spring, and a deluge is a terrific blow to the planters.

As the Mississippi Valley, south and north, will in future be one of the most populous sections of the American Union, and as the great network of rivers which penetrate to the Rocky Mountains, and the mighty cañons of the *Mauvoises Terres* are so well adapted for commercial highways; as a score of States and territories border on the Mississippi alone, why should not the National government at once undertake the control and care of the stream and its tributaries, finding out the best system for preventing inundations, and remedying, as far as possible, the dangers and difficulties now incident to navigation?

Passing Columbus and Hickman, two thriving towns on the Kentucky shore, and the ruins of the fortifications on “Island Number Ten,” an island rapidly sinking in Mississippi’s insidious embrace—past Fort Pillow—now rounding bends which took us miles out of our way, and now venturing through “cut-offs,” made by the sudden action of the resistless flood, we skirted along the vast, desolate Arkansas shore, reached the third Chickasaw bluff on the Tennessee side, and saw the city of Memphis before us.

Memphis is the chief city of Western Tennessee, and indeed of the whole State. It has been well and widely known ever since the five-thousand-acre tract on the fourth Chickasaw Bluff, on which the city now stands, came into the possession of Judge Overton, Major Winchester, and General Andrew Jackson, the original proprietors. From the river Memphis presents quite an imposing appearance, stately piles of buildings running along the bluff at whose foot stretches a levee similar to those of all the other river towns. Opposite to it, on the west bank of the Mississippi, is the level line of the Arkansas bottom, whose lowlands are often submerged, and from a ferry station at Hopefield a railroad leads to Little Rock, the Arkansas capital. The streets of Memphis are broad, regular, and lined with handsome buildings; there is but one drawback to their perfection, and that is a Nicholson pavement, so badly put down, and so poorly cared for, that a ride over it in an omnibus is almost unendurable. In the center of the town is an exquisite little park, filled with delicate foliage, where a bust of Andrew Jackson frowns upon the tame squirrels frisking around

it, or climbing on the visitor's shoulders and exploring his pockets for chestnuts. Since the terrible visitation of yellow fever in 1873, the city government has made most extraordinary efforts to secure perfect drainage and cleanliness in the streets; and Memphis certainly compares favorably in this respect with any of its river sisters, northern or southern. On the avenues leading from the river towards the open country there are many lovely residences surrounded by cool and inviting lawns; the churches and school buildings are handsome and numerous, and there is an air of activity and thrift in the city which I was not prepared to find manifested after the severe experiences through which the city has passed. Several good newspapers,—the "Avalanche," the "Appeal," the "Ledger" and the "Register,"—do much to enliven Memphis and the highly prosperous county of Shelby, in which it stands; and the carnival in winter and the cotton trade until midsummer make excitement the rule. Those who fancied Memphis "dead" after the yellow fever's ghastly visitation were wrong; the number of business houses in the city has increased ten per cent. since that terrible event, and the number of physicians, curious to note, has decreased in exactly the same proportion. The wholesale trade has been growing enormously, and the influx of population has been so very considerable, that Memphis claims to-day about 65,000 inhabitants. Great injustice has been done the city in former times by the false statement extensively published that, after Valparaiso and Prague, Memphis had the highest death rate in the world. The cemetery on the Chickasaw bluff, besides receiving the dead of the city itself, serves as the burial place for the dead of all the migratory multitudes who toil up and down the currents of the half dozen giant streams which bring trade and people to Memphis. It is quite probable, whatever appearances may indicate, that the death rate of Memphis is no higher than that of any city in the central valley of the Mississippi. The city itself occupies a tract of three square miles. Opposite it is the center of a district, one hundred miles square, east of the White and St. Francis rivers and west of the Mississippi, which has been for ages enriched by the alluvial deposits brought by the mighty river. It is said that in this area there are five millions of acres,

each one of which is capable of producing annually a bale of cotton. This plain, says a local writer, "was the rich granary of the city of the mound-builders, once occupying, as suggested by the great mounds on the city's southern confines, the heights on which Memphis stands." North of the city lies the famous Big Creek section, the home of many opulent cotton planters before the war, but now but little cultivated, and with many of its fine lands deserted.

Memphis is very near the center of the cotton belt, and has an enormous supply trade with Arkansas, Mississippi, Western Tennessee and Northern Alabama. The export trade of inland ports like Memphis, Macon and Augusta has become so great that the railroads have accorded them very low rates. Much of the cotton once sent to New Orleans is now shipped directly across the country to Norfolk. The railroad system of Memphis is already very important—as follows: The Memphis and Charleston road extends to Stevenson in North Alabama, and connects with routes to Norfolk and the sea, as well as with those running northward. It is at present under a lease to the Southern Railway Security Company, but it is expected that the control of the line will in time return to the stockholders. Next in importance is the Louisville and Nashville and Great Southern Railroad, sometimes called the Memphis and Ohio. This line extends to Paris, Tenn., connecting thence to Louisville, Ky., and with the Memphis and Clarkville, and Louisville and Nashville, roads. The Mississippi and Tennessee road extends from Memphis to Grenada, a "smart" town in the former state, and runs through an excellent cotton raising, although thinly settled, country, for one hundred miles, connecting by the Mississippi Central with New Orleans. The road to Little Rock gives connection with the network in which Texas is tangled; and the Memphis and Paducah, only partially completed, is extended to give almost an air line to Chicago. The Memphis and Selma road is also begun. But the project considered of most importance by the citizens of Memphis is the contemplated road from Kansas City to Memphis, which would render the latter independent of and in direct competition with St. Louis.

The cotton trade of Memphis represents from \$35,000,000 to \$40,000,000, annually.

Its growth has been extraordinary. In 1860-1 Memphis received nearly four hundred thousand bales. She then had



VIEW IN THE CITY PARK, MEMPHIS.

also an extensive tobacco trade, which the war took from her, and which has never been returned. After the war production was so crippled that there was but a gradual return to the old figures in the cotton trade, as shown by the appended table.

Year.	Bales.
1867-8	254,240
1868-9	247,698
1869-70	247,654
1870-71	511,432
1871-72	380,934
1872-73	414,955
1873-4 up to April.....	398,637

The cotton received at Memphis comes mainly from Western Tennessee, Northern and Central Alabama, the same sections of Mississippi, and Arkansas, as far south as Chicot. The South-eastern portion of Missouri also furnishes some cotton to Memphis. The market is made up of buyers from New England and the northern spinning element generally, and from Liverpool, Manchester, and the continental ports. Nearly one-third of the receipts, it is said, are now taken by foreign ship-

pers. Of course the greater portion of those purchases goes to Europe via Norfolk, New York or Boston, but one German buyer this season shipped forty thousand bales via New Orleans and the Gulf. The character of the cotton is such as to make it specially sought after by all classes of spinners. As a cotton port Memphis is independent of New Orleans, and this independence has been recently achieved. Of the entire crop brought into Memphis in 1860-1 there were 184,366 bales sent to the Louisiana metropolis; whereas in 1872-3 scarcely 25,000 bales were sent there for market. The prices are so nearly up to those of New Orleans as not to leave a margin. The Louisville and Nashville road takes a great deal of cotton northward, and the various packet lines to St. Louis, Cairo, Cincinnati, Evansville, and Cannelton, carry many hundreds of bales. There are so many lines that Memphis is never blockaded. As a single item of commerce, that of cotton there is enormous, amounting at the average price in value to something like \$28,000,000. It is calculated that the whole commerce of Memphis foots up \$62,000,000 yearly. It is the main supply point for a vast region. Thousands on thousands of barrels of flour, pork, bales of hay, sacks of oats, barrels of corn meal, are brought in on the Mississippi river and thence distributed. Besides handling one-eighth of the entire cotton crop of the United States, Memphis has thus far kept in food as well as in courage a very large portion of the half discouraged planters of the South; her merchants having made great efforts to accommodate themselves to the new order of things. So changed are all the conditions under which planters labor, and so evident is it that the character of planting or farming must change a good deal, that the merchants themselves are beginning to doubt the real beneficence of the supply system. At Memphis one hears a great deal of the miseries and vexations of both laborers and capitalists in the cotton country.

The truth of the matter is, I suspect, that the planters, up to the present, have not been willing to become farmers. "These people," said to me a gentleman familiar with the whole cotton planting interest of the South, "will never grow their own supplies until they are compelled to." They are willing to depend upon the West for the coarse food

supplied to negro laborers, and seem totally unconscious of the fact that they can never secure white immigration, so much desired, until they raise the status of the laboring man. White labor has proved a failure in a great many sections of the South, because the laborers who come to make trial are not properly treated. They are offered strong inducements, can purchase good lands on almost unlimited credit, and are received in a friendly manner, but they find all the conditions of labor so disorganized that they become disheartened, and give up the experiment. The negro along the Mississippi works better than ever before since freedom came to him, because he is obliged to toil or starve, and because, being the main stay of the planters, they accord to him very favorable conditions. Self-interest is teaching the planters a good deal, and in the cotton growing regions of Northern Alabama and Mississippi, as well as generally throughout the older cotton States, a diversity of crops will be compelled by the necessity of self protection. It is noticed that the cotton belt is gradually moving from the Atlantic seaboard to newer and more productive lands. The states west of the Mississippi, and bordering on that stream, are receiving immense colonies of negroes fleeing from the temporarily exhausted sections of Alabama, and the lands which they have left will soon come under the influence of fertilizers, and corn and rice and wheat will be raised. In consequence of the gradual change in the location of the planting interest, buyers from the North in such markets as Memphis hear from time to time that less cotton is planted than heretofore, and are led to figure on higher prices; but they find that new lands are constantly opened up, and that the yield on them is

surprising. It is the belief of many acute observers living at important points along the Mississippi river that the ultimate home of the black man is to be west of that stream, on the rich bottom lands where the white man has never been known to labor, and where it would be perilous to his health to settle. In the fall and winter of each year the migration to Arkansas and Louisiana is alarming to the white planters left behind. In Western Tennessee the exodus has not been severely felt as yet, but it will doubtless come. The two hundred thousand negroes in that rich and flourishing region are reasonably content. They do not, in the various counties, enter so much into politics as they did immediately after the war. They show there, as, indeed, almost everywhere in the Mississippi Valley, a tendency to get into communities by themselves, and seem to have no desire to force their way into the company of the white man.

There must, and will be, a radical change in the conduct of the rising generation of planters. The younger men are, I think, convinced that it is a mistake to depend on Western and Northern markets for the articles of daily consumption, and for nearly everything which goes to make life tolerable. But the elders, grounded by a lifetime of habit in the methods which served them well under a slave régime, but which are ruinous now-a-days, will never correct themselves. They will continue to bewail the unfortunate fate to which they think themselves condemned—or will rest assured that they can do very well in the present chaotic condition of things, provided Providence does not allow their crops to fail. They cannot be brought to see that their only safety lies in making cotton their surplus crop; that they must absolutely dig their sustenance, as well as



VIEW ON THE ARKANSAS RIVER, AT LITTLE ROCK.

their riches, out of the ground. Before the war, a planter who owned a plantation of two thousand acres, and two hundred negroes upon it, would, when he came to make his January settlement with his merchant in town, invest whatever there was to his credit in more land and more negroes. Now the more land he buys the worse he is off, because he finds it very hard to get it worked up to the old standard, and unless he does, he can ill afford to buy supplies from the outer world at the heavy prices charged for them—or if he can do that, he can accomplish little else. As most of his capital was taken from him by the series of events which liberated his slaves, he has been compelled, since the war, to undertake his planting operations on borrowed capital, or, in other words, has relied on a merchant or middle man to furnish food and clothing for his laborers, and all the means necessary to get his crop, baled and weighed, to the market. The failure of his crop would of course cover him with liabilities; but such has been his fatal persistence in this false system that he has been able to struggle through, as in Alabama, three successive crop failures. The merchant, somewhat reconciled to the anomalous condition of affairs by the large profits he can make on coarse goods brought long distances, has himself pushed en-

durance and courage to an extreme point, and when he dare give credit no longer, hosts of planters are often placed in the most painful and embarrassing positions. So they gather up the wrecks of their fortunes, pack their Lares and Penates in an emigrant wagon, or car, and doggedly work their way to Texas.

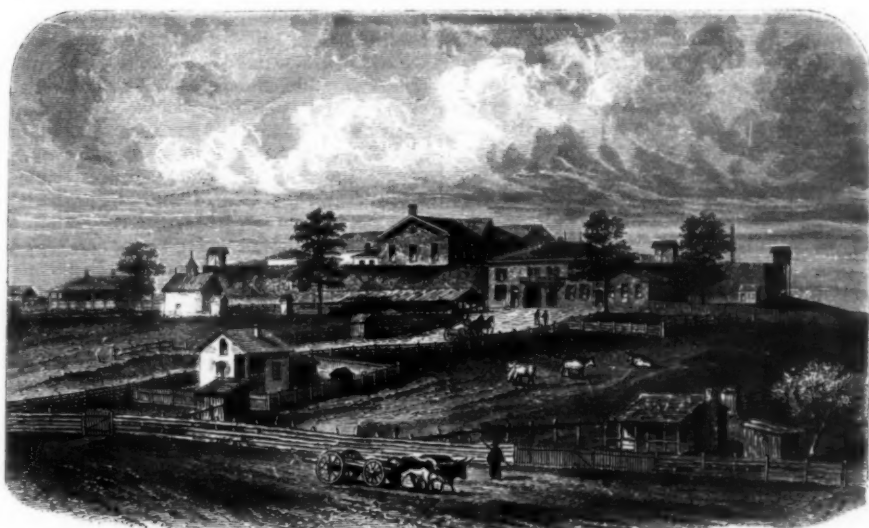
The appalling failure of crops in certain sections has not, however, lessened the cotton production of the region supplied from Memphis. In the aggregate it is greater than ever before, and I was informed that its increase would be even more than it is if so many planters did not "overcrop"—that is, plant more than they can cultivate. Those who plant a little land, and care for it thoroughly, usually make some money, even although they depend upon far-off markets for their sustenance, and are completely at the mercy of the merchants. It is believed that the crop failures will induce planters, in the sections which have suffered, to make an effort to grow their own supplies, and until that effort has been successful, there can be no real prosperity among them. Even when Fortune smiles, and they make a good crop, but little is left after a settlement with the merchant. Life is somewhat barren and unattractive to the man who, after a laborious season spent in cultivating one staple, finds that, after all,

he has only made a living out of it. He has done nothing to make his surroundings agreeable and comfortable; his buildings are unsightly and rickety, and there are very few stores in his cellar, if indeed he has any cellar at all.

The region which finds its market and gets its supplies in Memphis, Vicksburg and Natchez, is probably as fair a sample of the cotton-producing portion of the South as any other, and I found in it all the ills and all the advantages complained of or claimed elsewhere. Imagine a



THE ARKANSAS STATE CAPITOL.—LITTLE ROCK



THE ARKANSAS PENITENTIARY—LITTLE ROCK.

farming country which depends absolutely for its food on the West and North-west; where every barrel of flour which the farmer buys, the bacon which he seems to prefer to the beef and mutton which he might raise on his own lands, the clothes on his back, the shoes on his feet, the very vegetables which the poorest laborer in the Northern agricultural regions grows in his door yard—everything, in fact, has been brought hundreds of miles by steamer or by rail, and has passed through the hands of the shipper, the carrier, the wharf men, the re-shipper, (if the planter live in a remote section) and the local merchant! Imagine a people possessed of superior facilities, who might live, as the vulgar saying has it, on the fat of the land, who are yet so dependent that a worm crawling over a few cotton leaves, or the rise of one or two streams, may reduce them to misery and indebtedness from which it will take years to recover! Men who consider themselves poorly paid and badly treated in Northern farming and manufacturing regions live better and have more than do the overseers of huge plantations in this cotton country. If you enter into conversation with the people who fare thus poorly, they will tell you that, if they raise vegetables, the "niggers" will steal them; that if times were not so hard, and seasons were not so disastrous, the

supply system would work very well; that they cannot organize their labor so as to secure a basis on which to calculate safely; and will finally end by declaring that the South is ruined forever.

These are the opinions of the elders mainly. Younger men, who see the necessity of change and new organization, believe that they must in future cultivate other crops besides cotton; that they must do away with supply-merchants, and try at least to raise what is needed for sustenance. There are of course sections where the planter finds it cheapest to obtain his corn and flour from St. Louis; but that is only one item. There are a hundred things which he requires, and which are grown as well South as North. Until the South has got capital enough together to localize manufactures, the same thing must be said of all manufactured articles; but why should a needless dependence be encouraged by the very people whom it injures and endangers.

There are many plans of working large plantations now in vogue, and sometimes the various systems are all in operation on the same tract. The plan of "shares" prevails extensively, the planter taking out the expenses of the crop, and when it is sold dividing the net proceeds with the negroes who have produced it. In some cases in the vicinity of Natchez, land is

leased to the freedmen on condition that they shall pay so many bales of cotton for the use of so many acres, furnishing their own supplies. Other planters lease



HOT SPRINGS—ARKANSAS.

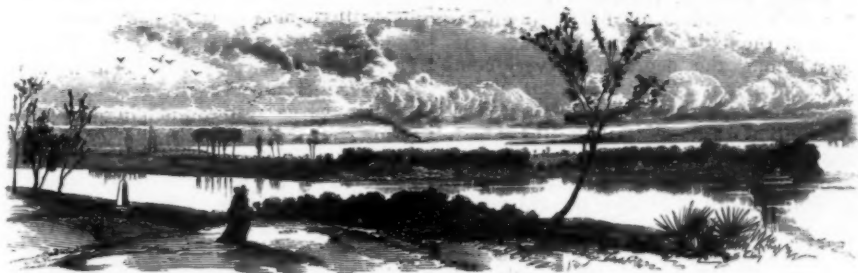
the land in the same way, and agree to furnish the supplies also. Still others depend entirely upon the wages system, but of course have to furnish supplies at the outset, deducting the cost from wages paid hands after the crop is raised. Sometimes the plantation is leased to "squads," as they are called, and the "squad leader" negotiates the advances, giving "liens" on the squad's share of the crop and on the mules and horses they may own. This plan has worked very well and is looked upon favorably. Under the slave *régime*, the negroes working a large plantation were all quartered at night in a kind of central group of huts, known as the "quarters;" but it has been found an excellent idea to divide up the hundred or five hundred laborers among a number of these little villages, each located on the section of the plantation which they have leased. By this process, commonly known as "segregation of quarters," many desirable things have been accomplished; the negro has been encouraged to devote some attention to his home, and been hindered from the vices engendered by excessive crowding. On some plantations one may find a dozen squads, each working on a different plan, the planters, or land owners, hoping in this way to find out which system will be most advantageous to them-

selves and most binding on the negro. Clairmont, a plantation of three thousand acres, of which one thousand are now cultivated, on the Louisiana side of the Mississippi river, opposite to Natchez, is cut up into lots of one hundred acres each, and on each division are ten laborers who have leased the land in various ways. It was amusing, by the way, to note the calculation that one negro made, when negotiating for one of these tracts. He was to be allowed one-half, but was vociferous for one-tenth. As ten is more than two, he supposed a tenth to be more than a half. On this Clairmont in 1860, the owner raised one thousand bales of cotton and eight thousand bushels of corn; now he raises about five hundred bales, and hardly any corn. Still, the conduct of the laborers is encouraging. The little villages springing up here and there on the broad acres, have a tendency to localize the negroes, who have heretofore been very much inclined to rove about, and each man is allowed to have half an acre of ground for his garden. The supplies spoken of as furnished the negroes are of the rudest description, pork, meal and molasses—all brought hundreds, nay, thousands of miles, when every one of the laborers could, with a little care, grow enough to feed himself and his family. But the negro throughout the cotton belt, takes little thought for the morrow. He works lazily although, in some places, pretty steadily. In others he takes a day here and there out of the week in such a manner as to render him almost useless. The planter always feels that the negro is irresponsible and must be taken care of. If he settles on a small tract of land of his own, as so many thousands do now-a-days, he becomes almost a cumberer of the ground, caring for nothing save to get a living, and raising only a bale of cotton or so wherewith to get "supplies." For the rest he can fish and hunt. He doesn't care to become a scientific farmer. Thrift has no charms for him. He has never been educated to care for himself; how should he suddenly leap forth, a new man, into the changed order of things? Nevertheless, some of the planters along the river near Natchez said, "Give the negro his due. The merchant will ordinarily stand a better chance of collecting all his advance from fifty small black planters than from fifty whites of the same class, when the crop is successful." But if the negro's crop fails, he feels very loth to pay up, although he may have the means.

He seems to think the debt has become outlawed. In success he is generally certain to pay his "store account," which is varied, and comprehends a history of his progress during the year. The shrewd Hebrew, who has entered into the commerce of the South in such a manner as almost to preclude Gentile competition, understands the freedman very well, and manages him in trade. The negro likes to be treated with consideration when he visits the "store," and he finds something refreshing and friendly in the profuse European manner and enthusiastic lingo of Messrs. Moses and Abraham. The Hebrew merchants have large establishments in all the planting districts. In Mississippi and in some other sections they have made more than one hundred per cent. retail profit, and excuse themselves for it by saying that as they do not always get their money, they must make good bad debts. They are

had to supply them and to watch over them, very much as he did before the war. He was willing to admit that the negro was better adapted to the work than any white man who might come there; but thought the younger generation of negroes was growing up idle and shiftless, fond of whisky and carousing, and that the race was diminishing in fiber and strength. Those who had been slaves were industrious, and conducted themselves as well as they knew how; but the others, both men and women, seemed to think that liberty meant license, and acted accordingly. They were wasteful, and there was but little chance of making them a frugal and foresighted farming people. Whenever they could secure a little money the ground in front of their cabins would be strewn with sardine boxes and whisky bottles.

The planters on the lowlands of Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana have been



VIEW FROM THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT VICKSBURG.

obliged to watch both white and black planters who procure advances from them, to make sure that they produce a crop. If the merchant sees that there is likely to be but half a crop, he sometimes notifies the planters that they must thereafter draw only half the amount agreed upon at the outset. In short, in some sections the Hebrew is taskmaster, arbiter, and guardian of the planters' destinies.

Many of the elder planters are liberal in their ideas, and would welcome a complete change in the labor system, but they do not believe it possible. One of the best known and most influential in the Valley told me that he and his neighbors in the magnificent Yazoo country, where the superb fertility of the soil gives encouragement to even the rudest labors, had tried every expedient to bring new labor into their section, but could not succeed. His laborers were now practically his tenants; but he

particularly troubled to get and keep serviceable plantation labor; and are now importing large numbers from Alabama. In truth, the hundreds who flock in from the older cotton states were starving at home. On a plantation in Concordia Parish, in Louisiana, opposite Natchez, there are many of these Alabama negroes. One planter went into the interior of that State, and engaged a hundred and twenty-five to follow him. They did not succeed in leaving the State without meeting with remonstrances from the colored politicians, but were glad to flee from an empty cupboard. Densely ignorant as these negroes are, they are yet capable of fine development. They have sound sense and some idea of manners, seem well inclined toward their employers, and appear to recognize their own defects. On many of these plantations on the lowlands the negroes do not vote; on some they are even

hired with the distinct understanding that they shall *not*, unless they wish to be discharged. But sooner or later the politicians reach them, and they become political victims. I took a ride one morning in this same Concordia parish for the purpose of conversing with the planters, and getting testimony as to the actual condition of the laborers. Concordia was once the garden spot of Louisiana; its aspect was European; the fine roads were bordered with delicious hedges of Cherokee rose; grand trees, moss-hung and fantastic in foliage, grew along the green banks of a lovely lake; every few miles a picturesque grouping of coarsely thatched roofs marked negro quarters, and near by gleamed the roof of some planter's mansion. In this parish there was no law and but little order—save such as the inhabitants chose forcibly to maintain. The negroes whom I met on the road were nearly all armed, most of them carrying a rifle over their shoulders, or balanced on the backs of the mules they were riding. Affrays among the negroes are very common throughout that region; but, unless the provocation has been very great, they rarely kill a white man. In a trip of perhaps ten miles I passed through several once prosperous plantations, and made special inquiries as to their present condition. Upon one where six hundred bales of cotton were annually produced under slave culture, the average annual yield is now but two hundred and fifty; on another the yearly average had fallen from one thousand to three hundred bales; and on two others which together gave the market 1500 bales every year, now barely six hundred are raised. The planters in this section thought that cotton production there had fallen off fully two-thirds. The number of negroes at work on each of these plantations was generally much less than before the war. Then a bale to the acre was realized; now about one bale to three acres is the average. Much of this land is "leased" to the negro at the rate of a bale of cotton, weighing 430 pounds, for each six acres. The planters there raise a little corn, but are mainly supplied from the West. The inundation was upon them at the time of my visit, and they were in momentary expectation of seeing all their year's hopes destroyed. The infamous robberies, also, to which they had been subjected by the legislature, and the overwhelming taxation had left them bitterly



THE GAMBLERS' GRAVES—VICKSBURG.

discouraged. One plantation which I visited, having sixteen hundred acres of cleared land in it, and standing in one of the most fertile sections of the State, was originally valued at \$100 per acre; now it could not be sold for \$10. In Madison Parish, recently, a plantation of six hundred improved acres, which originally cost \$30,000, was offered to a neighboring planter for seven hundred dollars.

The "wages" accorded the negro, when he works on the wages system, amount to \$15 or \$16 monthly. But few ever save any money, and this remark will, I think, apply to the majority of the negroes engaged in agriculture throughout the cotton region of the Mississippi Valley. Still there are praiseworthy exceptions to this general rule. Enormous prices are placed upon everything, because of the cost of transportation. The grangers have accomplished some good in the cotton states by buying for cash and selling for cash, the object being to keep supplies as near the wholesale price as possible, and have already become a formidable organization there, having scores of societies, small and large, in Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee and Mississippi.

While there is no doubt that an active, moneyed and earnest immigration would do much toward building up the southern portion of the Mississippi Valley, it is evident that so long as the negro remains in his present ignorance, and both he and the planter rely on other states for their sustenance, and on Providence never to send them rainy days, inundations, or caterpillars, the development of the section will be subject to too serious draw-

backs to allow of any considerable progress. All the expedients, the tenant systems and years of accidental success will not take the place of thorough and diversified culture, and intelligent, contented labor resulting from fair wages for fair work. Nothing but the education of the negro up to the point of ambition, foresight, and a desire to acquire a competence lawfully and laboriously, will ever thoroughly develop the Lower Mississippi Valley. As the negro is certain to inhabit it for many years at least, if not for ever, how shall he learn the much-needed lesson? On the other hand, the whites need to be converted to a sense of the dignity of labor, to learn to treat the laboring man with proper consideration, to create in him an intelligent ambition by giving him education. Something besides an introduction to political liberties and responsibilities is needed to make the negro a moral and worthy citizen. He is struggling slowly and not very surely out of a lax and barbarously immoral condition. The weight of nearly two centuries of slavery is upon his back. He needs more help and counsel. An old master will tell you that he can discover who of his *employés* has been a slave, "for the slave," he says, "cannot look you in the eye without flinching." Neither can the ex-slave be very moral, if indeed moral at all. It is hard for him to bear the yoke of the family relation. Although conscious that he is a freeman, and can leave his employer in the lurch if he desires, he is, here and there, almost content to slip back into the old devil-may-care dependence of slavery. The responsibilities of freedom are almost too much for him. He has entered upon a battle-field armed with poor and cumbersome weapons, weighed down with ignorance and "previous condition;" and I venture to say that no one feels the difficulty and bitterness of his position more keenly than he does himself.

Unable as he is to aid in his own up-building, it is to be considered whether there is not really more room now for educational enterprises, and for a general diffusion of intelligence among his race, by Northern and Western men and women, than there was immediately after the war. Might it not be wise to appoint commissioners to investigate thoroughly the labor question in the South, and to make a final effort to remedy its evils by every proper means. Events have proven

that the National government must undertake the improvement and the control of the Mississippi river; why ought it not to devote some little attention to the removal of the obstacles to immigration into the most fertile sections of the Mississippi Valley?

Memphis now has a prosperous Cotton Exchange, and has had an excellent Chamber of Commerce for many years. Shelby county is rich. Its people were wont to grumble about taxes, but have at last become wiser, and it was even expected, at the date of my visit, that the mayor, a Republican, would succeed in collecting \$700,000 of "back taxes." The negroes have, at times, held important municipal offices. Party lines are not specially regarded in city politics, there being a general happy determination to take the best man. The negroes have great numbers of societies, masonic, benevolent, and strictly religious; and one often sees in a dusky procession, neatly clad, the "Sons or Daughters of Zion," or the "Independent Pole Bearers," or the "Sons of Ham," or the "Social Benevolent Society." Memphis has a banking capital which for six months of the year is ample, but during the cotton season is by no means enough. Her schools are excellent, both for white and black, and the State Female College is in the neighborhood. There are numerous excellent Catholic schools, to which, as elsewhere in the South, those Protestant parents send their children who do not yet look with favor on the free public schools. For about a year the number of pupils in the public schools has been increasing at the rate of two hundred monthly. One-fourth of the children in the free schools are colored, and one of the school-houses for the blacks contains seven hundred pupils.

In the busy season there are seven steamers a week from St. Louis to Memphis, and there are three which extend their trips to Vicksburg—a voyage of nine hundred miles. The Memphis and St. Louis Packet Company brings down about one hundred and fifty thousand tons of freight yearly, and carries up stream perhaps 40,000 bales of cotton in the same period. The gigantic elevator, built on the sloping bluff so that it was of the height of an ordinary three story house next the water, showed only its top floor, so high ran the Mississippi at the time of my visit. From Memphis

steamboats run up the Arkansas and the White Rivers, threading their way to the interior of Arkansas. There is a line to Napoleon, Arkansas, two hundred miles below; one to the plantations on the St. Francis River, and one direct to Cincinnati. The river freightage is often diminished by the lack of confidence between merchant and planter, causing a diminution in amount of supplies forwarded; but the dull seasons are brief.* The manufactures of Memphis are not numerous; there are some oil mills, a few foundries, and steam saw-mills for cutting up the superb cypresses from the brakes in the western district of Arkansas.

board. These men were put off at the upper levee, where there is a coal fleet, and in front of what is known as "Happy Hollow," not far from the remains of the government navy yard which Memphis once boasted. It is a low, marshy place, which the genius of Dickens would have delighted to picture, filled with shanties and flat-boats, with old hulks drifted up during high water and then adopted by wretched longshoremen as their habitations. One of the two men died before he could be taken to the hospital; the other shortly after reaching it, and the physicians hinted that they thought the disease the yellow fever. For three weeks it was kept in "Happy



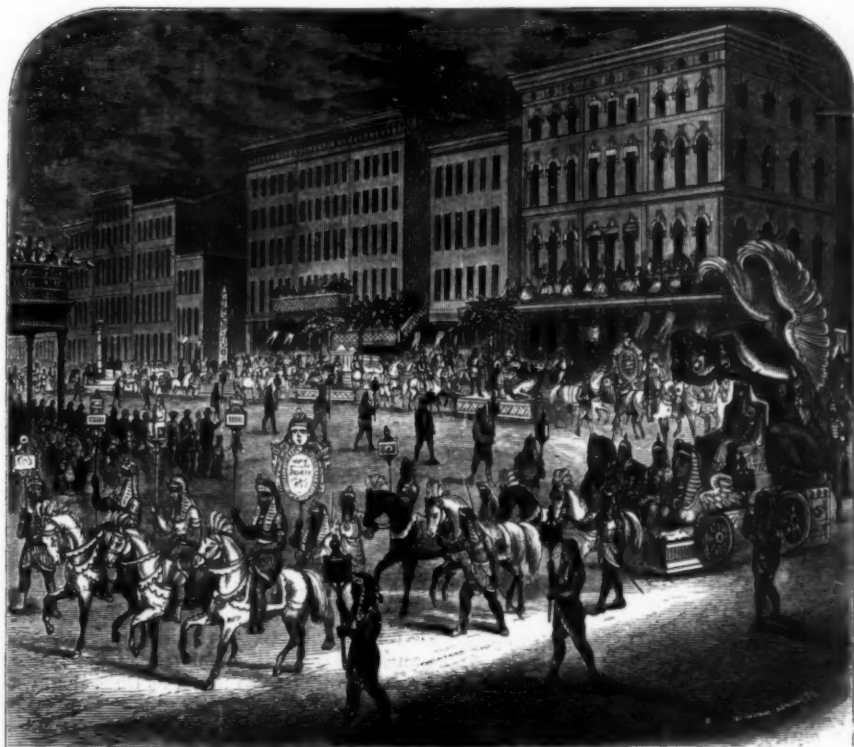
VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.

The yellow fever came to Memphis in 1855 and again in 1867, each time having been brought by steamer from below. In 1867 it was quite severe in its ravages, but was confined to the section of the city where it first appeared. In August of 1873, it came again, and nothing stayed its course. Two boats arrived during the month of August, the "George C. Wolf" from Shreveport, and the tow-boat "Bee" from New Orleans, each with a sick man on

Hollow," then it moved northward through the navy yard, and suddenly several deaths on Promenade street, one of the principal avenues, were announced.

The authorities then went at their work, but it was too late, except to cleanse and disinfect the city. The deaths grew daily more numerous; funerals blocked the way; the stampede began. Tens of thousands of people fled; other thousands, not daring to sleep in the plague-smitten town, left Memphis nightly, to return in the day. From September until November hardly ten thousand people slept in town over night. The streets were almost deserted save by the funeral trains. Hero-

* The writer desires to express his obligations to Mr. J. S. Toof, Secretary Memphis Cotton Exchange, and to Messrs. Brower & Thompson, of the "Avalanche," for many interesting facts concerning the city's growth.



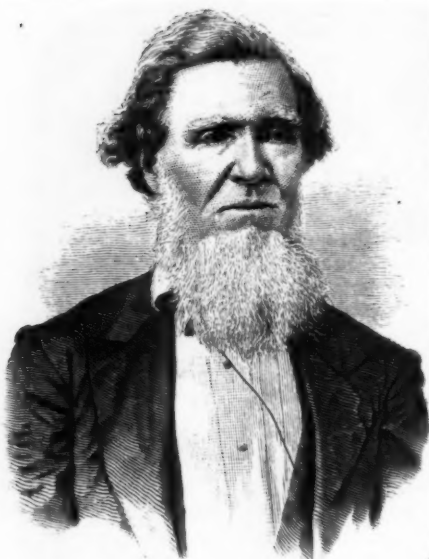
THE CARNIVAL—MEMPHIS, TENN.

ism of the noblest kind was freely shown. Catholic and Protestant clergymen and physicians ran untold risks, and men and women freely laid down their lives in the service of others. Twenty-five hundred persons died in the period between August and November. The thriving city had become a charnel house. But one day there came a frost, and though too severely smitten to be wild in their rejoicings, the people knew that the plague itself was doomed. They assembled and adopted an effective sanitary code, appointed a fine board of health, and cleansed the town. Memphis to-day is in far less danger than Vicksburg or New Orleans or half a dozen other Southern cities, of a repetition of the dreadful scenes of last year. Half a million dollars contributed by other states was expended in the burial of the dead and for the needed medical attendance during the reign of the plague.

This terrible visitation did not prevent Memphis from holding her annual carnival,

and repeating, in the streets so lately filled with funerals, the gorgeous pageants of the mysterious Memphi,—such as the Egyptians gazed on two thousand years before Christ was born,—the pretty theaters being filled with the glitter of costumes and the echoes of delicious music. The carnival is now so firmly rooted in the affections of the citizens of Memphis that nothing can unsettle it.

Nearly two hundred miles below Memphis, at the mouth of the Arkansas River, and on lowlands which, when I saw them, were drowned and buried under the combined flood of the two great rivers, stands Napoleon, once a flourishing town, but now gradually slipping away into the stream. The only other towns of importance on the Arkansas bank of the river are Sterling, which lies at the mouth of the St. Francis River, and Helena, a rather thriving and vigorous community of five thousand inhabitants. The White river, which was the scene of much fighting during the war



COL. VICK, OF VICKSBURG, MISS.

comes down from the wilds a little above Napoleon, and pours its floods into the Arkansas. Napoleon did not have a good reputation in past days. Various anecdotes, not entirely devoid of grim humor, were told of it, as illustrating the manners of the town. It was in Napoleon that the man showed a casual passer by on a steamboat a pocket full of ears, and with a grin announced that he was among the boys while they were "having a frolic last night." Murder, daily, was the rule, and not the exception. Brawls always ended in burials. Even now-a-days there are occasional scenes which end in furious free fights. A pilot on one of the up river steamers one day went into a saloon where a group were playing cards. The bystanders laughed at the loser, and the pilot laughed too. Being a stranger, his laughter was resented by the loser, who pulled a bowie knife from his boot, and made a desperate lunge at him. The pilot returned to his boat. But the river is yearly more and more closely embracing the doomed town, and the roughs, like the rats, will leave before the final engulfing comes. In war time, Napoleon was an important rendezvous for gunboats and other warlike craft; the United States Marine Hospital there had been seized by the Confederates when Arkansas seceded, but was

recovered as soon as the Mississippi was partially opened.

These wild and weird forests and swamps bordering the junction of the Arkansas and Mississippi were threaded by the French as early as 1671, and the State now known as Arkansas was a part of Louisiana until the purchase made by the United States in 1812. It had a varying fortune for some time thereafter; was made a territory in 1819, then became part of Missouri territory, but was finally admitted into the Union as a separate state in 1836. Arkansas is, in area, one-sixth larger than the state of New York, comprising more than 52,000 square miles. It is separated by nature into two important divisions—the one is comprising some of the richest agricultural bottom lands in the world, the other containing vast deposits of valuable minerals. The mountain ranges, beginning in the south-western part of the state, develop into the Masserne range, and towards the north and east become broad elevated tracts until they reach the Ozark Mountains, which run from the vicinity of Little Rock, north and west, into Missouri. The often-repeated remark that "Arkansas is all swamp and backwoods" is an error inexcusable in one who travels so much as does the average American. There are tracts along the Mississippi which certainly are swamps, and will remain such until reclaimed by some general system of drainage; but they comprehend but a small portion even of the lowlands. Drainage is necessary both to render the land productive, and to guard against the spread of pernicious climatic diseases.* The lands which extend from Napoleon to Memphis on the Arkansas side form the nucleus of a mighty lowland empire. Drained, settled, and carefully cultured, they would produce almost incalculable wealth. The negro is the man for this work. He is adapted to the climate, and if he but had the ambition, could speedily enrich himself.

The Arkansas river journeys two thousand miles to meet the Mississippi coming eastward from the mountains of Colorado, and the entrance from it into the White River, near its mouth, is easy. The White River drains, with its tributaries, a large expanse in the north-western, middle and south-eastern parts of the State, and renders the transportation of products easy and inexpensive. The Arkansas forms a superb

* "Resources of Arkansas," by James P. Henry.



VIEW IN "BROWN'S GARDEN," NATCHEZ, MISS.

water highway directly across the State, and into the recesses of the Indian Territory. It is navigable for several months in the year, and with needed improvements might be always serviceable. The Ouachita and its contributing streams drain that part of the State lying south of the Arkansas River, and the Red River gives drainage to the south-west. It would be difficult to find another State of which it can be said that out of its seventy-three counties fifty-one are watered by navigable streams. The climate varies with the location, but none could be healthier than that of the romantic mountain region; more invigorating than that of the thick pine forests in the lower counties; or more malarial than the undrained and uncleared bottom lands.

Time was when a journey up the Arkansas River was not devoid of thrilling adventure; when the passengers landing at Little Rock laid their bowie-knives and pistols beside their knives and forks, on the hotel table, at supper; and when along the river bank could be heard the pistol shot from hour to hour. Great numbers of outlaws from the older States came to Arkansas when it was first opened up, and, fascinated with the grandeur and beauty of the more elevated portions of the State, they remained there—some to become honest and hard-working citizens, others to pursue their old callings of robbery and murder, and finally to die at the muzzle of a rifle. Wild life and careless culture of the soil, disregard of humanizing influences, and a general spirit of indifference characterized large numbers of the people; while others were as orderly, enterprising and industrious as those to be found in any of the

older States. But the Commonwealth has thus far been completely *terra incognita* to the people of the North and East. No railroads, up to a very recent date, had penetrated its fertile lands; river navigation has been tedious and unattractive; and the stories, more or less exaggerated, told of the sanguinary propensities of some classes of the inhabitants, were such a grotesque mixture of fun and horror, that civilized people had no more desire to go there than to Central Africa.

But now the most effective civilizer, the iron rail, has been laid down across the State. The St. Louis, Southern, and Iron Mountain railroad has stretched an arm from the Missouri border down the Black and White River valleys to Little Rock, the pretty and flourishing capital of the Commonwealth; thence through Arkadelphia, along the Ouachita valley, and across the Little Missouri and the Red River valley to the Texas boundary, where it connects with the Great Northern, the International, and the Trans-Continental. In other words, it has placed Arkansas on the direct high road to Texas, and opened up to settlement, on terms which the poorest immigrant can accept, good lands for raising corn and the smaller grains, uplands wooded with pine, and bottoms all through the Red River Valley timbered with walnut, oak and ash,—noble cotton lands,—and a fine country for fruit and grapes. The wild grape grows abundantly in the forests, and to large size. Along the line of this railroad also are scattered iron, coal, kaolin and clay in large deposits. That portion of



AVENUE IN "BROWN'S GARDEN"—NATCHEZ, MISS.

the road extending from the Missouri border southward was built as the Cairo and Fulton railroad, giving a through line from



NATCHEZ UNDER-THE-HILL, MISSISSIPPI.

Cairo, Ill., on the east bank of the Mississippi, to Fulton, on the Texas line; but it is now consolidated with the St. Louis and Iron Mountain road, which has recently completed its line from St. Louis to Little Rock, running through the range of mineral mountains in south-eastern Missouri, and uniting with the Cairo and Fulton route at Newport. Through the White River Valley there are some of the loveliest river-bottom lands on the continent, where cotton yields a bale or a bale and a half, corn, seventy-five bushels, and wheat, twenty-five bushels, to the acre. This section of Arkansas is also admirably suited for the culture of tobacco and hemp, besides being an excellent fruit and stock country. Along this mammoth line of rail nearly two million acres, confirmed to the company by act of Congress, are now in market, and immigrants are rapidly settling at distances of five and ten miles from the railroad.

The Arkansas River at Little Rock is broad and noble, and here and there the bluffs are imposing. The town is said to take its name from a small rock on the west side of the stream, which is the first one encountered on that side from the

mouth of the Mississippi to that point, so level is the alluvial. Some distance up stream, on the east bank of the Arkansas, stands Big Rock, a bluff of a little prominence. The river is handsomely bridged for the railroad's convenience, and the city, since the iron horse first snorted in its streets, has had a wonderful growth. It is a pretty, well laid out town, containing twenty thousand inhabitants; and one can see, from any eminence, hundreds of small, neat houses—the best testimonials to individual thrift in a community. The handsome but somewhat dilapidated State Capitol, the picturesque Penitentiary, perched on a rocky hill, the Deaf and Dumb State Asylum, the Asylum for the Blind, the land offices of the railroad companies, St. John's College, and St. Mary's Academy are among its best public buildings. Many of its streets are beautifully shaded, and the peach trees were in bloom on the March days when I visited it. The main part of the city lies on a high, rolling plateau overlooking the river; back at some distance from the stream is the arsenal and post where United States troops are still stationed, and near by is a national cemetery. Little Rock was for many years the

home of Gen. Albert Pike, the noted Confederate general and poet, and his mansion is pointed out with pride by the people of the State. There, too, lived for many years the original of the "Arkansas Traveler," whose story has penetrated to the uttermost ends of the earth; and there the negro has done much to increase one's faith in his capacity for industry and progress. The colored citizens of Little Rock, and of Arkansas in general, number many gentlemen of education and refinement. The superintendent of the penitentiary, the commissioner of State lands, the superintendent of public instruction, some of the State senators, police judges, and many preachers of excellent ability are colored men. Among these gentlemen are graduates of Harvard University, of Oberlin, and of many of the best Western schools. A large proportion of the colored people at Little Rock own their homes, which are mainly in the third ward, whence two aldermen,—black men and slaves up to the war, but now worth from \$5,000 to \$10,000 each,—are sent up to the Council. At Helena and Little Rock there have been

many noteworthy instances of progress among the negroes. This is not so common in the back country, although some of the counties have colored sheriffs and clerks. One of the most intelligent of his race in the State told me that the negroes had, as a rule, a horror of clearing up new land, and that they had been a good deal hindered from undertaking cotton farming by the lack of means to begin with—this requiring quite an outlay. The large land-holders, too, have generally been averse to selling land in small parcels. For these reasons the country negroes are mainly "hired laborers, working on shares, or tenants by rental, payable in produce." In either case the landlord often furnishes the supplies of food, seed and stock, and at the annual settlement has the lion's share of the proceeds, the laborers making little more than their living for the year. A very reliable colored man told me that if the freedmen of Arkansas had made less progress since the war than those of the elder States since emancipation, he believed it to be because the white population



THE RED RIVER "RAFT"—AS IT WAS.

of Arkansas was also, in many respects, behind that of the other States, being more sparsely settled and isolated, without large towns, railroads, and other improving agencies. The educational societies of the North had comparatively neglected the State. Political commotions had been the rule ever since reconstruction, and the State was already bankrupt at the outbreak of the war. The Republican party, which came in with reconstruction, inaugurated vast schemes for "internal improvements," and to obtain means to carry on said improvements, funded the old ante-bellum bonds of the State as a pledge of good faith. This process, he thought, had resulted in a large increase of the State debt, the debt in onerous taxation, and the taxation in a high rental. The State bonds outstanding March 14, 1874, are classified as follows:

Railroad aid bonds,	\$5,350,000
Funded bonds, July 1, 1869,	2,000,000
" " Jan. 1, 1870,	2,350,000
Levee bonds	2,208,500
Outstanding insurance certificates	1,600,000

Some manufacturing has been introduced at Little Rock, and the wholesale trade of the town is very large, although, as no organized chamber of commerce yet exists, I could not discover its amount. At the close of the war it was only a small village, with little or no railroad outlet, and with a minor trade. Planters had been in the habit of bringing almost literally everything which they needed from Memphis; the idea of keeping supplies in the State had never occurred to them. Now the through route to Texas, the Memphis and Little Rock, and the Little Rock and Fort Smith railroads give plenty of outlets, and are bringing the town considerable new population. The latter route, in which a good many Eastern men are interested, is not yet completed, and is in wretched financial and material condition, but it runs through a fine country, and, if ever finished, will develop the most interesting portion of Arkansas. The noble country along the borders of the Indian Territory needs developing: it is rich in minerals and in grand mountain scenery, but is now in semi-barbaric hands, and it will take a persistent effort to improve the tone of society there. Fort Smith is on the Arkansas River and the border of the Territory, has a population of three thousand, is a military post whence offenders from the Indian Territory are taken to be tried, and once had a very extensive Western

trade, which has been taken away by the passage of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas line of rail within sixty-five miles of the town. Society throughout this section is said to be improving. My own opinion is, that it will never improve much in the face of ignorance, whisky and weapons. Most of the deadly broils occur between drunken ruffians, whose only sentiment is revenge by pistol shot, and whose chief amusement is coarse and bestial intoxication. The "Fort Smith road" runs through the counties of Pulaski, Vincennes, Faulkner, Conway, Pope, Johnson, Franklin, Crawford and Sebastian. Conway, Lewisburgh and Russellville promise to be important towns along the line, although the local business is thus far slight.

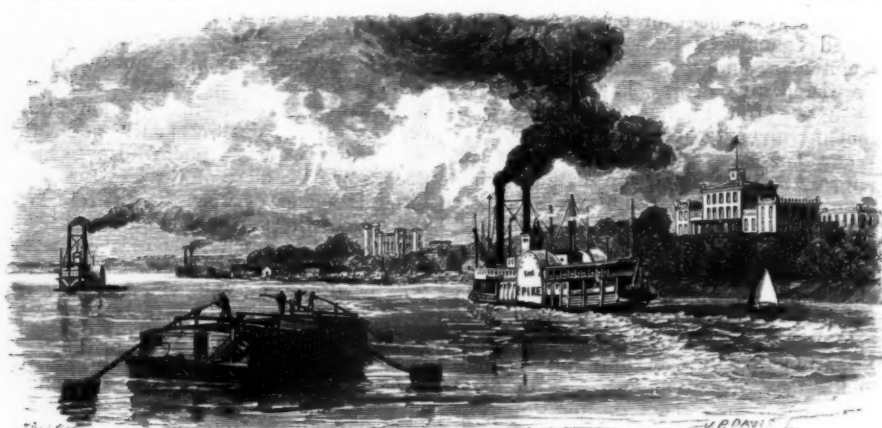
Over the thirty-three millions of acres in Arkansas are scattered barely five hundred thousand people, and the nature of their employment forbids the building of many large towns. The grade of intelligence in the interior districts, where they have never had schools, is much the same as in Eastern Tennessee. There are fewer churches than schoolhouses in the "up-country." The masses of the whites are ambitionless; and even the most enthusiastic that I met seemed dubious about the State's prospects. The north-eastern current of immigration is wanted, and would do much towards reforming the State. Something beyond a rough prosperity in cotton raising and whisky is now demanded; and the cultured people living in the larger towns are making special efforts to redeem the commonwealth from the bad name it has received. Certainly Little Rock's handsome development should do much to make one believe in the State's possibilities; it has a flourishing library, a dozen good churches, several well-ordered banks, and fine streets; society and schools are as good as in Eastern towns of the same size. But in the back country!—there the prospect is very different. Little Rock, with its streets and gardens filled with azalias, japonicas, China and peach trees, the queenly magnolia, and the lovely box elders and elms, is a striking contrast to some of the rude lowland towns near the river, or the log-built unkempt settlements in the interior, where morals are bad, manners worse, and there are no comforts or graces. The Presbyterian Church South is the prevailing denomination at Little Rock, and Northern people worship in it, politics being eschewed. The schools are,

of course, classified for black and white; mixed schools having been nowhere attempted, or, indeed, demanded. The Industrial University at Fayetteville is to be a powerful institution, and the Judsonian University, located at Judsonia in White County, is one of the hopes of the future. Schools have been organized and maintained for a number of years in Fort Smith, Pine Bluffs, Helena, Arkadelphia, Dardanelle and Camden, and have been well attended by both white and black children. The State Superintendent could not inform me how many schools were in operation in the community; inasmuch as he had to operate with only the semi-annual apportionment of \$55,000 in State scrip, worth forty cents on the dollar, he could not make much new effort. He admitted that but little progress in education had as yet been made in the remote parts of Arkansas; the thinly settled character of the region preventing neighborhood schools.

The vexed condition of politics in the State since the war has greatly hindered its development. People complained a good deal of the manner in which the Arkansas Central (narrow gauge) Railroad scheme was conducted. This road is now in operation from Helena to Clarendon, and is eventually to be completed to Little Rock. It traverses one of the best cotton producing regions in the South. Its completion is hindered by the anomalous condition of affairs in the State, and by the various accusations brought against its builders as to the manner in which they obtained the money to build it with. The Little Rock, Pine Bluff and New Orleans road now runs from Chicot to Pine Bluff, and will this year reach Little Rock. The Mississippi, Ouachita and Red River road is intended to run across the State from Chicot, on the Mississippi, to Texarkana, on the Red River. The Ouachita Valley road extends from Arkadelphia to Camden, and thence will connect with Monroe in Louisiana. Camden is one of the largest towns in Southern Arkansas, in the heart of a fine cotton-growing section. It will be seen that as soon as these projected lines are completed, Arkansas will be very thoroughly traversed by roads, and, with her splendid river highways, will find no difficulty in annually sending an early crop to Memphis and New Orleans. Steamers can reach Camden from New Orleans, coming up the Red and Ouachita rivers, and

thousands of bales of cotton annually go to New Orleans that way. But these facilities for communication cannot enrich the State so long as an appeal to arms by a discontented faction may at any time overthrow law, destroy order, and turn towns into camps. There seem to have been, since the close of the war, the most bitter struggles between the different factions, sometimes resulting in bloodshed, and always in a paralysis of the State's vitality for some time after each combat. The partisans in a State where the use of arms is so common as it is in Arkansas are, of course, violent and vindictive, and a good many lives are wasted in useless struggling to prevent those sudden changes in party sentiment which are inevitable. When Governor Clayton was elected to the United States Senatorship, he was seemingly unwilling to allow his successor to take his office, for fear that he might change the course of the party. So, recently, the Republican governor now in office, having inaugurated his course by promising something like an honest administration, and by gathering around him the more reputable of the old Conservatives,—in other words, by bringing politics, to a certain extent, back to their normal condition, and not controlling the intelligent property owners by ignorant and incompetent office-holders,—was temporarily ousted by the beaten candidate, who brought a formidable army at his back, expelled the rightful governor, Mr. Baxter, and opened the way to a series of arrests and counter-arrests, which would have been laughable had they not been so disgusting to any one possessing a high ideal of Republican government. It required the interference of the Federal Government to secure the reinstatement of Gov. Baxter, and the would-be usurper, who had mustered at his back a Falstaffian army of idle and worthless fellows, retired only when the proclamation of the President warned him to do so. The reestablishment of law and order was followed by a popular vote on the question of holding a new constitutional convention. The election occurred in July, and the people of the State affirmed, by more than seventy thousand majority, their desire for a convention. Several important amendments to the constitution will, doubtless, be made.

Taxes in the State are now nearly six per cent. The vicious system of issuing State warrants is pursued in Arkansas as in



VIEW OF BATON ROUGE, LA.

Louisiana, and with the same disastrous results. A stern reign of law and order for four years would fill Arkansas with immigrants; but a *coup d'état* every four years will not be very reassuring. The legislature should enact a law forbidding the bearing of arms, and should enforce it, if possible. Murder is considered altogether too trivial an offence in Arkansas. I walked through the penitentiary at Little Rock, and saw a large number of white and black criminals who were serving life, or long term, sentences for homicide. A brace of negroes working at the prison forge were murderers; an old man, peacefully toiling at a carpenter's bench, was a murderer; a young negro, hewing a log, was a murderer; and in a dark cell, a murderer, stretched on his iron bedstead, was sleeping off the terrors which had partially subsided with the reprieve just sent him. The governor had fifteen proclamations, offering rewards for murderers, flying about the State at the date of my visit. The day before I left Little Rock, however, a desperado was hung in the neighboring town of Clarksville, and it was thought that the execution would have a salutary effect on the lawless element.

The resources of Arkansas are, like those of all the other southern and south-western states, as yet but little drawn upon by the resident population; and they are immense. Arkansas contains twelve thousand square miles of coal,* and a valuable coal basin is situated along both sides of the Arkansas

river. In Sebastian county there are veins of coal six feet thick. A lead belt extends diagonally across the State; the lead and silver mines in Sevier county promise much. Clay, kaolin, gypsum, copper and zinc are found in profusion; manganese, ochre and paint earths are to be had in many counties; and there are vast quarries of slate, whetstone, limestone, and marble. Iron ore has been discovered at various points; but the coal stores are the great treasure, and must some time enrich the State.

The St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railroad has brought the Hot Springs, that famous Bethesda of the rheumatic and scrofulous unfortunate, within convenient distance of a Pullman Palace car. The staging is now eighteen instead of eighty-five miles to the Bad-Gastein of America, which lies in a wild mountainous region. The hot springs issue from the western slope of a spur of the Ozark range, about fourteen hundred feet above the sea level. There are now nearly sixty of these springs, new ones appearing annually. Their temperature varies from 95° to 150° Fahrenheit, and they discharge something like three hundred gallons per minute. Thousands of discouraged pilgrims flock to Hot Springs yearly, and return much recovered; while those who do not achieve a cure experience great relief. The town lies in a valley which follows the Hot Spring Creek, and is very well supplied with hotels and neat but inexpensive residences. I did not penetrate to the springs, but heard very powerful testimony in

* Testimony of the State Geologist.

their favor. It is expected, and, I think, desired that the United States, which has a disputed claim to the Hot Springs reservation, should succeed in getting possession, and making it a grand sanitary resort free to all.

The forests of Arkansas offer the most stupendous chances for the development of State wealth. The yellow pine and cypress, the cedar, the cottonwood, the mulberry, the oaks, hickories, sumac, pecans, and ash, grow along the navigable streams, and can be easily borne to market on the bosoms of the great currents. There are still in the State eight millions of acres of land belonging to the United States, subject to homestead entry, and these are among the best in Arkansas. A decent home government, and the progress of education among the masses would enable the State to leap into as wonderful a growth as that achieved by Texas and Missouri. But there is a great deal to do before that prosperity can be achieved.

The journey along the Mississippi river from Napoleon, on the Arkansas shore, to Vicksburg, the largest town in the State of Mississippi, discloses naught save vast and gloomy stretches of forest and flat, of swamp and inlet, of broad current and green island, until Columbia, a pretty town on the Arkansas side, is passed. Below Columbia the banks of the river are lined with cotton plantations for more than one hundred and fifty miles.

Vicksburg, the tried and troubled hill city, her crumbling bluffs still filled with historic memorials of one of the most desperate sieges and defences of modern times, rises in quite imposing fashion from the Mississippi's banks, in a loop in the river made by a long delta, which at high water is nearly submerged. The bluffs run back some distance to an elevated plateau. In the upper streets are many handsome residences. The Court House is located on the summit of a fine series of terraces; here and there a pretty church serves as a landmark; and the remains of the old fort from which "Whistling Dick," a famous Confederate gun, was wont to sing defiance to the Federals, are still visible on a lofty eminence. From the grass-grown ramparts one can see, in the distance, the canal projected by the Federals during the siege; can overlook the principal avenue,—Washington street,—well lined with spacious shops and stores, and unhappily filled at all hours with lounging negroes; can see the broad

current sweeping round the tongue of land on which the towns of De Soto and Delta stand, and the ferries plying to the landings of the railroad which cuts across North Louisiana to Shreveport; can see the almost perpendicular streets scaling the bluff from the water-side, and masses of elevators and warehouses down by the river, where the white stately packets come and go. There is evidence of growth; neat houses are scattered on hill and in valley in every direction; yet the visitor will be told that money is scarce, that credit is poor, and that tradesmen are badly discouraged. The river is so intricate in its turnings that one is at first puzzled on seeing a steamboat passing, to know whether it is ascending or descending; at the end of the "loop," near the mouth of the Yazoo River, and at the point where Sherman made his entrance from the "Valley of Death," is the largest National cemetery in the country, in whose grassy banks repose the remains of sixteen thousand soldiers. The view from the slopes of the cemetery, reached by many a detour through dusty cuts in the hills, is too flat



A STEAMBOAT TORCH-BASKET.

to be grand, but ample enough to be inspiring. The wooded point, the cross

current setting around it, the wide sweep away towards the bend, are all charming. The old Scotch gardener and sexton told me that twelve thousand of the graves were marked "unknown." The original design contemplated the planting of the grounds with trees bordering avenues intended to resemble the aisles and nave of a cathedral. This was impracticable; but oaks have been planted, and the graves are covered with flowering plants and shrubs. The section of Vicksburg between the cemetery and the town is not unlike the park of the Buttes Chaumont in Paris. Grapes grow wild in the adjacent valleys, and might readily be cultivated on the hillsides. A simple marble shaft in the cemetery is destined to commemorate the spot where Grant held his famous interview with Pemberton.

The municipal government of Vicksburg since the war has been in the hands of carpet-baggers, maintained in power by ignorant negroes; but at the election held in August of this year, the adventurers were driven out, and men of intelligence and honesty were placed in office by the white voters. Many white people who ordinarily vote the Republican ticket are said to have voted with the Democrats, simply because they were desirous of seeing the city government reformed. The negroes hold many offices in the surrounding country; they are the county clerks and other officers of importance. They will learn a good lesson from the recent defeat of their false guides.

Vicksburg has acquired a not altogether enviable notoriety as a town where shooting at sight is a popular method of vengeance, and shortly before my second visit there, three murders were committed by men who deemed it manly to take the law into their own hands. There is still rather too much of this baroarism remaining in Mississippi, and it has not always the excuse of intoxication to palliate it. The Vicksburg method is not the duel, but cold-blooded murder. The laws of the duello are pretty thoroughly expunged in Mississippi, although I was not a little amused to learn from Governor Ames that the people in those counties of the State bordering on Louisiana, which are ultra-Democratic, refused to aid the Governor and his authorities in securing duellists who steal out from New Orleans to fight on Mississippi soil, on the ground that the "d—d Yankees want to do away

with duelling so as to make their own heads safe." Mississippi is a sparsely settled State, and in some of the counties life is yet as rough as on the south-western frontier. But that people should encourage open and deliberate murder in a city of fifteen thousand inhabitants, where there is good society, and where churches and schools flourish, is monstrous!

Vicksburg was once the scene of a terrible popular vengeance, when a number of gamblers, who persisted in remaining in the town against the wishes of the citizens, showed fight, and having killed one or two townsmen, were themselves lynched, and buried among the bluffs. The town gets its name from one of the oldest and most highly respected families in Mississippi,—the Vicks,—whose family mansion stands on a handsome eminence in the town of today. Col. Vick, the present representative of the family, is a specimen of the noble-looking men grown in the Mississippi Valley—six feet four in stature, erect and stately, and possessed of the charming manner of the old school. The picture which our artist has given of him does justice only to the fine, manly face; it cannot reproduce the form and the manner. Mississippi raises noble men, and they were wonderful soldiers, showing pluck, persistence and grip.

Nineteen lines of steam-packets ply between New Orleans and Vicksburg, and from Vicksburg up the Yazoo River. The scene in the elevators at the river side, as in Memphis, is in the highest degree animated. Thousands of bales and barrels roll and tumble down the inclined plane to the boats, and the shouting is terrific.

The railroad from Vicksburg to Jackson, the Mississippi capital, runs through the scene of some of the heaviest fighting of the war, crossing the Big Black River, and passing Edwards and other flourishing towns, set down between charming forests and rich cotton fields.

Sailing on from Vicksburg through the submerged country was sorrowful work. Imminent disaster depressed every one. We passed into the great bend, or lake, where, on Hurricane Island, lie the plantations formerly owned by the Davis Brothers, famous for their wealth. The broad acres once known as the property of Jefferson Davis are now in the hands of his ex-slave, who, by the way, is said to be remarkable for thrift and intelligence.



ARRIVAL OF A STEAMER AT NATCHEZ.

Drifting past Grand Gulf, a pretty town lying on romantic hills, and passing a host of half drowned landings and wood-yards, we arrived at Natchez one lovely March evening, when earth and heaven seemed bathed in a delicious warmth, and nothing was to be heard save the cry of the frogs in a marsh at the river side.

Natchez, like Vicksburg, lies on a line of bluffs which rear their bold heads imposingly from the water. It is one of the loveliest of Mississippi towns, and was once the home of immense wealth, as well as of much culture and refinement. He who sees only Natchez-under-the-Hill from the steamboat deck, gets an impression of a few prosaic houses huddled together not far from a wharf-boat, a road leading up a steep and high hill, and here and there masses of foliage. Let him wander ashore, and scale the cliff, and he will find himself in a quiet, unostentatious, beautifully shaded town, from which, so oppressive at first is the calm to one coming from the bustle of Northern towns, one almost fancies that

"Life and thought are gone away;"

but he finds cheeriest of people,—cheery too, under heavy misfortunes,—and homes rich in refinement and half buried under the lustrous and voluptuous blossoms which the wonderful climate favors. Natchez has an impressive cathedral, a fine courthouse, a handsome Masonic temple, and hosts of pretty houses. You walk beneath the shade of the China tree and the water oak, the cedar and the laurimunda. Nowhere is there glare of sun on the pavement; nothing more clamorous than the galloping of a horse stirs the blood of the nine thousand inhabitants. In the suburbs, before the war, were great numbers of planters' residences—beautiful homes with colonnades and verandas, with rich drawing and dining rooms, furnished in heavy, antique style, and gardens modeled after the finest in Europe. Many of these have been destroyed, but we visited one or two whose owners have been fortunate enough to keep them. The lawns and gardens are luxurious; the wealth of roses is inconceivable to him who has not seen such gardens as Brown's, in Natchez-under-the-Hill, and that of Mr.

Shields, in the suburbs of the upper town. I remember no palace garden in Europe which impressed me so powerfully with the sense of richness and exquisite profusion of costly and delicate blooms as Brown's, which a wealthy Scotchman cultivated for a quarter of a century, and handed down to his family, with injunctions to maintain its splendor.

From the bluff above this indescribably charming spot one can overlook the plain of Concordia, in Louisiana, beyond the broad, tranquil river, and catch the gleam of the lake among the mammoth trees. There are still many wealthy families in Natchez. Here and there a French name and tradition reminds one that the town is of French origin, that d'Iberville founded it in 1700, and that Bienville once had a trading post there, among the Natchez Indians. There that tribe, fire worshipers and noble savages, passed an innocent and Arcadian existence, keeping ever alight on their altars a fire in honor of the sun. But the white man came; the fire on the altars went out; the Indian was swept away. Gayarre, who has written so well concerning these Southern Indian tribes, says the Natchez were the Athenians of Louisiana, as the Choctaws were the Boeotians. A hundred years after the Natchez had first seen the French, Fort Rosalie, whose site on the bluff is still pointed out to the stranger, was evacuated by the Spaniards, that the flag of the United States might be raised over it. Since 1803 Natchez has been an incorporated American city. It has no manufactures, its trade depending entirely on cotton. No railroad reaches it, but a narrow gauge road, called the Natchez, Jackson and Columbus road, has been begun. The adjoining counties furnish from 5,000 to 20,000 bales of cotton annually, shipped to New Orleans for sale.

Natchez was out of debt when it was given over to the Republican party, but has acquired quite a heavy indebtedness since. The negroes there came into power in 1867. The present sheriff, the county treasurer and assessor, the majority of the magistrates, and all the officers managing county affairs, except one, are negroes. The board of aldermen has three negroes in it. There is the usual complaint among the Conservatives that money has been dishonestly and foolishly expended; but the government of the city seemed, on

the whole, very satisfactory. About a thousand children are in the public schools, and four hundred of them,—the colored pupils,—have a handsome new school-house, called the "Union," built expressly for them. Natchez had an excellent system of public schools before the war, and the "Natchez Institute," the original free school, is still kept up. The Catholic institutions are numerous and thriving. A good many of the negroes, as in Louisiana, are Catholics.

One half of the population of Natchez is black, and seems to live on terms of amity with the white half. White and black children play together in the streets, and one sometimes feels like asking "Why, if that be so, should they not go to school together?" But the people of Mississippi, like the people throughout the South, will not hear of mixed schools. The negroes are vociferously prominent as hackmen, wharf-men, and public servants generally; but they do not like to leave the town and settle down to hard work on the worn out hills at the back of Natchez.

On the bluffs, some three miles from the town, stands a national cemetery, beautifully planned and decorated, and between it and Natchez stands the dilapidated United States Marine Hospital. The grass-grown ramparts of Fort McPherson mark the site of a beautiful mansion which was razed for military purposes. When its owner, a rich Frenchman, was offered compensation by the army officer superintending the work, he gruffly refused it, saying that he had enough "still left to buy the United States government."

The taxes in Natchez and vicinity are very oppressive, amounting to nearly six per cent. The State and county tax touches four—and is based on full two-thirds the valuation. The railroad movement has, however, done something to increase the burdens of the citizens.

Sixty-five miles below Natchez the Red River empties itself into the Mississippi, whose most important tributary it is. The recent improvements made by the general government, under the direction of the Board of Engineers, in the removal of the "great raft" of driftwood, have given the river new commercial possibilities. The raft, which was thirty miles long, had for many years rendered navigation north of Shreveport impossible. The sketch, which the kindness of one of the engineers who had been employed in the removal of the

obstructions placed at the disposition of our artist, will serve to show what the "Red River Raft" was.

Passing the bald bluffs of Port Hudson, over whose fortifications Confederate and Federal fought so desperately in the late war, we came to Baton Rouge, with its

ruined Gothic capitol on the green hill-side, and thence to New Orleans. With the characteristics of the Mississippi River within the limits of Louisiana, the reader of the articles on that State is already familiar.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER XII.

THEY now began the descent of the mountain. Climbing down the crater, they went round the cone and reached their encampment of the previous night. Pencroff thought it must be breakfast-time, and the watches of the reporter and engineer were therefore consulted to find out the hour.

That of Gideon Spilett had been preserved from the sea-water, as he had been thrown at once on the sand out of reach of the waves. It was an instrument of excellent quality, a perfect pocket chronometer, which the reporter had not forgotten to wind up carefully every day.

As to the engineer's watch, it, of course, had stopped during the time which he had passed on the downs.

The engineer now wound it up, and ascertaining by the height of the sun that it must be about nine o'clock in the morning, he put his watch at that hour.

Gideon Spilett was about to do the same, when the engineer, stopping his hand, said—

"No, my dear Spilett, wait. You have kept the Richmond time, have you not?"

"Yes, Cyrus."

"Consequently, your watch is set by the meridian of that town, which is almost that of Washington?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Very well, keep it thus. Content yourself with winding it up very exactly, but do not touch the hands. This may be of use to us."

"What will be the good of that?" thought the sailor.

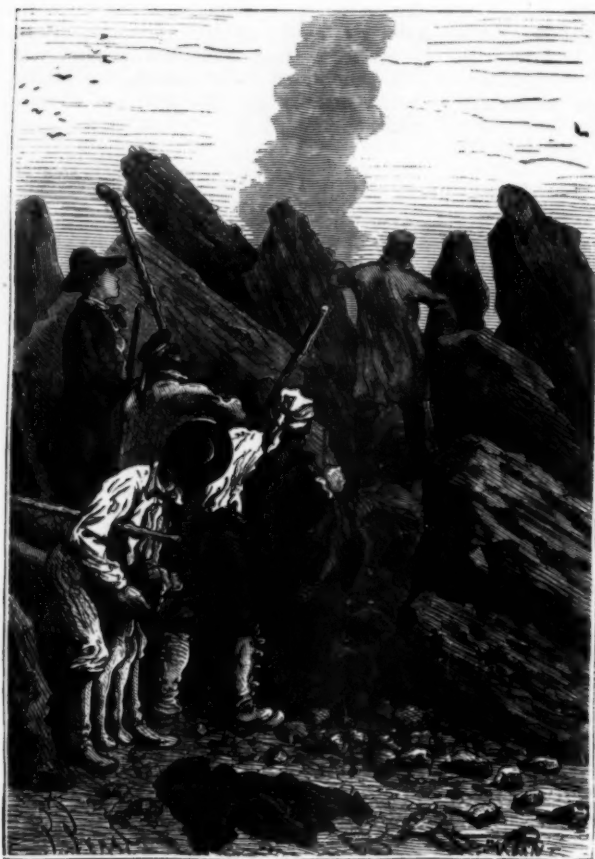
They ate, and so heartily, that the store of game and almonds was totally exhaust-

ed. But Pencroff was not at all uneasy; they could supply themselves on the way. Top, whose share had been very much to his taste, would know how to find some fresh game among the brushwood. Moreover, the sailor thought of simply asking the engineer to manufacture some powder and one or two fowling-pieces; he supposed there would be no difficulty in that.

On leaving the plateau, the captain proposed to his companions to return to the Chimneys by a new way. He wished to reconnoiter Lake Grant, so magnificently framed in trees. They therefore followed the crest of one of the spurs, between which the creek that supplied the lake probably had its source. In talking, the settlers already employed the names which they had just chosen, which singularly facilitated the exchange of their ideas. Harbert and Pencroff,—the one young and the other very boyish,—were enchanted, and while walking, the sailor said:

"Hey, Harbert! how fine it sounds! It will be impossible to lose ourselves, my boy, since, whether we follow the way to Lake Grant, or whether we join the Mercy through the Forests of the Far West, we shall be certain to arrive at Prospect Heights, and consequently at Union Bay!"

It had been agreed, that, without forming a compact band, the settlers should not stray away from each other. It was very certain that the thick forests of the island were inhabited by dangerous animals, and it was prudent to be on their guard. In general, Pencroff, Harbert and Neb, walked first, preceded by Top, who poked his nose into every bush. The reporter and the engineer went together, Gideon Spilett,



THE MYSTERIOUS SMOKE.

ready to note every incident, the engineer, silent for the most part, and only stepping aside to pick up a mineral or vegetable substance, sometimes one thing, sometimes another, which he put into his pocket without making any remark.

"What can he be picking up?" muttered Pencroff. "I have looked in vain for anything worth the trouble of stooping."

Towards ten o'clock the little band descended the last declivities of Mount Franklin. As yet the ground was scantily strewn with bushes and trees. They were walking over yellowish calcinated earth, forming a plain nearly a mile long, which extended to the edge of the wood. Great blocks of that basalt, which, according to Bischoff, have taken three hundred and

fifty millions of years to cool, strewed the plain, very confused in some places. However, there were here no traces of lava, which was spread more particularly over the northern slopes.

Cyrus Smith expected to reach, without incident, the course of the creek, which he supposed flowed under the trees at the border of the plain, when he saw Harbert running hastily back, while Neb and the sailor were hiding behind the rocks.

"What's the matter, my boy?" asked Spilett.

"Smoke," replied Harbert. "We have seen smoke among the rocks, a hundred paces from us."

"Men in this place?" cried the reporter.

"We must avoid showing ourselves before knowing with whom we have to deal," replied Cyrus Smith. "I trust that there are no natives on this island; I dread them more than anything else. Where is Top?"

"Top is on before."

"And he doesn't bark?"

"No."

"That is strange. However, we must try to call him back."

In a few moments, the engineer, Gideon Spilett, and Harbert rejoined their two companions; like them, they kept out of sight behind the heaps of basalt.

From there they clearly saw smoke of a yellowish color rising in the air.

Top was recalled by a slight whistle from his master, and the latter, signing to his companions to wait for him, glided away among the rocks. The colonists, motionless, anxiously awaited the result of this exploration, when a shout from the engineer made them hasten forward. They soon joined him, and were at once struck with a disagreeable odor which impregnated the atmosphere.

The odor, easily recognized, was enough for the engineer to guess what the smoke was which at first, not without cause, had startled him.

"This fire," said he, "or rather, this smoke, is produced by nature alone. There is a sulphur spring there, which will effectually cure all our sore throats."

"Capital!" cried Pencroff. "What a pity that I haven't got a cold!"

The settlers then directed their steps towards the place from which the smoke escaped. There they saw a sulphur spring which flowed abundantly between the rocks, and its waters discharged a strong sulphuric acid odor, after having absorbed the oxygen of the air.

Cyrus Smith, dipping in his hand, felt the water oily to the touch. He tasted it and found it rather sweet. As to its temperature, that he estimated at ninety-five degrees Fahrenheit. Harbert having asked on what he based this calculation,—

"It's quite simple, my boy," said he, "for, in plunging my hand into the water, I felt no sensation either of heat or cold. Therefore it has the same temperature as the human body, which is about ninety-five degrees."

The sulphur spring not being of any actual use to the settlers, they proceeded towards the thick border of the forest, which began some hundred paces off.

There, as they had conjectured, the waters of the stream flowed clear and limpid between high banks of red earth, the color of which betrayed the presence of oxide of iron. From this color the name of Red Creek was immediately given to the water-course.

It was only a large stream, deep and clear, formed of the mountain water, which, half river, half torrent, here rippling peacefully over the sand, there chafing against the rocks or dashing down in a cascade, ran towards the lake, over a distance of a mile and a half, its breadth varying from thirty to forty feet. Its waters were sweet, and it was supposed that those of the lake were sweet also—a fortunate circumstance, in the event of their finding on its borders a more suitable dwelling than the Chimneys.

As to the trees which, some hundred feet downwards, shaded the banks of the creek, they belonged, for the most part, to the species which abound in the temperate zone of America and Tasmania, and no

longer to those *coniferæ* observed in that portion of the island already explored some miles from Prospect Heights. At this time of the year, at the commencement of the month of April, which represents the month of October, in this hemisphere, that is, the beginning of autumn, they were still in full leaf. They consisted principally of *casuarinas* and *eucalypti*, some of which next year would yield a sweet manna, similar to the manna of the East. Clumps of Australian cedars rose on the sloping banks, which were also covered with the high grass, called "tussac" in New Holland; but the cocoa-nut, so abundant in the Archipelagos of the Pacific, seemed to be wanting in the island, the latitude, doubtless, being too low.

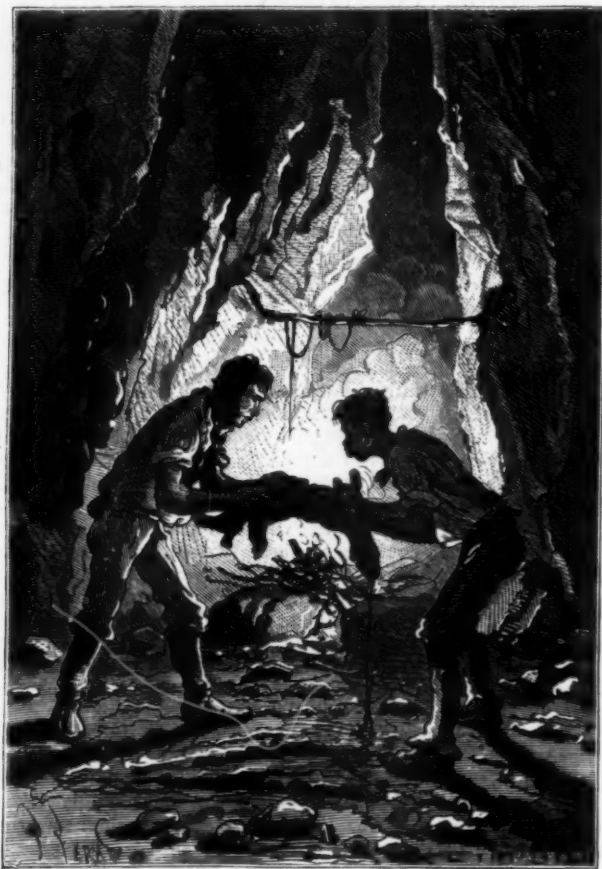
"What a pity!" said Harbert, "such a useful tree, with such beautiful nuts!"

As to the birds, they swarmed among the scanty branches of the *eucalypti* and *casuarinas*, which did not hinder the display of their wings. Black, white, and gray cockatoos, parquets, with plumage of all colors, kingfishers of a sparkling green and crowned with red, blue lories, and various other birds, appeared on all sides, as through a prism, fluttering about and producing a deafening clamor. Suddenly, a strange concert of discordant voices resounded in the midst of a thicket. The settlers heard successively the song of birds, the cry of quadrupeds, and a sort of clacking which they might have believed to have escaped from the lips of a native. Neb and Harbert rushed towards the bush, forgetting even the first principles of prudence. Happily, they found there neither a formidable wild beast nor a dangerous native, but merely half a dozen mocking and singing birds, known as mountain pheasants. A few skillful blows from a stick soon put an end to their concert, and procured excellent game for the evening's dinner.

Harbert also discovered some magnificent pigeons with bronzed wings, some superbly crested, others draped in green, like their congeners at Port MacQuarie; but it was impossible to reach them, or the crows and magpies which flew away in flocks.

A charge of small shot would have made great slaughter among these birds, but the hunters were still limited to sticks and stones, and these primitive weapons proved very insufficient.

Their inefficacy was still more clearly



THE COOKS AT WORK.

shown when a troop of quadrupeds, jumping, bounding, making leaps of thirty feet, regular flying mammiferæ, fled over the thickets, so quickly and at such a height, that one would have thought that they passed from one tree to another like squirrels.

"Kangaroos!" cried Harbert.

"Are they good to eat?" asked Pencroff.

"Stewed," said the reporter, "their flesh is equal to the best venison——"

Gideon Spillett had not finished this exciting sentence when the sailor, followed by Neb and Harbert, darted off on the kangaroos' track. Cyrus Smith called them back in vain. But it was in vain, too, for the hunters to pursue such agile game, which went bounding away like

the human race—unhappily!"

Meanwhile, Harbert, constant to his favorite science, Natural History, reverted to the kangaroos, saying:

"Besides, we had to deal just now with the species which is the most difficult to catch. They were giants with long, gray fur; but if I am not mistaken there are black and red kangaroos, rock kangaroos, and rat kangaroos, which are more easy to get hold of. There are reckoned to be about a dozen species——"

"Harbert," replied the sailor, sententiously, "there is only one species of kangaroo to me, that is, 'kangaroo on the spit,' and it's just the one we haven't got this evening."

They could not help laughing at Master

balls. After a chase of five minutes, they lost their breath, and at the same time all sight of the creatures, which disappeared in the wood.

Top was not more successful than his masters.

"Captain," said Pencroff, when the engineer and the reporter had rejoined them, "Captain, you see quite well we can't get on unless we make a few guns. Will that be possible?"

"Perhaps," replied the engineer, "but we will begin by first manufacturing some bows and arrows, and I don't doubt that you will become as clever in the use of them as the Australian hunters."

"Bows and arrows!" said Pencroff, scornfully. "That's all very well for children!"

"Don't be proud, friend Pencroff," replied the reporter. "Bows and arrows were sufficient for centuries to stain the earth with blood. Powder is but a thing of yesterday, and war is as old as

Pencroff's new classification. The honest sailor did not hide his chagrin at being restricted for his dinner to the singing pheasants, but fortune once more showed itself obliging to him.

In fact, Top, who felt that his interest was concerned, went and ferreted everywhere with an instinct sharpened by a ferocious appetite. It was even probable that if some piece of game did fall into his clutches, none would be left to the hunters, if Top was hunting on his own account; but Neb watched him, and he did well.

Towards three o'clock the dog disappeared in the brushwood, and gruntings showed that he was engaged in a struggle with some animal. Neb rushed after him, and soon saw Top eagerly devouring a quadruped, which, ten seconds later, would have been past recognizing in Top's stomach. But fortunately the dog had fallen upon a brood, and besides the victim he was devouring, two other rodents,—the animals in question belonged to that order,—lay strangled on the turf.

Neb reappeared triumphantly, holding one of the rodents in each hand. Their size exceeded that of a rabbit, their hair was yellow, mingled with greenish spots, and they had the merest rudiments of tails.

The citizens of the Union were at no loss for the right name of these rodents. They were *maras*, a sort of *agouti*, a little larger than their congeners of tropical countries—regular American rabbits, with long ears, jaws armed on each side with five molars, which distinguish the *agouti*.

"Hurrah!" cried Pencroff, "the roast has arrived! And now we can go home."

The walk, interrupted for an instant, was resumed. The limpid waters of the Red Creek flowed under an arch of *casuarinas*, *banksias*, and gigantic gum-trees. Superb lilacs rose to a height of twenty feet. Other arborescent species, unknown to the young naturalist, bent over the stream, which could be heard murmuring beneath the bowers of verdure.

As they proceeded the stream grew much wider, and Cyrus Smith supposed that they would soon reach its mouth. In fact, on emerging from beneath a thick clump of beautiful trees, it appeared all at once.

The explorers had arrived on the western shore of Lake Grant. The place was well worth looking at. This extent of water, of a circumference of nearly seven miles and an area of two hundred and fifty acres, reposed in a border of diversified trees.

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Towards the east, through a curtain of verdure, picturesquely raised in some places, sparkled a horizon of sea. The lake was curved in the north—quite a contrast with the sharp outline of its lower part. Numerous aquatic birds frequented the shores of this little Ontario, in which the thousand isles of its American namesake were represented by a rock which emerged from its surface, some hundred feet from the southern shore. There lived, in common, several couples of kingfishers; perched on a stone, grave, motionless, watching for fish, then darting down, they plunged in with a sharp cry, and reappeared with their prey in their beaks. On the shores and on the islets strutted wild ducks, pelicans, water-hens, red-beaks, philemons, furnished with a tongue like a brush, and one or two specimens of the splendid *menura*, the tail of which expands gracefully like a lyre.

As to the water of the lake, it was sweet, limpid, rather dark, and from certain bubbleings, and concentric circles which crossed each other on the surface, it could not be doubted that it abounded in fish.

"This lake is really beautiful," said Gideon Spilett. "We could live on its borders."

"We will live there," replied Smith.

The settlers, wishing to return to the Chimneys by the shortest way, descended towards the angle formed on the south by the junction of the lake's banks. It was with much difficulty that they broke a path through the thickets and brushwood, which had never been put aside by the hand of man, and thus they went towards the shore, so as to arrive at the north of Prospect Heights. They walked two miles in this direction, and then, after they had passed the last curtain of trees, the plateau appeared, carpeted with thick turf, and beyond that the infinite sea.

To reach the Chimneys, they had only to cross the plateau obliquely for the space of a mile, and then to descend to the elbow formed by the first detour of the Mercy. But the engineer desired to know how and where the overplus of water from the lake escaped, and the exploration was prolonged under the trees for a mile and a half towards the north. It was most probable that an overfall existed somewhere, and, doubtless, through a cleft in the granite. This lake was only, in short, an immense center basin, which was filled by degrees by the creek, and its waters must

necessarily pass to the sea by some fall. If it were so, the engineer thought that it might, perhaps, be possible to utilize this fall and borrow its power. They continued, then, to follow the shores of Lake Grant by climbing the plateau; but, after having gone a mile or so, Cyrus Smith was not able to discover the overfall, which, he was sure, must exist somewhere.

It was then half-past four. In order to prepare for dinner it was necessary that the settlers should return to their dwelling. The little band retraced their steps, there-

fore, and by the left bank of the Mercy arrived at the Chimneys.

The fire was lighted, and Neb and Pen-croff, on whom the function of cooks naturally devolved, quickly prepared some broiled agouti, to which they all did ample justice.

Before they retired to sleep Cyrus Smith drew from his pocket little specimens of different sorts of minerals, and said: "My friends, this is iron mineral, this a pyrite, this clay, this lime, this coal. These articles nature gives us. It is our duty to make a right use of them. To-morrow let us commence operations."

'TITE POULETTE.

KRISTIAN KOPPIG was a rosy-faced, beardless young Dutchman. He was one of that army of gentlemen who, after the purchase of Louisiana, swarmed from all parts of the commercial world, over the mountains of Franco-Spanish exclusiveness, like the Goths over the Pyrenees, and settled down in New Orleans to pick up their fortunes, with the diligence of hungry pigeons. He may have been a German; the distinction was too fine for Creole haste and disrelish.

He made his home in a room with one dormer window looking out, and somewhat down, upon a building opposite, which still stands, flush with the street, a century old. Its big, round-arched windows in a long, second-story row, are walled up, and two or three from time to time have had smaller windows let into them again, with odd little latticed peep-holes in their batten shutters. This had already been done when Kristian Koppig first began to look at them from his solitary dormer window.

All the features of the building lead me to guess that it is a remnant of the old Spanish Barracks, whose extensive structure fell by government sale into private hands a long time ago. At the end toward the swamp a great, oriental-looking passage is left, with an arched entrance, and a pair of ponderous wooden doors. You look at it, and almost see Count O'Reilly's artillery come bumping and trundling out, and dash around into the ancient Plaza to bang away at King St. Charles's birthday.

I do not know who lives there now. You might stand about on the opposite *banquette* for weeks and never find out. I suppose it is a residence, for it does not look like one. That is the rule in that region.

In the good old times of duels, and bagatelle-clubs, and theater-balls, and Cayetano's circus, Kristian Koppig, looming as described, there lived in the portion of this house, partly overhanging the archway, a palish handsome woman, by the name—or going by the name—of Madame John. You would hardly have thought of her being "colored." Though fading, she was still of very attractive countenance, fine, rather severe features, nearly straight hair carefully kept, and that vivid black eye so peculiar to her kind. Her smile, which came and went with her talk, was sweet and exceedingly intelligent; and something told you, as you looked at her, that she was one who had had to learn a great deal in this troublesome life.

"But!"—the Creole lads in the street would say—"—her daughter!" and there would be lifting of arms, wringing of fingers, rolling of eyes, rounding of mouths, gaspings and clasping of hands. "So beautiful, beautiful, beautiful! White?—white like a water-lily! "White—like a magnolia!"

Applause would follow, and invocation of all the saints to witness.

And she could sing.

"Sing?" (disdainfully)—"if a mocking-bird can *sing*! Ha!"

They could not tell just how old she was; they "would give her about seventeen."

Mother and daughter were very fond. The neighbors could hear them call each other pet names, and see them sitting together, sewing, talking happily to each other in the unceasing French way, and see them go out and come in together on their little tasks and errands. "Tite Poulette," the daughter was called; she never went out alone.

And who was this Madame John?

"Why, you know!—she was"—said the wig-maker at the corner to Kristian Koppig—"I'll tell you. You know?—she was"—and the rest atomized off in a rasping whisper. She was the best yellow-fever nurse in a thousand yards round; but that is not what the wig-maker said.

A block nearer the river stands a house altogether different from the remnant of old barracks. It is of frame, with a deep front gallery over which the roof extends. It has become a den of Italians, who sell fuel by daylight, and by night are up to no telling what extent of deviltry. This was once the home of a gay gentleman, whose first name happened to be John. He was a member of the Good Children social club. As his parents lived with him, his wife would, according to custom, have been called Madame John; but he had no wife. His father died, then his mother; last of all, himself. As he is about to be off in comes Madame John, with "Tite Poulette, then an infant, on her arm.

"Zalli," said he, "I am going."

She bowed her head, and wept.

"You have been very faithful to me, Zalli."

She wept on.

"Nobody to take care of you now, Zalli."

Zalli only went on weeping.

"I want to give you this house, Zalli; it is for you and the little one."

An hour after, amid the sobs of Madame John, she and the "little one" inherited the house, such as it was. With the fatal caution which characterizes ignorance, she sold the property and placed the proceeds in a bank, which made haste to fail. She put on widow's weeds, and wore them still when "Tite Poulette" had seventeen," as the frantic lads would say.

How they did chatter over her. Quiet Kristian Koppig had never seen the like. He wrote to his mother, and told her so. A pretty fellow at the corner would suddenly double himself up with beckoning to

a knot of chums; these would hasten up; recruits would come in from two or three other directions; as they reached the corner their countenances would quickly assume a genteel severity, and presently, with her mother, "Tite Poulette" would pass—tall, straight, lithe, her great black eyes made tender by their sweeping lashes, the faintest tint of color in her Southern cheek, her form all grace, her carriage a wonder of simple dignity.

The instant she was gone every tongue was let slip on the marvel of her beauty; but, though theirs were only the loose New Orleans morals of over fifty years ago, their unleashed tongues never had attempted any greater liberty than to take up the pet name, "Tite Poulette. And yet, the mother was soon to be, as we shall discover, a paid dancer at the elegant *Salle de Condé*.

To Zalli, of course, as to all "quadroon ladies," the festivities of the Condé street ball-room were familiar of old. There, in the happy days when dear Monsieur John was young, and the eighteenth century old, she had often repaired under guard of her mother—dead now, alas!—and Monsieur John would slip away from the dull play and dry society of Theatre d'Orleans, and come around with his crowd of elegant friends; and through the long sweet hours of the ball she had danced, and laughed, and coquetted under her satin mask, even to the baffling and tormenting of that prince of gentlemen, dear Monsieur John himself. No man of questionable blood dare set his foot within the door. Many noble gentlemen were pleased to dance with her. Colonel De — and General La — : city councilmen and officers from the Government House. There were no paid dancers then. Everything was decorously conducted indeed! Every girl's mother was there, and the more discreet always left before there was too much drinking. Yes, it was gay, gay!—but sometimes dangerous. Ha! more times than a few had Monsieur John knocked down some long-haired and long-knifed rowdy, and kicked the breath out of him for looking saucily at her; but that was like him, he was so brave and kind;—and he is gone!

There was no room for widow's weeds there. So when she put these on, her glittering eyes never again looked through her pink and white mask, and she was glad of it; for never, never in her life had they so looked for anybody but her dear Monsieur

John, and now he was in heaven—so the priest said—and she was a sick-nurse.

Living was hard work; and, as Madame John had been brought up tenderly, and had done what she could to rear her daughter in the same mistaken way, with, of course, no more education than the ladies in society got, they knew nothing beyond a little music and embroidery. They struggled as they could, faintly; now giving a few private dancing lessons, now dressing hair, but ever beat back by the steady detestation of their imperious patronesses; and, by and by, for want of that priceless worldly grace known among the flippant as "money-sense," these two poor childreh, born of misfortune and the complacent badness of the times, began to be in want.

Kristian Koppig noticed from his dormer window one day a man standing at the big archway opposite, and clanking the brass knocker on the wicket that was in one of the doors. He was a smooth man, with his hair parted in the middle, and his cigarette poised on a tiny gold holder. He waited a moment, politely cursed the dust, knocked again, threw his slender sword-cane under his arm, and wiped the inside of his hat with his handkerchief.

Madame John held a parley with him at the wicket. 'Tite Poulette was nowhere seen. He stood at the gate while Madame John went up stairs. Kristian Koppig knew him. He knew him as one knows a snake. He was the manager of the *Salle de Condé*. Presently Madame John returned with a little bundle, and they hurried off together.

And now what did this mean? Why, by any one of ordinary acuteness the matter was easily understood, but, to tell the truth, Kristian Koppig was a trifle dull, and got the idea at once that some damage was being planned against 'Tite Poulette. It made the gentle Dutchman miserable not to be minding his own business, and yet—

"But the woman certainly will not attempt"—said he to himself—"no, no! she cannot." Not being able to guess what he meant, I cannot say whether she could or not. I know that next day Kristian Koppig, glancing eagerly over the "*Ami des Lois*," read an advertisement which he had always before skipped with a frown. It was headed, "*Salle de Condé*," and, being interpreted, signified that a new dance was to be introduced, the *Danse de Chinois*, and that a young lady would

follow it with the famous "*Danse du Shawl*."

It was the Sabbath. The young man watched the opposite window steadily and painfully from early in the afternoon until the moon shone bright; and from the time the moon shone bright until Madame John!—joy!—Madame John! and not 'Tite Poulette, stepped through the wicket, much dressed and well muffled, and hurried off toward the *rue Condé*. Madame John was the "young lady;" and the young man's mind, glad to return to its own unimpassioned affairs, relapsed into quietude.

Madame John danced beautifully. It had to be done. It brought some pay, and pay was bread; and every Sunday evening, with a touch here and there of paint and powder, the mother danced the dance of the shawl, the daughter remaining at home alone.

Kristian Koppig, simple, slow-thinking young Dutchman, never noticing that he staid at home with his window darkened for the very purpose, would see her come to her window and look out with a little wild, alarmed look in her magnificent eyes, and go and come again, and again, until the mother, like a storm-driven bird, came panting home.

Two or three months went by.

One night on the mother's return, Kristian Koppig coming to his room nearly at the same moment, there was much earnest conversation which he could see, but not hear.

"'Tite Poulette," said Madame John, "you are seventeen."

"True, Maman."

"Ah! my child, I see not how you are to meet the future." The voice trembled plaintively.

"But how, Maman?"

"Ah! you are not like others; no fortune, no pleasure, no friend."

"Maman!"

"No, no;—I thank God for it; I am glad you are not; but you will be lonely, lonely, all your poor life long. There is no place in this world for us poor women. I wish that we were either white or black!"—and the tears, two "shining ones," stood in the poor quadroom's eyes.

The daughter stood up, her eyes flashing.

"God made us, Maman," she said with a gentle, but stately smile.

"Ha!" said the mother, her keen glance darting through her tears, "Sin made me, yes."

"No," said 'Tite Poulette, "God made us. He made us just as we are; not more white, not more black."

"He made you, truly!" said Zalli; "You are so beautiful; I believe it well." She reached and drew the fair form to a kneeling posture. "My sweet, white daughter!"

Now the tears were in the girl's eyes.

"And could I be whiter than I am?" she asked.

"Oh, no, no! 'Tite Poulette," cried the other; "but if we were only *real white*!—both of us; so that some gentleman might come to see me and say 'Madame John, I want your pretty little chick. She is so beautiful. I want to take her home. She is so good—I want her to be my wife.' O, my child, my child, to see that I would give my life—I would give my soul! Only you should take me along to be your servant. I walked behind two young men to-night; they were coming home from their office; presently they began to talk about you."

'Tite Poulette's eyes flashed fire.

"No, my child, they spoke only the best things. One laughed a little at times and kept saying 'Beware!' but the other—I prayed the Virgin to bless him, he spoke such kind and noble words. Such gentle pity; such a holy heart! 'May God defend her,' he said, *cherie*; he said 'May God defend her, for I see no help for her.' The other one laughed and left him. He stopped in the door right across the street. Ah, my child, do you blush? Is that something to bring the rose to your cheek? Many fine gentlemen at the ball ask me often, 'How is your daughter, Madame John?'"

The daughter's face was thrown into the mother's lap, not so well satisfied, now, with God's handiwork. Ah, how she wept! Sob, sob, sob; gasps and sighs and stifled ejaculations, her small right hand clenched and beating on her mother's knee; and the mother weeping over her.

Kristian Koppig shut his window. Nothing but a generous heart and a Dutchman's phlegm could have done so at that moment. And even thou, Kristian Koppig!—for the window closed very slowly.

He wrote to his mother, thus:

"In this wicked city, I see none so fair as the poor girl who lives opposite me, and who, alas! though so fair, is one of those whom the taint of caste has cursed. She

lives a lonely, innocent life in the midst of corruption, like the lilies I find here in the marshes, and I have great pity for her. 'God defend her,' I said to-night to a fellow clerk, 'I see no help for her.' I know there is a natural, and I think proper, horror of mixed blood, (excuse the mention, sweet mother) and I feel it, too; and yet if she were in Holland to-day, not one of a hundred suitors would detect the hidden blemish."

Thus this young man went on trying to demonstrate the utter impossibility of his ever loving the lovable unfortunate, until the midnight tolling of the cathedral clock sent him to bed.

About the same hour Zalli and 'Tite Poulette were kissing good-night.

"'Tite Poulette, I want you to promise me one thing."

"Well, Maman?"

"If any gentleman should ever love you and ask you to marry,—not knowing, you know,—promise me you will not tell him you are not white."

"It can never be," said 'Tite Poulette.

"But if it should," said Madame John pleadingly.

"And break the law?" asked 'Tite Poulette, impatiently.

"But the law is unjust," said the mother.

"But it is the law!"

"But you will not, dearie, will you?"

"I would surely tell him!" said the daughter.

When Zalli, for some cause, went next morning to the window, she started.

"'Tite Poulette!"—she called softly without moving. The daughter came. The young man, whose idea of propriety had actuated him to this display, was sitting in the dormer window, reading. Mother and daughter bent a steady gaze at each other. It meant in French, "If he saw us last night!"—

"Ah! dear," said the mother, her face beaming with fun,—

"What can it be, Maman?"

"He speaks—oh! ha, ha!—he speaks—such miserable French!"

It came to pass one morning at early dawn that Zalli and 'Tite Poulette, going to mass, passed a café, just as—who should be coming out but Monsieur, the manager of the *Salle de Condé*. He had not yet gone to bed. Monsieur was astonished. He had a Frenchman's eye for the beautiful, and certainly there the beautiful was. He had heard of Madame John's daughter

and had hoped once to see her, but did not; but could this be she?

They disappeared within the cathedral. A sudden pang of piety moved him; he followed. Tite Poulette was already kneeling in the aisle. Zalli, still in the vestibule, was just taking her hand from the font of holy-water.

"Madame John," whispered the manager.

She curtsied.

"Madame John, that young lady—is she your daughter?"

"She—she—is my daughter," said Zalli, with somewhat of alarm in her face, which the manager misinterpreted.

"I think not, Madame John." He shook his head, smiling as one too wise to be fooled.

"Yes, Monsieur, she is my daughter."

"O no, Madame John, it is only make-believe, I think."

"I swear she is, Monsieur de la Rue."

"Is that possible?" pretending to waver, but convinced in his heart of hearts, by Zalli's alarm, that she was lying. "But how? Why does she not come to our ball-room with you?"

Zalli, trying to get away from him, shrugged and smiled. "Each to his taste, Monsieur; it pleases her not."

She was escaping, but he followed one step more. "I shall come to see you, Madame John."

She whirled and attacked him with her eyes. "Monsieur must not give himself the trouble!" she said, the eyes at the same time saying, "Dare to come!" She turned again and knelt to her devotions. The manager dipped, crossed himself and departed.

Several weeks went by and M. de la Rue had not accepted the fierce invitation of Madame John's eyes. One or two Sunday nights she had avoided him, though fulfilling her engagement in the *Salle*; but by and by pay-day, a Saturday, came round, and though the pay was ready, she was loth to go up to Monsieur's little office.

It was an afternoon in May. Madame John came in and, with a sigh, sank into a chair. Her eyes were wet.

"Did you go, dear mother?" asked Tite Poulette.

"I could not," she answered, dropping her face in her hands.

"Maman, he has seen me at the window!"

"While I was gone?" cried the mother.

"He passed on the other side of the street. He looked up purposely, and saw me." The speaker's cheeks were burning red.

Zalli wrung her hands.

"It is nothing, mother; do not go near him."

"But the pay, my child."

"The pay matters not."

"But he will bring it here; he wants the chance."

That was the trouble, sure enough.

About this time Kristian Koppig lost his position in the German importing house where, he had fondly told his mother, he was indispensable. "Summer was coming on," the senior said, "and you see our young men are almost idle. Yes, our engagement *was* for a year, but ah—we could not foresee—" etc., etc., "besides," (attempting a parting flattery) "your father is a rich gentleman and you can afford to take the summer easy. If we can ever be of any service to you"—etc., etc.

So the young Dutchman spent the afternoons at his dormer window reading and glancing down at the little casement opposite, where a small, rude shelf had lately been put out, holding a row of cigar boxes with wretched little botanical specimens in them trying to die. Tite Poulette was their gardener; and it was odd to see, dry weather or wet,—how many waterings per day those plants could take. She never looked up from her task; but I know she performed it with that unacknowledged pleasure which all girls love and deny, that of being looked upon by noble eyes.

On this particular Saturday afternoon in May, Kristian Koppig had been witness of the distressful scene over the way. It occurred to Tite Poulette that such might be the case, and she stepped to the casement to shut it. As she did so, the marvelous delicacy of Kristian Koppig moved him to draw in one of his shutters. Both young heads came out at one moment, while in the same instant—

"Rap, rap, rap, rap, rap!" clanked the knocker on the wicket. The black eyes of the maiden and the blue over the way, from looking into each other for the first time in life, glanced down to the arched doorway upon Monsieur the manager. Then the black eyes disappeared within, and Kristian Koppig thought again, and re-opening his shutter, stood up at the win-

dow prepared to become a bold spectator of what might follow.

But nothing followed.

"Trouble over there," thought the rosy Dutchman, and waited. The manager waited too, rubbing his hat and brushing his clothes with the tips of his kidded fingers.

"They do not wish to see him," slowly concluded the spectator.

"Rap, rap, rap, rap, rap!" quoth the knocker, and M. de la Rue looked up around at the windows opposite and noticed the handsome young Dutchman looking at him.

"Dutch!" said the manager softly, between his teeth.

"He is staring at me," said Kristian Koppig to himself;—"but then, I am staring at him, which accounts for it."

A long pause and then another long rapping.

"They want him to go away," thought Koppig.

"Knock hard!" suggested a street youngster, standing by.

"Rap, rap—" the manager had no sooner re-commenced than several neighbors looked out of doors and windows.

"Very bad," thought our Dutchman; "somebody should make him go off. I wonder what they will do."

The manager stepped into the street, looked up at the closed window, returned to the knocker, and stood with it in his hand.

"They are all gone out, Monsieur," said the street-youngster.

"You lie!" said the cynosure of neighborhood eyes.

"Ah?" thought Kristian Koppig; "I will go down and ask him—" here his thoughts lost outline; he was only convinced that he had somewhat to say to him, and turned to go down stairs. In going he became a little vexed with himself because he could not help hurrying. He noticed, too, that his arm holding the stair-rail trembled in a silly way, whereas he was perfectly calm. Precisely as he reached the street door the manager raised the knocker—but the latch clicked and the wicket was drawn slightly ajar.

Inside could just be descried Madame John. The manager bowed, smiled, talked, talked on, held money in his hand, bowed, smiled, talked on, flourished the money, smiled, bowed, talked on and plainly persisted in some intention to which Madame John was steadfastly opposed.

The window above, too,—it was Kristian Koppig who noticed that,—opened a wee bit, like the shell of a terrapin. Presently the manager lifted his foot and put forward an arm, as though he would enter the gate by pushing, but as quick as gunpowder it clapped—in his face!

As the panting mother re-entered the room, "See, Maman," said "Tite Poulette, peeping at the window, 'the young gentleman from over the way has crossed!'"

"Holy Mary bless him!" said the mother.

"I will go over," thought Kristian Koppig, "and ask him kindly if he is not making a mistake."

"What are they doing, dear?" asked the mother, with clasped hands.

"They are talking; the young man is tranquil, but 'Sieur de la Rue is very angry," whispered the daughter; and just then—pang! came a sharp, keen sound rattling up the walls on either side of the narrow way, and "Aha!" and laughter and clapping of female hands from two or three windows.

"Oh! what a slap!" cried the girl, half in fright, half in glee, jerking herself back from the casement simultaneously with the report. But the "ahas," and laughter, and clapping of feminine hands, which still continued, came from another cause. "Tite Poulette's rapid action had struck the slender cord that held up an end of her hanging garden, and the whole rank of cigar-boxes slid from their place, turned gracefully over as they shot through the air, and emptied themselves plump upon the head of the slapped manager. Breathless, dirty, pale as whitewash, he gasped a threat to be heard from again, and, getting round the corner as quick as he could walk, left Kristian Koppig, standing motionless, the most astonished man in that street.

"Kristian Koppig, Kristian Koppig," said Great-heart to himself, slowly dragging up stairs, "what a mischief you have done. One poor woman certainly to be robbed of her bitter wages, and another—so lovely!—put to the burning shame of being the subject of a street brawl! What will this silly neighborhood say? 'Has the gentleman a heart as well as a hand?' 'Is it jealousy?'" There he paused, afraid himself to answer the supposed query; and then—"Oh! Kristian Koppig, you have been such a dunce!" "And I cannot apologize to them. Who in this street

would carry my note, and not wink and grin over it with low surmises? I cannot even make restitution. Money? They would not dare receive it. Oh! Kristian Koppig, why *did* you not mind your own business? Is she anything to you? Do you love her? *Of course not!* Oh!—such a dunce!"

The reader will eagerly admit that however faulty this young man's course of reasoning, his conclusion was correct. For mark what he did.

He went to his room, which was already growing dark, shut his window, lighted his big Dutch lamp, and sat down to write. "Something *must* be done," said he aloud, taking up his pen; "I will be calm and cool; I will be distant and brief; but—I shall have to be kind or I may offend. Ah! I shall have to write in French; I forgot that; I write it so poorly, dunce that I am, when all my brothers and sisters speak it so well. He got out his French dictionary. Two hours slipped by. He made a new pen, washed and refilled his inkstand, mended his "abominable" chair, and after two hours more made another attempt, and another failure. "My head aches," said he, and lay down on his couch, the better to frame his phrases.

He was awakened by the Sabbath sunlight. The bells of the Cathedral and the Ursulines' chapel were ringing for high mass, and a mocking-bird, perching on a chimney-top above Madame John's rooms, was carolling, whistling, mewing, chirping, screaming and trilling with the ecstasy of a whole May in his throat. "O! sleepy Kristian Koppig," was the young man's first thought, "—such a dunce!"

Madame John and daughter did not go to mass. The morning wore away, and their casement remained closed. "They are offended," said Kristian Koppig, leaving the house, and wandering up to Christ Church.

"No, possibly they are not," he said, returning and finding the shutters thrown back.

By a sad accident, which mortified him extremely, he happened to see, late in the afternoon,—hardly conscious that he was looking across the street,—that Madame John was—dressing. Could it be that she was going to the *Salle de Condé*? He rushed to his table, and began to write.

He had guessed aright. The wages were too precious to be lost. The manager had written her a note. He begged to assure

her that he was a gentleman of the clearest cut. If he had made a mistake the previous afternoon, he was glad no unfortunate result had followed except his having been assaulted by a ruffian; that the *Danse du Shawl* was promised in his advertisement, and he hoped Madame John (whose wages were in hand waiting for her) would not fail to assist as usual. Lastly, and delicately put, he expressed his conviction that Mademoiselle was wise and discreet in declining to entertain gentlemen at her home.

So, against much beseeching on the part of 'Tite Poulette, Madame John was going to the ball-room. "Maybe I can discover what 'Sieur de la Rue is planning against Monsieur over the way," she said, knowing certainly the slap would not be forgiven; and the daughter, though tremblingly, at once withdrew her objections.

The heavy young Dutchman, now thoroughly electrified, was writing like mad. He wrote and tore up, wrote and tore up, lighted his lamp, started again, and at last signed his name. A letter by a Dutchman in French!—what can be made of it in English? We will see.

"MADAME AND MADEMOISELLE:

A stranger, seeking not to be acquainted, but seeing and admiring all days the goodness and high honor, begs to be pardoned of them for the mistakes, alas! of yesterday, and to make reparation and satisfaction in destroying the ornaments of the window, as well as the loss of compensation from Monsieur the manager, with the enclosed bill of the *Banque de la Louisiane* for fifty dollars (\$50). And, hoping they will seeing what he is meaning, remains respectfully,

"KRISTIAN KOPPIG.

"P.S.—Madame must not go to the ball."

He must bear the missive himself. He must speak in French. What should the words be. A moment of study—he has it, and is off down the long three-story stairway. At the same moment Madame John stepped from the wicket, and glided off to the *Salle de Condé*, a trifle late.

"I shall see Madame John, of course," thought the young man, crushing a hope, and rattled the knocker. "Tite Poulette sprang up from praying for her mother's safety. "What has she forgotten?" she asked herself, and hastened down. The wicket opened. The two innocents were stunned.

"Aw—aw—" said the pretty Dutchman,

"aw—," blurted out something in virgin Dutch, . . . handed her the letter, and hurried down street.

"Alas! what have I done?" said the poor girl, bending over her candle, and bursting into tears that fell on the unopened letter. "And what shall I do? It may be wrong to open it—and worse not to." Like her sex, she took the benefit of the doubt, and intensified her perplexity and misery by reading and misconstruing the all but unintelligible contents. What then? Not only sobs and sighs, but moaning and beating of little fists together, and outcries of soul-felt agony stifled against the bedside, and temples pressed into knitted palms, because of one who "sought *not to be acquainted*," but offered money—money!—in pity to a poor—shame on her for saying that!—a poor *nigresse*.

And now our self-confessed dolt turned back from a half hour's walk, concluding there might be an answer to his note. "Surely Madame John will appear this time." He knocked. The shutter stirred above, and something white came fluttering wildly down like a shot dove. It was his own letter, containing the fifty dollar bill. He bounded to the wicket, and softly but eagerly knocked again.

"Go away," said a trembling voice from above.

"Madame John?" said he; but the window closed, and he heard a step, the same step, on the stair. Step, step, every step one step deeper into his heart. Tite Poulette came to the closed door.

"What will you?" said the voice within.

"I—I—don't wish to see you. I wish to see Madame John."

"I must pray Monsieur to go away. My mother is at the *Salle de Condé*."

"At the ball!" Kristian Koppig strayed off, repeating the words for want of definite thought. All at once it occurred to him that at the ball he could make Madame John's acquaintance with impunity. 'Was it courting sin to go?' By no means; he should, most likely, save a woman from trouble, and help the poor in their distress.

Behold Kristian Koppig standing on the floor of the *Salle de Condé*. A large hall, a blaze of lamps, a bewildering flutter of fans and floating robes, strains of music, columns of gay promenaders, a long row of turbaned mothers lining either wall, gentlemen of the portlier sort filling the recesses of the windows, whirling waltzers

gliding here and there—smiles and grace, smiles and grace; all fair, orderly, elegant, bewitching. A young Creole's laugh mayhap a little loud, and—truly there were many sword canes. But neither grace nor foulness satisfied the eye of the zealous young Dutchman.

Suddenly a muffled woman passed him, leaning on a gentleman's arm. It looked like—it must be, Madame John. Speak quick, Kristian Koppig; do not stop to notice the man!

"Madame John"—bowing—"I am your neighbor, Kristian Koppig."

Madame John bowes low, and smiles—a ball-room smile, but is frightened, and her escort,—the manager,—slips away.

"Ah! Monsieur," she whispers excitedly, "you will be killed if you stay here a moment. Are you armed? No. Take this." She tried to slip a dirk into his hands, but he would not have it.

"Oh, my dear young man, go! Go quickly!" she plead, glancing furtively down the hall.

"I wish you not to dance," said the young man.

"I have danced already; I am going home. Come; be quick! we will go together." She thrust her arm through his, and they hastened into the street. When a square had been passed there came a sound of men running behind them.

"Run, Monsieur, run!" she cried, trying to drag him; but Monsieur Dutchman would not.

"Run, Monsieur! Oh, my God! it is 'Sieur—"

"That for yesterday!" cried the manager, striking fiercely with his cane. Kristian Koppig's fist rolled him in the dirt.

"That for Tite Poulette!" cried another man, dealing the Dutchman a terrible blow from behind.

"And that for me!" hissed a third, thrusting at him with something bright.

"That for yesterday!" screamed the manager, bounding like a tiger; "That!" "THAT!" "Ha!"

Then Kristian Koppig knew that he was stabbed.

"That!" and "That!" and "That!" and the poor Dutchman struck wildly here and there, grasped the air, shut his eyes, staggered, reeled, fell, rose half up, fell again for good, and they were kicking him and jumping on him. All at once they scampered. Zalli had found the night-watch.

"Buz-z-z-z!" vent a rattle. "Buz-z-z-z!" went another.

"Pick him up."

"Is he alive?"

"Can't tell; hold him steady; lead the way, misses."

"He's bleeding all over my breeches."

"This way—here—around this corner."

"Rap-rap-rap!" on the old brass knocker. Curses on the narrow wicket, more on the dark archway, more still on the twisting stairs.

"Easy, easy, push this under his head! never mind his boots!"

So he lies—on 'Tite Poulette's own bed.

The watch are gone. They pause under the corner lamp to count profits;—a single bill—*Banque de la Louisiane*, fifty dollars. Providence is kind—tolerably so. Break it at the "Guillaume Tell." "But did you ever hear any one scream like that girl did?"

And there lies the young Dutch neighbor. His money will not flutter back to him this time; nor will any voice behind a gate "beg Monsieur to go away." O, Woman!—that knows no enemy so terrible as man! Come nigh, poor Woman, you have nothing to fear. Lay your strange, electric touch upon the chilly flesh; it strikes no eager mischief along the fainting veins. Look your sweet looks upon the grimy face, and tenderly lay back the locks from the congested brows; no wicked misinterpretation lurks to bite your kindness. Be motherly, be sisterly, fear naught. Go, watch him by night; you may sleep at his feet and he will not stir. Yet he lives, and shall live—may live to forget you, who knows? But for all that, be gentle and watchful; be womanlike, we ask no more; and God reward you!

Even while it was taking all the two women's strength to hold the door against Death, the sick man himself laid a grief upon them.

"Mother," he said to Madame John, quite a master of French in his delirium, "dear mother, fear not; trust your boy; fear nothing. I will not marry 'Tite Poulette; I cannot. She is fair, dear mother, but ah! she is not—don't you know, mother? don't you know? The race! the race! Don't you know that she is jet black. Isn't it?"

The poor nurse nodded "Yes," and gave a sleeping draught; but before the patient quite slept he started once and stared.

"Take her away,"—waving his hand—

"take your beauty away. She is jet white. Who could take a jet white wife? O, no, no, no, no!"

Next morning his brain was right.

"Madame," he weakly whispered, "I was delicious last night?"

Zalli shrugged. "Only a very, very, wee, wee trifle of a bit."

"And did I say something wrong or—foolish?"

"O, no, no," she replied; "you only clasped your hands, so, and prayed, prayed, all the time to the dear Virgin."

"To the virgin?" asked the Dutchman, smiling incredulously.

"And St. Joseph—yes, indeed," she insisted; "you may strike me dead."

And so, for politeness's sake, he tried to credit the invention, but grew suspicious instead.

Hard was the battle against death. Nurses are sometimes amazons, and such were these. Through the long, enervating summer, the contest lasted; but when at last the cool airs of October came stealing in at the bedside like long-banished little children, Kristian Koppig rose upon his elbow and smiled them a welcome.

The physician, blessed man, was kind beyond measure; but said some inexplicable things, which Zalli tried in vain to make him speak in an undertone. "If I knew Monsieur John?" he said, "certainly! Why, we were chums at school. And he left you so much as that, Madame John? Ah! my old friend John, always noble! And you had it all in that naughty bank? Ah, well, Madame John, it matters little. No, I shall not tell 'Tite Poulette. Adieu."

And another time:—"If I will let you tell me something? With pleasure, Madame John. No, and not tell anybody, Madame John. No, Madame, not even 'Tite Poulette. What?"—a long whistle—"is that possible?—and Monsieur John knew it?—encouraged it?—eh, well, eh, well!—But—can I believe you, Madame John? Oh! you have Monsieur John's sworn statement. Ah! very good, truly, but—*you say* you have it; but where is it? Ah! to-morrow!"—a skeptical shrug. "Pardon me, Madame John, I think perhaps, *perhaps* you are telling the truth."

"If I think you did right? Certainly! What nature keeps back, accident sometimes gives, Madame John; either is God's will. Don't cry. 'Stealing from the dead?' No! It was giving, yes! They are thanking you in heaven, Madame John."

Kristian Koppig, lying awake, but motionless and with closed eyes, hears in part and, fancying he understands, rejoices with silent intensity. When the doctor is gone he calls Zalli.

"I give you a great deal of trouble, eh, Madame John?"

"No, no; you are no trouble at all. Had you the yellow fever—ah! then!"

She rolled her eyes to signify the superlative character of the tribulations attending yellow fever.

"I had a lady and gentleman once—a Spanish lady and gentleman, just off the ship; both sick at once with the fever—delirious—could not tell their names. Nobody to help me but sometimes Monsieur John! I never had such a time,—never before, never since,—as that time. Four days and nights this head touched not a pillow."

"And they died!" said Kristian Koppig.

"The third night the gentleman went. Poor Señor! 'Sieur John,—he did not know the harm,—gave him some coffee and toast! The fourth night it rained and turned cool, and just before day the poor lady—"

"Died!" said Koppig.

Zalli dropped her arms listlessly into her lap, and her eyes ran brimful.

"And left an infant!" said the Dutchman, ready to shout with exultation.

"Ah! no, Monsieur," said Zalli.

The invalid's heart sank like a stone.

"Madame John,"—his voice was all in a tremor,—*"tell me the truth. Is 'Tite Poulette your own child?"*

"Ah-h-h, ha! ha! what foolishness! Of course, she is my child!" And Madame John gave vent to a true Frenchwoman's laugh.

It was too much for the sick man. In the pitiful weakness of his shattered nerves he turned his face into the pillow and wept like a child. Zalli passed into the next room to hide her emotion.

"Maman, dear Maman," said 'Tite Poulette, who had overheard nothing, but only saw the tears.

"Ah! my child, my child, my task—my task is too great—too great for me. Let me go now—another time. Go and watch at his bedside."

"But, Maman,"—for 'Tite Poulette was frightened,—*"he needs no care now."*

"Nay, but go, my child; I wish to be alone."

The maiden stole in with averted eyes

and tip-toed to the window—*that window*. The patient, already a man again, gazed at her till she could feel the gaze. He turned his eyes from her a moment to gather resolution. And now, stout heart, farewell; a word or two of friendly parting—nothing more.

"Tite Poulette."

The slender figure at the window turned and came to the bedside.

"I believe I owe my life to you," he said.

She looked down meekly, the color rising in her cheek.

"I must arrange to be moved across the street to-morrow, on a litter."

She did not stir or speak.

"And I must now thank you, sweet nurse, for your care. Sweet nurse! Sweet nurse!"

She shook her head in protestation.

"Heaven bless you, 'Tite Poulette!"

Her face sank lower.

"God has made you very beautiful, 'Tite Poulette!"

She stirred not. He reached, and gently took her little hand, and as he drew her one step nearer, a tear fell from her long lashes. From the next room Zalli, with a face of agonized suspense, gazed upon the pair, undiscovered. The young man lifted the hand to lay it upon his lips, when, with a mild, firm force, it was drawn away, yet still rested in his own upon the bedside, like some weak thing snared, that could only not get free.

"Thou wilt not have my love, 'Tite Poulette?"

No answer.

"Thou wilt not, beautiful?"

"Cannot!" was all that she could utter, and upon their clasped hands the tears ran down.

"Thou wrong'st me, 'Tite Poulette. Thou dost not trust me; thou fearest the kiss may loosen the hands. But I tell thee nay. I have struggled hard, even to this hour, against Love, but I yield me now; I yield; I am his unconditioned prisoner forever. God forbid that I ask aught but that you will be my wife."

Still the maiden moved not, looked not up, only rained down tears.

"Shall it not be, 'Tite Poulette?" He tried in vain to draw her.

"'Tite Poulette!" So tenderly he called! And then she spoke.

"It is against the law!"

"It is not!" cried Zalli, seizing her

round the waist and dragging her forward.
 "Take her! she is thine. I have robbed
 God long enough. Here are the sworn
 papers—here! Take her—she is as white

as snow—so! Take her, kiss her; Mary
 be praised! I never had a child—she is
 the Spaniard's daughter!"

TWO.

I.

APART.

ONE place—one roof—one name—their daily bread
 In daily sacrament they break
 Together, and together take
 Perpetual counsel, such as use has fed
 The habit of, in words which make
 No lie. For courtesy's sweet sake,
 And pity's, one brave heart whose joy is dead,
 Smiles ever, answering words which wake
 But weariness; hides all its ache,
 Its hopeless ache, its longing, and its dread;
 Strong as a martyr at the stake
 Renouncing self: striving to slake
 The pangs of thirst on bitter hyssop red
 With vinegar! Oh brave strong heart!
 God sets all days, all hours apart,
 Joy cometh at His hour appointed.

II.

TOGETHER.

No touch—no sight—no sound—wide continents
 And seas clasp hands to separate
 Them from each other now. Too late!
 Triumphant love has leagued the elements
 To do their will. Hath light a mate
 For swiftmess? Can it over weight
 The air? Or doth the sun know accidents?
 The light, the air, the sun, inviolate
 For them, do constant keep and state
 Message of their ineffable contents,
 And raptures, each in each. So great
 Their bliss in loving, even fate
 In parting them, hath found no instruments
 Whose bitter pain insatiate
 Can kill it, or their faith abate
 In presence in Love's hourly sacraments.

THE LITERARY AND THE ETHICAL QUALITY OF GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS.

GEORGE ELIOT is more than a brilliant novelist. She is a great writer. She is more than simply a great writer. She is a prime elemental literary power. In literature such, she is scarcely less in ethics. She is a great ethical teacher—it may be not an original, but at least a highly charged derivative, moral, living force. Perhaps even thus much is still too little to have said. For George Eliot seems already securely to belong to the very small number of those choice literary names which we jealously account our greatest. There have been admirable women in literary history whose chief praise justly was the exquisite womanliness of their genius. Mrs. Browning, when we succeed in forgetting her virile affectations, appears an illustrious example. There have been other admirable historic literary women who were strong distinctively as men are strong. Madame de Staël is, perhaps, an example. There is a third class, distinguishable in conception, composed of women whom we should honor, when we thought of them, in instinctively forgetting to remember their sex at all. Of these women we should not, on the one hand, say, They carried the feminine quality to its height; nor yet, on the other, They transcended the limitations of their sex. We should simply say, Here were rare human souls, nobly endowed individuals of the human race. We should at once exalt them to the glorious severity of comparison at large with whatever personages in literary history, male or female, might appear worthy to be reckoned their peers. In this third class, if there be such a class, belongs George Eliot. If there is no such class, then George Eliot stands alone in literary history, for she certainly is such a woman.

There is, therefore, no question remaining to be raised respecting George Eliot's intellectual rank. That point is settled already, as well as a like point ever was settled concerning any author during his lifetime. To determine, however, not the quantity, but the quality, not the degree, but the kind, of her power in letters and in morals, is a problem upon which something, perhaps, may still profitably be said. Indeed, an inquiry, carefully and candidly conducted, into the quality of George Eliot's influence as a novelist, ought, it

seems to me, at this time, alike on literary and on ethical grounds, to enlist the serious attention of a wide circle of readers. This inquiry may properly enough be limited to her influence as a novelist, for the reason that although she has done noteworthy work as a poet, it is through her novels chiefly, or through her poems as novels, that she has hitherto wrought upon the taste and the conscience of her age.

The present inquiry will seek to be strictly impersonal—that is to say, there will be no attempt to import an irrelevant interest into this paper, by any allusions, open or covert, to the circumstances of George Eliot's personal history. The books that she has written shall be judged, as far as is possible, with no more influence admitted from the character, alleged or actual, of the writer, than if, instead of being a woman's productions, they were the founding progeny of Dame Nature herself.

"Adam Bede" was the first work of the author that attracted wide public attention. This was published in 1858. Inseparably water-lined into its literary texture was a certain element not literary, well calculated to raise among religious readers of the book two quite different opinions of its quality. One can, in fact, easily imagine that its early fortune in this respect may have been, in some degree, like what afterward befell "Ecce Homo," when that stumbling-block to the theologians was first given to the world. There must, on the one hand, we should say, have been religious readers not a few to welcome "Adam Bede" as they had previously welcomed "The Wide, Wide World," as they subsequently welcomed "The Schönberg-Cotta Family." Such readers would see in it gospel enough,—gospel pure, and sweet, and orthodox,—to fit it for a place in the Sunday school library, or for circulation by the evangelical propaganda. On the other hand, a different class of religious readers must as naturally have thought that they discovered a quite predominant literary and artistic interest in the author's conduct of her story, which separated her, in her own individual sympathy, from the exquisitely represented religious spirit of some of her principal characters. These less credulous

readers would accordingly stand a little in doubt of their author. Freely acknowledging that the sanctities of the personal religious experience were always treated by her with the most decorous respect,—unable to deny that at times this respect passed over into even the most seductively seeming-sympathetic homage and awe,—they would have their misgiving nevertheless. They would seem to themselves to perceive that this writer, after all, was mainly intent on what, if they could have anticipated her subsequent diction, they might, perhaps,—applying her favorite word,—have called an “egoistic” aim of her own. She meant to make the “holy secrets” of the Christian consciousness subserve, if not an irreverent, at least an inferior and a personal purpose. She would weave them into her design, for help to character and dialogue and plot. They should minister to an artistic, more than to any religious motive. Beyond this, her novel seemed to contain an undisclosed, but discoverable, implication, somewhat discomposing to the simply believing mind, that the author, on her own part, regarded the mystery of the life of God in the human soul from another than the obvious evangelical point of view. To her apparently this was but one element among many of an exceedingly complex human psychology, in which any other element whatever was divine and supernatural in quite the same sense as that.

It is curious, in the light of present knowledge, to glance from one to another among the chief periodicals of that day, and note the various conjectures hazarded by the puzzled, but admiring, reviewers as to the true theological position of the then unknown author of “*Scenes of Clerical Life*” and “*Adam Bede*.” The “*Westminster Review*” must, of course, have been in her secret, but that quarterly affected to be as ignorant as its compeers, and after rehearsing opinions that assigned her to different theological parties from the Evangelical to the Broad Church, astutely ventured, for itself, to guess that George Eliot, while no doubt sincerely and deeply religious, was, probably, not the adherent of any one of the recognized creeds, being rather, it believed, of that liberal comprehension in faith which embraced whatever was true in them all.

One thing, however, at least was plain to every reader of discernment. We had here a new writer who was master, abso-

lute master, of a style of extraordinary beauty and power. Choice English, limpid phrase, charming simplicity, marvelous answerableness to the shifting mood, whether of thought or of feeling, the finished and assured repose of self-conscious art,—art self-conscious but not self-complacent,—these traits made up a style fitted in a wonderful degree to be the mirror to the world of a large soul, if, as could hardly fail to be the case, the owner of such a style turned out to have a large soul. Just what might be the inner truth of this writer's private relation to religion was, of course, matter of the purest impertinence to her literary claims. To the zealous religionist indeed it made a great difference whether one who evidently had so much power was going to wield her power for religion or against it. But the candid literary critic had only one possible interest in even entertaining a question like this. It might affect somewhat his estimate of her genius, if he could decide whether her aim in dealing with the problems of religious experience was the aim of an advocate, friendly or hostile, or merely the aim of an artist instead. This I say, was the sole alternative that could tempt the literary critic to undertake a solution of the doubt.

“*Adam Bede*” itself contained evidence enough to satisfy the justly suspicious but unprejudiced literary mind what was the true state of the facts. To such a mind it was sufficiently clear that the writer of “*Adam Bede*” had had the penetration to perceive that the phenomena of religious experience in human hearts presented a vein of material for the novelist which no novelist had yet turned to any adequate account. Either as being herself, through the conditions of her own situation in life, exceptionally well qualified to work this vein, or, it might be, as possessing unconsciously a certain Shakespearean capacity of universal knowledge without universal experience, George Eliot had introduced the religious element into her novel because, apart from its inherent attractions for the moral earnestness that was natural to her, she felt the artist's instinct of its adaptedness to help her produce her effects. It was further clear that she had the genuine artist's conscience to be judicially fair, or else, what served as well, the genuine artist's tact to be effectively faithful in her use of her religious material. Her reproduction of the Christian

religious experience, as far, at least, as respected its forms of outward expression,—and farther, of course, was impossible,—wanted nothing of being exquisitely true to the rarest reality. The most mystically minded evangelical Christian might find his finest moods of devotion reflected in the prayers and the discourses and the conversations of Dinah, the lovely Methodist woman preacher, who is the real heroine of "Adam Bede." Nothing, not divinely inspired, in history or in fiction, could well surpass the sweet, the heavenly beauty of Dinah's life. But side by side with this beautiful life, a life wholesomely and not morbidly beautiful, represented as believed by the liver of it to be a life drawn directly from a hidden spring in the heart of Christ, yet so represented in such a way that the writer is not once committed outright as either adhering or not adhering herself to that transcendent belief—side by side with a life like this, nay, in immediate contact with it day after day, without being affected by it, a life how different,—Lisbeth's,—an utterly sordid, earth-bound, carnal life, goes on, in the undisturbedly complacent portraiture of the impartial author, who never forgets the artist in the fellow-being to betray the slightest vicarious moral concern that a human soul should thus prove unheedingful, and miss to know the day of its heavenly visitation. It is not that this contrast is not true to the occurrences of actual life. It is that no yearning emotion, no Pauline travail of spirit, is elicited from the writer in witnessing the tragedy that she creates. There is, perhaps, manifest a certain tender relenting on her part—a gentle, half-stoical despair that relieves itself with a laugh of Democritus. What it lacks is the mother-anguish of that distinctively Christian sorrow which weeps because it would have saved. In short, with respect to the fortunes of the life beyond life, not Shakespeare himself could be more supremely neutral, not the Epicurean Jove more serenely indifferent, as a creator administering for the beings of his creation.

Such is the conclusion at which the thoughtful student of "Adam Bede," taking the purely critical literary point of view, might easily arrive. But before "Adam Bede" appeared, its author had furnished to the critic other means for learning her motive and method. She had published in "Blackwood's Magazine" a series of sketches afterwards collected under the

common descriptive title of "Scenes of Clerical Life." These pieces seem now, viewed in the retrospect, to bear somewhat the character of studies for her later more serious productions. With greater propriety, perhaps, they might be regarded as short essays in a kind of composition as to which it was more needful to the writer to try the taste of the public than it was to try her own powers. For the first sketch, "The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton," exhibits almost as much assured and tranquil sense of mastery, on the part of the author, in mere style of composition and method of development, as is exhibited in "Middlemarch." There is even more repose of style in the earlier than in the later production. Hardly till "Middlemarch" would George Eliot have written, for example, this sentence: "Has any one ever pinched into its *pilulous* smallness the cobweb of pre-matrimonial acquaintanceship?" ["Middlemarch," vol. 1, p. 26, Harper's Ed.] A shrewd question, with pregnant implication—but not quite comfortably expressed. The ambition of high achievement seems to have been a subsequent growth with George Eliot. The trophies of George Eliot who had written, it was, perhaps, each time, that would not let George Eliot that was writing sleep. "Scenes of Clerical Life," are, in fact, so quiet in tone that their quietness comes near being a mannerism. They are intensely realistic pictures of perfectly commonplace life and character. The style of the composition is admirable. It is admirable enough to make these sketches well worth reading for the sake of the style alone. But it is so completely admirable that it scarcely of itself attracts any attention at all. It is only the writer practised enough to know, from experience of his own, how far off from the beginning of effort the end of effort is, in the attainment of such a style, that will bethink himself to notice the exquisite perfection of these pieces as mere composition.

The chief merit, however, of these pieces was not the finish of their style. They possessed the equally unique and perhaps graver merit of being a revelation to most people of the more than dramatic interest of humor and of pathos lying hidden under the common and everyday life that their neighbors are living around them. The traits of shrewd observation and of wise reflection that these "Scenes" exhibited might well, even in that early

phase of the author's crescent fame, embolden one of the great British quarterlies in a review perhaps it was of "Adam Bede," to apply that almost awful epithet of supreme literary ascription, "Shakespearean." The felicity of expression, too, always corresponded. You read, and you smile, as you read, with pure pleasure of intellectual recognition, coming again and again upon a trait of human character or conduct so exquisitely fitted with its happy phrase that it is like what you can imagine it might be if, by some magical good fortune, you had chanced upon a treasure-trove of a few original types of nature, easily perfect at once, and with no trace of any workmanship whatever upon them. How much character, for instance, is unfolded with a stroke of the pen when of a certain "thin woman with a chronic liver-complaint," at a tea-party, it is quietly said: "She has brought her knitting—no frivolous fancy knitting, but a substantial woolen stocking; the click-click of her knitting needles is the running accompaniment to all her conversation, and in her utmost enjoyment of spoiling a friend's self-satisfaction, she was never known to spoil a stocking." Again: "Mrs. Patten does not admire this excessive click-clicking activity. Quiescence in an easy-chair under the sense of compound interest perpetually accumulating has long seemed an ample function to her and she does her malevolence gently." * * * * * She cherishes "a quiet blood-relation's hatred for her niece, Janet Gibbs, who, she knows, expects a large legacy, and whom she is determined to disappoint. Her money shall go in a lump to a distant relation of her husband's, and Janet shall be saved the trouble of pretending to cry by finding that she is left with a miserable pittance." A manservant does double duty as groom and as table-waiter at the house of a certain gentleman whose sister, living with him, had inherited title without estate from a deceased Polish count, her husband, but nevertheless aspired to some style in her house-keeping: "John" is represented as "removing the tea things from the drawing-room and brushing the crumbs from the table-cloth with an accompanying hiss, such as he was wont to encourage himself with in rubbing down Mr. Bridmain's horse."

The members of a clerical party are described: "At Mr. Ely's right hand you see a very small man with a sallow and

somewhat puffy face whose hair is brushed straight up, evidently with the intention of giving him a height somewhat less disproportionate to his sense of his own importance than the measure of five feet three accorded to him by an oversight of nature." The Rev. Amos himself was "very full of plans which were something like his moves in chess—admirably well calculated *supposing the state of the case were otherwise.*"

One feels, of course, how inadequate an impression of the fertile observation, the pregnant insight, with which these pages abound, any such excerpts torn from their relief in the context must necessarily make. A volume was recently published in England (it has since been re-published, with additions for "Middlemarch," in this country) entitled "Wit and Wisdom of George Eliot." It is a remarkable monument to the manifold fecundity, and to the invulnerable vitality no less, of her genius. But shreds from the woof ill represent a finished and continuous fabric of the loom. It is the exquisite fitness of the sentiment to the situation or to the character,—say rather to the character in the situation,—that gives to George Eliot's exuberant, though never too exuberant, wit and wisdom their consummate value and effect. She loves to be sententious. She is fonder of reflection than she is of narration. Her plot is for the sake of her dialogue, her dialogue is for the sake of her character, and her character is for the sake of the wit and the wisdom that her many-sided genius is consciously capable and therefore desirous of lavishing on the world. This statement needs some qualification, for her dialogue now and again runs on, self-moved by its delight in its own conscious felicity. But it is approximately true. Her natural bent is about equally dramatic and ethical. She experiences a great delight in mere life-like exhibition of character. In so far she is purely dramatic. But she experiences fully as great a delight in subsequent interpretative comment and reflection on the character that she exhibits. In this she goes beyond what is dramatic and becomes ethical or else psychological. The ethical seems, perhaps, to engage her most deeply.

This was more certainly and more constantly true in her earlier than it has been in her later work. Not that she has ceased to betray an ethical interest in what she writes. This is far enough from being the

case. But her ethical interest has grown somehow less practical and more theoretic. The pure artist used to have to compete with the moralist. Lately the artist's competition has been rather with the doctrinaire, or with the speculative psychologist. George Eliot from the first has been consistently and earnestly moral, or religious even, as those who claim her for a chief ornament of their philosophical school would probably say. It was not, therefore, as not earnestly moral, but only as not properly and purposely Christian, in the ordinary orthodox sense of that word, that "Adam Bede," a little way back, was meant to be characterized. There is an eager and intent moral earnestness in the book. But, notwithstanding certain ambiguous superficial appearances, the moral earnestness is not clearly and narrowly Christian. The quality of the moral earnestness that George Eliot exhibits, or, more strictly, the quality of the moral influence which she is likely to exert, is reserved for examination in the concluding portion of this paper.

The "Scenes of Clerical Life" contain the germs, or at least the promise, of a considerable part of all that is to be found in her maturer productions. Like these, though even in a greater degree, they depend for their interest on qualities in them separable, and in fact separate, from the narrative which they incidentally contain. The narrative is both meager and commonplace to a degree. The constructive, or rather the inventive, faculty might seem wanting to the author. Quite as probably, however, she set small value in comparison on the plot of her stories, feeling rather like a painter who should resolve to achieve his results, not by any masterly skill of composition, but by the endlessly minute Dutch life-likeness of his picture, and then by the fine interpretative light of sentiment that he would contrive to throw over the whole. George Eliot through all her novels has remained weakest in point of plot, although she has evidently paid far more attention of late to the construction of her stories. Whether this relative weakness in her performance is to be referred to inherent defect of invention in her genius, or rather to the predominating influence of the pure dramatic and the pure didactic faculty in it taken together, is, perhaps, open to question. The fact certainly is, that plot with her is everywhere subordinate to what may be

termed the motive of the story, and incident is always fain to wait patiently on dialogue, while dialogue itself, the evident favorite diversion of George Eliot's genius, gives way full cheerfully to that which is her chief serious concern, the work of austere and subtle psychological analysis.

We thus recur to the element in George Eliot's novels which has always, upon the whole, constituted the leading motive of her work. Psychological analysis is her strength and her joy. She creates character, she devises incident and situation, chiefly that she may have her occasion of indulging that almost superhuman faculty which is hers, of laying bare to its ultimate microscopic secret the anatomy of the living human consciousness in play. This motive in her work is what gives to it its unity as a progressive development—it is the one germ which has steadily unfolded and grown from her first published writing to her last. Her novels are pre-eminently psychological novels. The psychological element contributes the greatest proportion of the whole bulk of her volumes. There is a good deal of landscape, and there are frequent bits of brilliant meteorology. These parts, by the way, are done with delicious felicity of descriptive words, so that as mere verbal effects they are a perpetual delight. The features of a landscape, however, are seldom, if ever, photographed, as with a single sudden stroke of the sun, on the reader's imagination. A radiant haze of words is hung between your eyes and the scene. A little idealism of the right sort seems so much better here than any amount of the most conscientious realism. It is doubtful, perhaps, if George Eliot possesses just the necessary kind of imagination for this poet's purpose. But it might easily surprise a reader of George Eliot that had never before directed his attention to the point, to observe how large a proportion of the space occupied with the liveliest conversation, or with the most exciting incident, is usurped by the author for her own interspersed interpretation and comment. The unique characteristic interest too of the dialogue and the narrative is to a wonderful extent, for even the cursory reader, lodged in these interruptions from the author in her delightful character of well-informed and astute individual chorus.

But George Eliot's novels could not be popular, as they are, if, at the same time that they are thus prevalently psycholog-

cal, they were not also something else than psychological. She is often subtle and refined, and removed from obvious apprehension (in her sense—she is always perfectly plain in her expression) to a degree scarcely surpassed in the case of any professed psychologist or metaphysician in the world. But she has besides a broad zone of contact with the average human being that makes her, notwithstanding, as popular too as she is profound. Shakespeare's street conversations, for instance, of citizens, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, on occasion of a popular commotion, are not more faithful to the vulgar life of the populace than are such remarks as these which follow, specimen fragments of surly humor, reported from individuals of the Florentine mob during the famine and plague in "Romola." Romola, in her stately womanhood, is ministering to Baldassarre, found in a dying condition on the street. Some starving fellows watch her with envy tempered with awe:

"Do you keep your bread for those that can't swallow, Madonna?" said a rough-looking fellow in a red night-cap, who had elbowed his way into the inmost circle of spectators—a circle that was pressing rather closely on Romola.

"If anybody isn't hungry," said another, 'I say let him alone. He's better off than people who've got craving stomachs, and no breakfast.'

"Yes, indeed; if a man's a mind to die, it's a time to encourage him, instead of making him come back to life against his will. Dead men want no trencher.'

"Come Madonna," said he of the red night-cap, 'the old thief doesn't eat the bread, you see; you'd better try *us*. We fast so much, we're half saints already.'

"* * * Romola held out the basket of bread to the man in the night-cap, looking at him without any reproach in her glance, as she said,

"Hunger is hard to bear, I know, and you have the power to take this bread if you will. It was saved for sick women and children. You are strong men; but if you do not choose to suffer because you are strong, you have the power to take everything from the weak. You can take the bread from the basket; but I shall watch by this old man; I shall resist your taking the bread from *him*.'

"For a few moments there was perfect silence, while Romola looked at the faces

before her, and held out the basket of bread. * * The man in the night-cap looked rather silly, and backed, thrusting his elbow into his neighbor's ribs *with an air of moral rebuke*." ("Romola," pp. 334-5, Harper's Ed.)

It was impossible not to quote, in sequel to the remarks of the men in the crowd, so penetratively humorous a trait of observation in character as is contained in the clause distinguished above by italics. The very flesh and blood of universal human nature is in that exquisite stroke.

No doubt at bottom it is the same faculty of mind that makes one writer psychological in his method, and another writer dramatic. It is in either case a faculty for intuition of human nature—intuition, not observation alone, for the knowledge given by the faculty in question is an endowment and not an acquirement. It takes, to be sure, George Eliot's genius to observe as George Eliot observes. But then observation, even like hers, must often fail from lack of opportunity. For these times of failure there is intuition, if one only possesses it, not less infallible than observation itself. Such intuition George Eliot possesses. Perhaps if we sought to be entirely scientific, we should find this faculty of intuition to be identical in essence with that power of the mind which mental philosophers have distinguished as the faculty of generalization.

But, notwithstanding the substantial sameness of the faculty in the two cases, how different a face of the same faculty is the dramatic from the psychological. The dramatic method *exhibits* human nature in action—the psychological *explains* the grounds and motives of the action. Evidently the dramatic is limited in its effects by the degree of responsive faculty for observation and appreciation possessed by the reader or the spectator. The dramatist can *exhibit* to you only so much as you are capable of perceiving. There is nothing in the dramatist's art to make you percipient and intelligent beyond your natural degree. His whole prosperity lies in the eye of his beholder. The psychological method, on the contrary, may disclose to you far more in an action than you would have been able to discover for yourself. The psychological method becomes thus the proper supplement of the dramatic. At the point where the dramatic of necessity fails the psychological may begin. This is the advantage of the novel over

the drama. The drama can only be dramatic. But the novel may be as dramatic as the drama, and then go on to be as psychological as if it were not dramatic at all.

There is, of course, no implication here intended that the novel is a higher kind of literature than the drama. The question of precedence between the two is not raised. It is simply maintained that the novel, from its mixed character, as in turn dramatic, narrative, or reflective, at choice, has certain manifest advantages at specific points over the drama. This very mixedness of its character is probably a mark of its technical inferiority. But the novel may assuredly in consequence become more deeply and subtly psychological than the drama. The drama is, of course, equally with the novel, bound to obey the laws of a sound psychology. In this sense of being psychological, there is no difference between the two. In the case of both alike, the action must proceed according to the truth of human nature. But the novel, more than the drama, is free to make its underlying psychology plain by exposition. The drama might, to be sure, conceivably employ the awkward expedient of adopting and adapting from the ancient Greek tragedy its chorus of solemn observers to interpret for us the psychology, in place of the ethics, of the action represented. In this way we might have in the drama unlimited psychological disquisition. But the drama thus modified would no longer be fit for popular representation. It would have to retire from the stage to the closet. In other words, it would, in just so far, have declined from the pure dramatic idea, and have become little distinguishable at this particular point, save in the incident of its formal construction, from the novel.

Now George Eliot within her range—and her range, though, unlike Shakespeare's, it may have definite determinable limits, is still very wide,—George Eliot, I say, within her range is every whit as dramatic as Shakespeare. So natural is the dramatic method to her genius that her novels are often conceived in a succession of scenes, instead of in the continuity of narration. But when, ceasing for the moment to be dramatic, she uses the privilege of the novelist to be expressly psychological, her analysis of character and motive becomes so subtle and searching that mere dramatic exhibition seems almost vulgar in com-

parison. Hamlet's soliloquy is greatly admired for the depth and subtlety of psychological implication which it contains. But there is many and many a passage of clairvoyant vision and revelation in the sphere of human character and motive to be found in George Eliot's works that makes Hamlet's soliloquy superficial and tame. George Eliot's knowledge in the deep things of the human heart, in short, is hardly second to anything elsewhere exhibited in the whole realm of literature. There are marks enough in her writing of varied and watchful observation. But the knowledge of the human heart that George Eliot displays is not an acquired knowledge. It was born with her and in her. It is genius. It is a gift which is Shakespearean in quality—one might, perhaps, as well be frankly true to himself and out with his thought—it is *finer* than Shakespeare. In quantity it is less, but in quality it is more.

Take as an instance of the advantage in point of fine psychological implication that the novel possesses over the drama, the qualifying clause, "*with an air of moral rebuke*," appended to the statement of fact that the fellow "in the red night-cap" falling back, on Romola's words, into the crowd, made way for himself by thrusting his elbows into his neighbor's ribs. Here the action is nothing compared with the manner of the action. But the manner of the action it is beyond the province of the dramatist to give. The dramatist has here to depend on histrionism to interpret his thought. Another instance is supplied in a powerfully conceived scene that occurs elsewhere in "*Romola*." Tito visits the hut in which his outraged adoptive father, Baldassarre, lies couched in his straw, awaiting the retarded hour of his vengeance. Tito has decided to ease his own mortgaged future by healing the immediate breach between himself and Baldassarre. He will ask forgiveness for his unfilial desertion and resume the son's affectionate care of his father. Baldassarre greets his visitor by making the abortive attempt on Tito's life with his dagger, but Tito persists. It is as yet uncertain how Baldassarre will receive the unanticipated overture. "Presently Baldassarre began to move. He threw away the broken dagger, and slowly and gradually, still trembling, began to raise himself from the ground. Tito put out his hand to help him, and so strangely quick are men's souls

that in this moment, when he began to feel his atonement was accepted, *he had a darting thought of the irksome efforts it entailed.*"* ("Romola," p. 279, Harper's Ed.) It would be hard for the dramatic method to enter so shrewdly as this into the almost subconscious movements of the human soul. An aside would not answer, for the thought does not take shape in words even in the thinker's mind.

But George Eliot is not simply a dramatist and a psychologist in her novels. She is a profound and various thinker as well. The thought which goes to the production of valuable literary work is of two sorts. There is the thought which has preceded, and there is, besides, the thought which immediately accompanies the conception and execution of the work. The one sort enriches the production through having enriched the producing mind; the other more directly enriches the production itself. The one sort is immanent thought, thought subsisting as condition; the other is active thought, thought working as cause. Or the difference might be likened to the difference between the elements contributed to existing life on the globe by those geologic ages which are finished and extinct, and the elements contributed by that age which is now current and still incomplete. Of both these sorts of thought George Eliot's novels are full. Her later and maturer productions presuppose an amount of arduous thinking on the hard and high problems of human existence that is nothing short of astonishing. It would not be easy to name any other writing in recent literature that, bulk for bulk, registers a greater quantity of good, fresh, deep, clear, sound, sincere, and honest antecedent thought. The "In Memoriam" is pre-eminently of such a character—that work is like the earth's thronged crust for the record of finished elemental processes and secular energies now in repose, that it enfolds. But George Eliot's novels are not inferior here to the "In Memoriam." The writer of these has swept as large a part of the great diapason of possible human intellectual experience as has the writer of that. The novels are inferior to the poem only in the form of expression which they give to the thought. In the

form of expression they are inferior only as prose must be inferior to poetry—as even the most exquisite prose must still be inferior to poetry when the poetry too, happens to be equally exquisite in its superior kind. George Eliot's prose is as nearly poetic as it ought to be—that is, as nearly poetic as it could be, and remain completely and homogeneously prose. Precisely the differentia of properly poetic expression George Eliot's genius seems not to have at command.* It is a great denial to her from nature. But perfect

* I hardly escape the pain of self-reproach in denying the supreme gift of poetry to a writer who produces such lines as, for instance, these from "The Spanish Gypsy:"

"Nay, never falter: no great deed is done
By falterers who ask for certainty.
No good is certain, but the steadfast mind,
The undivided will to seek the good:
'Tis that compels the elements, and wrings
A human music from the indifferent air.
The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
Is to have been a hero. Say we fail!
We feed the high tradition of the world,
And leave our spirits in Zincolo breasts."

That is very noble verse. Something of a true Miltonic spirit throbs in it. "The steadfast mind, the undivided will to seek the good," might almost be from the mouth of Satan himself, turned moral. The whole strain is kindred in motive with strophe IX of Mr. Lowell's magnificent "Commemoration Ode." That passage and this set in contrast and comparison, furnish a fine study of the diverse methods pursued respectively by writers, on the one hand that are essentially prose writers, and writers on the other hand that are essentially poets. George Eliot, according to her genius, had a perfectly palpable concrete thought to express. She refined it, she sublimated it, she did every thing in short but *permanently change it from its proper native state as prose*. She found a solid. She purified it seven times, but she left it a solid. Mr. Lowell, on the contrary, with his different sense, found an impalpable, imponderable ether. His labor was to seize it and to hold it. There was no danger of his getting a precipitate for result. The danger was rather that the volatile quality of his object would be too much for him—that he should lose his over expansible thought altogether. The process of the essential prose writer in writing verse is thus in some sort the precise opposite of that of the essential poet. The one seeks to etherealize—the other seeks to compress and contain. But certain it is that what does not come to you as poetry, you can never convert into poetry with all your pains.

As to the mottoes in verse to the chapters in "Middlemarch" bearing quotation marks which hint no doubt that they were borrowed from George Eliot herself, it may without disparagement be said of them, dense with thought and wisdom as they often are, they still contain many equivalents more of truth than of poetry.

Her recently published volume of collected pieces in verse is full of many noble intellectual and moral qualities—of speculation, of reflection, of feeling, of power—but of poetry?—One attributes an autobiographic interest to it in parts.

* The words "began to" occurring here in each one of three consecutive sentences so short, present a trait of negligence in writing which, however venial, strikes me as decidedly unusual with George Eliot.

prose is as rare, if it is not quite so precious, as perfect poetry. Let George Eliot be content with her gift. It is a unique and high delight, second only to that supreme delight which poetry yields, to read page after page, nay, volume after volume, of pure and homogeneous prose, undisturbed with any fear of occasion to abate one's complacency in the choiceness of the diction, in the absolute fitness of the phrase to the thought, in the linked, liquid articulation of clauses, in the rich, interwoven, harmonious order of the rhythm. This delight George Eliot bestows upon her readers beyond almost any other writer now living.

Besides the wealth of suggested antecedent thought with which George Eliot's novels are endowed, there is evident in them the presence also of an immense amount of coetaneous thinking. There is thought, the still result, and there is thinking, the fervid process. No writer is less disposed to be self-indulgent than George Eliot. She gives us her best all the time. Her slack moods, if she has such, she keeps. She applies a principle of severe rejection to everything below the standard. She thinks a thought thoroughly out, and then she spares herself no pains necessary fairly to express it. Her style has, accordingly, a vitality,—let us employ the less usual Saxon term, the better to match the unusual fact,—an intense *livingness* all its own. It is like a living organism, "vital in every part." The syntax tingles to its utmost particle with the fine vibration of an omnipresent life. To take away a word would be vivisection. The lacerated sentence would bleed. What incalculable quantities of costly brain vibration have gone into the tense and quivering pages of these books! But nothing has been lost. The force lives and is immortal. It communicates itself in quickened thought and feeling forever to the mind and heart of the race.

But behind the thought and the thinking in these novels there is a vast amount, too, of the power of passion. The brain has not wrought alone. The heart has wrought with it. The thought, indeed, is very often of the sort that is always first in the sensibility. The brain has wrought because the heart moved it to work. The capacity of emotion on the part of their author, implied in George Eliot's novels, is prodigious. The marvel of the sensibility is as great as the marvel of the intellect. Not that George Eliot seems certainly to have

lived in any painful sympathy with the various personages of her plots. On the contrary, there is nothing more remarkable in her demeanor than the perfectly wholesome alacrity and ease with which she turns from the most absorbing tragedy to pure comedy or broad farce, or even, a more difficult transition, to the neutral ground of mere humdrum commonplace life. This is much the same as to say that she is not a sentimentalist. Her passion is deeper than the sentiments. It bows itself against the pillars of the soul. It takes hold of the bases. It is elemental. It is no mere transient sympathy that relieves itself with ready tears over the sorrows of her fictive world. It is a part of the author's own personal experience. It is a real passion on account of the real woes of the real world. George Eliot appears to her readers "crowned with attributes of woe" almost (not quite) "like glories." It is evident that her life has not been "idle ore,"

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom.

The prevailing pathos of her books affects one with a tender personal sympathy for the author, as well as with that larger impersonal sympathy which it is evident she wishes and aims to inculcate, on behalf of the whole pitiable world of mankind. The irony in which she indulges is sometimes looked upon as cynicism. There could hardly be a greater mistake. It is the sad smile that plays on the face of a rueful despair. Cynicism is earnestness soured by contempt. Thackeray,* who wielded a humorous sarcasm superficially similar to George Eliot's, was no more a cynic than is she. But Thackeray was saved from cynicism by lack of earnestness. George Eliot is saved from cynicism more nobly—by the absence of contempt. She is seldom more sincerely humane, more yearningly tender, than when she is irradiating the gloom in which her philosophy seems to shroud the lot of men, with a beam, gentle, and but half-gladdening even to herself, of irony, like the "setting sun's pathetic light." Occasionally her irony

* George Eliot, by the way, would perhaps be as willing to acknowledge a literary debt to Thackeray as to any one of her peers among novelists. Her faculty of observation, and her faculty of humorous expression as well, must, I should say, have been consciously or unconsciously trained in the school of the author of "Vanity Fair."

takes on the humor of an angry indignation inspired by moral earnestness that is always noble, if it is not always wise. Perhaps it is possible of late to gather some just apprehension of a danger threatening the healthful poise of George Eliot's spirit at this point. It would be wonderful if her rest in herself, unsupported by rest in the only unshaken stay of human souls, should prove morally sufficient for her permanent intellectual health and peace. Symptoms of what may in the end turn out to be decline toward the cynical spirit are discoverable here and there in her latest productions—her latest production, perhaps, it should be said.

Of the wide reading, the ripe culture, the various knowledge, which her works betoken in their author, it may be said that they would seem justly remarkable if these less personal, more separable characteristics were not held in such happy subordination to higher qualities as hardly to make a distinct impression for themselves. Only once in a while, in "Middlemarch," does her learning appear a little over-forward to announce itself. Even in these instances the reader may impute what did not belong to the writer. For example: "Signs are small measurable things, but interpretations are illimitable, and in girls of sweet ardent nature, every sign is apt to conjure up wonder, hope, belief, vast as a sky, and colored by a diffused thimbleful of matter in the shape of knowledge." ("Middlemarch," Vol. II., p. 29, Harper's Ed.) The sense here is like George Eliot, fine and striking and true; but the word "sky" acted as a spell upon her memory and she recalled the latest science on the subject. Her imagination, however, was not quite equal to the task of making the science happily and helpfully available. At least so it seems to one—doubtfully. For after all it is "vastness," and not "color," which the "wonder, hope, belief," give to the sky, in George Eliot's conception. And it is the "knowledge," and not the "idealization," which acts as Prof. Tyndall's "scattering" medium to break the whiteness of the light into color. But it is so much more instinctive to imagine one's knowledge colored by one's wishes, than to imagine one's wishes colored by one's knowledge, that the new turn continues to have too much the air of effort. It may justify itself to the understanding, but to the imagination it is a stumbling-block. For another example: "In short, woman was a

problem which, since Mr. Brooke's mind felt blank before it, could be hardly less complicated than the revolutions of an irregular solid." When, as in "Middlemarch," not often, but too often, we are obliged to feel that conscious effort has taken the place of unconscious energy, we then first begin to remark that the writer's power is not quite boundless—the idea of limit and definition is suggested. In general, however, it has to be conceded, George Eliot's accomplishments are well content to be the unobtrusive if not unapparent conditions of her power.

A further trait of George Eliot's style, as salient and as characteristic as any, is her humor. Humor sometimes, and sometimes wit, it is natural to call that vivacious play of her genius, which is the accompanying grateful relief and recreation to its more prevailing sad and serious mood. The effect of this faculty for seeing things on their ludicrous side is almost omnipresent in her writings. It is a constant leavening element to aerate and quicken what, without it, would often be somewhat tedious, however wise and weighty, moral or social disquisition. It lightens and brightens the long pages which it is a peculiarity of her method to occupy with elaborate preliminary accounts of personages introduced, or of states of society conditioning her story. But for this enlivenment her stages of preparation for the tardy development of plot would be quite too serious reading for most persons.

The compass of her humor is very great. Often it is so fine, so exquisite, as to be absolutely elusive, except to a sense not only delicate by nature, but prepared beforehand, by knowledge of her habit, to be alert and suspicious. Then, again, it is broad and substantial enough to appeal to the least ethereal appreciation. To give by instances any adequate notion of its abundance, its piquancy, and its variety, would be out of the question. One might quote almost at random whole pages, and even whole chapters. Incidentally the absurdity of classical education for a boy, with no taste and no aptitude for it, engages her satire, at one point, in "The Mill on the Floss." (We seem here to conjecture an influence from her patron and friend, the corypheus of the New Education, so-called. But Herbert Spencer, for all that he knows so well the Philosophy of Style as a theory, has never in his practice equaled the Damascene temper and

edge of the weapon that is wielded by his pupil.) "I only know," George Eliot remarks, "it turned out as uncomfortably for Tom Tulliver, as if he had been plied with cheese to remedy a gastric weakness which prevented him from digesting it." (P. 125, Harper's Ed.) The most ardent classicist can afford to smile at this, and admit besides that for the case to which it applies, it is demonstration. Some of George Eliot's characters are of humor all compact. Mrs. Poyser, in "Adam Bede," is likely to enjoy an immortality of fame. She is as substantive a creation as Falstaff. Her wisdom is almost always wit. Her wise saws, pungent with Attic salt, flow from her with every collision like a stream of sparks from steel held hard on a whirling emery-wheel. Chapter XXXII. in "Adam Bede," entitled "Mrs. Poyser has her say out," affords a good specimen of her quality. It is jocund with delight in consciously effective wagging of the tongue. Mrs. Poyser, by the way, could hardly in her time have known anything of the "brimstone match" which, nevertheless, is made to supply her with an odorous and odious comparison to the Squire's disadvantage. As a rule, George Eliot is very careful and scholarly in her historical settings. Her success with Mrs. Poyser in this interview seems to have induced her to repeat the experiment in "Middlemarch," where a duplicate of the original scene occurs. One would not willingly spare either of these scenes, but they resemble each other enough to suggest a sense of that limitation in the opulence of George Eliot's genius, which, as before hinted, is the point of her most noticeable inferiority to Shakespeare. So "Bob" in "The Mill on the Floss" is something like a study for Brattin in "Romola." Brattin, however, is a vast improvement on Bob, and is, by the way, a highly stimulating encounter. And it is remarkable that we are not forced to perceive any difference of facility in the author for the personation of the female over the male humorist. It would be easy to mention other examples of virtual repetition occurring in the series of these novels. Such repetition seems to imply a limitation to the fecundity of the author's invention. But this implication is not a necessary one. And the lavish profusion with which she sometimes gratuitously creates perfectly individualized characters, (take for instances her pauper audience in "Rev. Amos Barton," and her Featherstone mourners in "Middlemarch"),

as it were for the mere wanton joy that she experiences in the exercise of her creative power, should, perhaps, be accepted for proof that her repetitions of herself are accidental, or nobly careless, and not symptomatic of poverty. In general, too, her novels are extremely populous with characters, substantially conceived and sharply discriminated characters, quite as if the author were not at all straitened in her sense of ample resources at command. It is purely incidental, and by no means a trait of her method, when, as in the case of Mr. Brooke in "Middlemarch," she seizes some chance habit of a personage to label him for the recognition of the reader. This cheap trick of characterization is entirely alien, from the high-toned and conscientious style of George Eliot's workmanship. Mr. Charles Dickens is entitled to remain undisturbed in his renown as the triumphant "Cheap John" of this ticketing method in literary haberdashery. Commonplaceness is a fault into which it would be impossible for George Eliot to lapse. For, however often she might present a familiar thought, she would be sure to affect it with some novelty derived from the vigor of her conception and the consequent freshness of her mode of expressing it. And still it does happen in a few instances that she uses stock expedients for developing her plots, and in one notable instance, the trick which the monkey practised on the quack doctor, in "Romola," she condescends to give classical form to a story which it required some temerity to take from its natural popular currency and stamp with a superscription of her own. But then we should quite misinterpret George Eliot if we admitted these things to modify, in any appreciable degree, our estimate of her genius. These things do not belong to the sphere of effort where she expends her strength. The plot and incident of her stories are the mere moulds into which she casts her sentiment or her humor. She sets no value on them in themselves. You might destroy the entire framework of plot which sustains the structure of her novels, and the true transcendent value of her work would remain unimpaired. This is not saying that greater technical skill in formal construction would not enhance her claim to admiration. It certainly would. But, on the other hand, her deficiency here is not in the nature of a deduction to be made from her merit. For, although she has

chosen the novel for her vehicle, it is not as a novelist strictly that she is to be judged. The form of her work is subordinate, and, as it were, accidental. It is the content of her work,—the character, the dialogue, the humor, the pathos, the thought, contained in it,—that must fix our estimate of her success.

For this reason it is not much to the purpose to criticize George Eliot's books as novels. Submitted to technical tests they would be found wanting at many points. In short, you could easily, by a destructive process of criticism, eliminate from these novels, one after another, the several merits on which novels in general depend for their popularity, until scarcely a single ordinary element of success with readers would seem to remain. But the life of thought and of feeling, and the exquisite organ of speech that they use, would remain, and these would still suffice, as they have sufficed, to make George Eliot, in spite of technical faults, a popular novelist. "Romola" is perhaps, upon the whole, the most satisfactory among her books considered purely as a novel. It is, likewise, as highly wrought as any in point of style. Compared with the rest, it is inferior only to "Middlemarch" in the weight and value of its thought and of its moral inculcation. It has besides, beyond any other, claims to the dignity of being an historical novel. But its history, although admirably studied, is not wrought into any vital organic relation with the story. Savonarola is a stately and gracious figure in it, strikingly presented, but, except in that one encounter of his with Romola on her first flight from Tito, the action might easily have dispensed with him. Tito, by the way, hardly gets the poetic justice done him at last that the long suspended development of his doom has been leading us to expect on his behalf. He has his will of life as far as to the end, and at the end he escapes the catastrophe that he would most have dreaded,—conscious exposure to scorn,—and dies a quick death. Poor Baldassarre—he gets his revenge, but the sweetness of revenge he loses. Tessa is really a quite inconceivably silly and insipid case of the perpetuated baby. But what do things like these signify weighted against the extraordinary wealth of learning, of wit, of humor, of wisdom, of passion, of thought, of psychological insight, of prophetic moral teaching, conveyed in full "answerable style," that "Romola" contains?

Each successive book of George Eliot is more densely thoughtful than its predecessor. It is as if the weight of all that go before were a superincumbent mass pressing the one that follows into still compacter form. "Middlemarch" accordingly, both absolutely and in proportion to its bulk, compresses more thought into its limits than does any other one of her books. It is, no doubt, considered as a novel, vastly over-freighted with thought. Technically this is, of course, a fault. But what a fault! "Middlemarch" certainly is not easy reading. It is, indeed, a wonderful triumph that it should find readers at all. The beginning of it is so slow as to its action, and the embarrassment in it of intellectual riches is so great that it is difficult to understand how it should entangle the average reader in interest enough to keep him reading. But the catastrophe, or the catastrophes,—how they gain in power from the retarded progress with which thus they are approached!

But what has already been said must suffice for appreciation of the literary quality of these remarkable books. We come now to the more serious part of our task—an attempt to appreciate the moral or ethical quality of George Eliot's novels.

In the first place, we must begin by maintaining, without reserve and without qualification, that, as to purpose on the part of the author, the moral quality of these novels is not only beyond criticism,—the criticism of censure,—but almost beyond praise. The moral motive that animates George Eliot's genius seems to me to be wholly pure and noble. She is complained of, not without some reason, for clinging too closely to the hard, the unredeemed realities of life in her narrative, and her delineation of character. She is, indeed, here a realist, in the extremest sense of that word—no, we must not say the extremest, for there is a sense of the word that puts a writer conforming to it outside the pale of true artists and makes him, while remaining it may be faithful to fact, still,—we lack a single term to express it,—somehow crude, gross, offensive to cultivated taste, destitute, in short, of *tone*. George Eliot, then, let us say, is realistic in the extremest sense that is strictly consistent with art. A true artist she is, but she will not idealize. We miss in her representations of human life precisely the light that *never was* on sea or land. The light in her novels is still the light that is, and that always was,

and that always will be. If this is praise, it is her just praise. If it is derogation, so much must justly be derogated.

But when we turn from considering her novels as pictures of life to considering them as intimations of her own moral standard, and of the didactic moral aim that inspires her work, we find a very great difference. The morality of these novels, if we regard the conscious intention of the author alone, is quite ideal enough. The morality of them may, or may not be, practically safe and wise. But, at least, it is never low. The highest sentiments of devotion to conscience and to truth, implied inculcations of the most magnanimous, the most costly self-sacrifice abound. "Egoism"—this word is her substitute for the too polarized term *selfishness* (the polarization, the same polarization, would inevitably soon be transferred from the original to the substitute)—"egoism" is to be sternly repressed—it is to be brought to the altar of sacrifice. In the dialect of a school, she preaches "altruism," in antithesis to "egoism," that is, devotion to others, in exclusion of devotion to self.

I accordingly find it impossible to understand those critics who consider George Eliot's novels immoral in anything like the ordinary sense of immorality. I find it, also, equally impossible to sympathize with those critics who have lately pronounced "Middlemarch" a cold book. To me it is warm and pulsing with the life-blood of a most loving human heart. The great act of Dorothea in paying her visit to Rosamond to counsel and comfort her, and to save Lydgate, at the very moment when her own life seemed to have been left to her desolate—I confess that it affects me as a stroke of pathos hardly less than sublime. This is the true climax of the interest of the novel. And it is worth noting that the climax is a moral climax.

Tears from the depths of some divine despair—

a despair just then smitten with hope, since such goodness lives—start at this incident to rightly reading eyes like the waters from the rock springing at the touch of Moses' rod. Certainly George Eliot is no maudlin sentimentalist—no melodramatic emotion-monger like him of "Little Nell." But for high and pure pathos,—pathos conceived in the key of that magnanimity which, in a world like ours, fallen and in sore need of redemption, is always the highest and purest

pathos,—I should scarcely know where to look for anything finer than "Middlemarch" supplies.

This is by no means to be regarded in the light of concession to George Eliot. It is hearty, ungrudged and grateful ascription. She is a writer of great and generous moral aims. It is her worthy ambition to breathe, if she may, into the hearts of men and women,—her brothers and sisters,—an ampler breath of moral inspiration. She would fain do something toward releasing us all from our pettiness, our selfishness, our falseness, our convention. Her psalm of life lacks sadly the anticipative triumph, but it has all the moral elevation, of that strain in "The Two Voices:"

Waiting to strive a happy strife,
To war with falsehood to the knife,
And not to lose the good of life;

Some hidden principle to move,
To put together, part and prove,
And mete the bounds of hate and love;

As far as might be to carve out
Free space for every human doubt
That the whole mind might orb about—

To search through all I felt or saw,
The springs of life, the depths of awe,
And reach the law within the law.

Such I find to be the moral *spirit* of George Eliot's novels. The moral *tendency* of them is a different matter.

The moral spirit of George Eliot's novels,—their intentional influence,—makes one way. It is favorable to nobleness, goodness, virtue. The tendency of them, their undesigned influence, makes another way. Not wholly by any means, for happily mere integrity of purpose is itself a force in morals that no falseness of fundamental principle can entirely countervail; not wholly, therefore, but in just so far as tendency is separable from spirit in writing, the tendency is contrary to the spirit in George Eliot's novels. She unconsciously hinders the nobleness that she inculcates. Let me explain.

One of the leading ideas in her novels is fate—fate in the two-fold form of outward and inward necessity. The universe is hard, unyielding, compelling; character is given, fixed, unchangeable. Not that character is, according to her, a finished result from the first. It is rather a process, in deed. But it is process under immutable law. Character changes, but it changes according to an unchangeable necessity in-

corporate in its own original constitution. It was always that in germ which at any moment it has become in development. In this sense, it is not too much to say, and to say again, human character in George Eliot's philosophy is given, fixed, unchangeable. This conception of human life dominates in her writing. There are not more than two or three instances, if indeed there are any, of exception to the rule that the personages of her plot develop in character along a rigid line self-determined by their own persistent original identity. Hardly thrice does it occur that one of these conquers circumstances. They all alike succumb to fate—to the *themselves* and the *not themselves*, as Mr. Arnold would say.

Now, that the persistency of human character is an idea or a fact, verifiable enough from experience and from observation to be awful, to be appalling, to be everything dire indeed, short of being absolutely overwhelming, I have no disposition to deny. It is one of the most intimate, most constant, most controlling of my own personal convictions. It may well *almost* master any deeply self-conscious mind. This resilient, this indestructible spring of personal identity within us, by virtue of which we return resistlessly to the old self, that we always really remained, from whatever forced escape and change we may, for a time, fancy that we have achieved for ourselves forever—who of us is there that has not shuddered at the consciousness of it? We live bound to a constant point by an elastic tether. We have some freedom of range. We may stretch our bond somewhat, and cheat ourselves into some sense of being at liberty. But the bond holds. We cannot break it. We cannot impair its perpetual strength. Beyond a certain limit we cannot continue to stretch it. That limit reached, the bond resumes to itself its delusively yielded power of resistance to our efforts against it. One sudden contractile throes of its terrible elasticity, and we are brought sheer back to our center. This is what thoughtful men have habitually observed and experienced. It is something that is still more intensely, as more intimately, dreadful than what Dr. Holmes figured with his famous water-drop in the heart of the crystal* to repre-

sent the human will vainly free in its enclosure of circumstance. He was seeking a symbol for the wall of external condition that surrounds and imprisons us. I seek an expression for the law of condition that is incorporated in us. But both these ideas, the inward and the outward fate that restrains or compels us, seem to have taken tyrannous possession of George Eliot's mind. Destiny is hardly more to the pagan Greek tragedists than it is to Christian George Eliot. I use Christian now simply to note a condition of time and circumstance. And the tragedy of the idea is greater with the Christian than it is with the Greek.

George Eliot has borrowed from Christianity for her novels, unconsciously perhaps, but beyond her power to help it at any rate, elements and conditions that make the struggle of the helpless human will with fate in her representation tenfold harder and more forlorn than it could by any possibility be under the undisturbed dominion of purely pagan ideas. To oppose a stoic resolution "not to be overcome," against the impenetrable, inexorable breast of fate—that was the comparatively simple and easy achievement that pagan tragedy in its loftiest moods could satisfy itself completely with letting its hard-pressed gods or heroes accomplish. But George Eliot, in her far different light, sees too deeply and too truly what is indeed the highest ideal of morality for her to be content with offering such a release of virtue to her characters. Her men and women must be more than stoics if they are to be heroes to George Eliot. They must be *Christian* stoics. They must do more than merely endure. They must overcome. Self-abnegation, self-sacrifice,—nothing less than this Christian virtue,—is the worthy stoicism for George Eliot. But to be self-denying, self-sacrificing, like Christ, not in imitation of Christ—to have the Christian spirit without the Christian motive—well, it is still noble and beautiful as a conception, but the impossibility makes it so infinitely pathetic! And this to wisely thoughtful minds is the true pathos of George Eliot's novels.

Hope is the very element of the Christian life. It is an apostolic word, "We are saved by hope." But George Eliot tries to save us without hope. A gentle, pitying, pitiful despair broods in her books with tear-laden eyelids and tearless eyes over a

* "I see myself, but yet I cannot apprehend it. It is a drop of dew shut up in the heart of a rock." Auerbach's "On the Heights." (Translation, Roberts Brothers' edition, p. 302.)

world to be noble—and unhappy, in. It is a "sad astrology."

I do not go behind the books themselves to find a light in which to read the books. What I have said lies written all over the noble and mournful pages of her novels. We read and we seem all the time to dwell in a world over which the crystal sky hangs like a hollow hemisphere of glass, emptied of the ambient element of hope, and with walls as of a mirror admitting no light from beyond, but only mocking us with wearisome reflections of the light that is here. It is like trying to breathe under an exhausted receiver. It is like trying to see *through* the plane of a mirror. We pray for air, we pray for light. We might, perhaps, dispense with breathing here, if indeed the world has no atmosphere of hope in which we may breathe. But if we are to gasp and to die we at least would wish to be comforted with some glimpses "less forlorn" of a life beyond life. But the sky slopes pitilessly down, the horizon never lifts. "O dark, dark, dark, irrecoverably dark!"

To such a view of the moral atmosphere of George Eliot's novels, some readers may object: "Why surely there is a good deal of wholesome cheerfulness in these books." And surely, say I, there is. But their tone is somber. The lights of humor and gayety in them are foil only to the prevailing melancholy and gloom that overhang them, like a beclouded sky filling the world everywhere with shadow. What a sad life was poor Tulliver's, and what a blank end of it came! How Maggie toiled in the toils of her fate, to have her proud spirit quenched at last like the quenching of a candle! And Tom! And Romola! And Lydgate! Nay, and Dorothea herself! "Ill matched," all of them, "with the meanness of opportunity" here, and hereafter—nothing. One must succeed, beyond what I can, in resolutely refusing to read between the lines, not to be oppressed with a sense like this as he lives for a time in the world of George Eliot's men and women and children.

Another of my readers may say: "Yes, George Eliot's novels are sad books, but the world is a sad world. Life is the tragedy George Eliot represents it. She is not to be blamed, or even to be criticised, but to be praised rather, that seeing deeply into the truth of things, as she does, she honestly shows us what she finds." Well, I grant that the world is just the dark world—that human life is just the

sorrowful riddle—that George Eliot makes them. It is the truth. The malignity of circumstances is indeed slow to give way, only a little, even before the singular pureness and simplicity and high-heartedness of a Dorothea. If it gives way at all, it is very, very little, and the chances are that then it only seems to give way. Rosamond it may be will be forced sufficiently out of her "egoism" by the impact of Dorothea's "altruistic" nobleness—sufficiently to let Dorothea herself through the straits that had been grudging her passage into the farther sea of her fortunes. But Rosamond will remain the same yielding persistency of opposition and defeat to Lydgate as before. This is George Eliot's representation, and this, I acknowledge, is human life. Lydgate may take the waves of adverse circumstance with as good heart of controversy as he will. The world will prove "too many" for him. Lydgate is as helpless as Tulliver. The same heavy hand of necessity is upon them both. A dreadful imminent defeat defeats them from the very beginning and throughout the whole continuance of the strife. They fight against a foregone conclusion of their fight. It is quite as if they contended in view of the celestial balance hung on high with the beam already inclined visibly against them. They go to the war and through the war with the spirit of Turnus, and with Turnus's fate foreknown on their part to await them. Maggie perhaps escapes this despair of foreboding, but, no less, observers behold her led by her fate helplessly like a lamb to the altar.* If Lucy's sweet and wholesome nature is proof against the bitterness and sourness of condition—it is still, as we see,

Not that the grounds of hope were fixed,
The elements were kindlier mixed

in her case. That is all.

*One feels, by the way, like making it a grievance against the author that she did not provide some nobler occasion of extreme temptation to Maggie than that lay-figure, that animated fashion-plate, young Mr. Stephen Guest. Maggie deserved to escape her wreck on a more heroic reef.

Again. It does not much affect either the literary or the moral value of "The Mill on the Floss,"—its disappointing close. But that flood is too near to the melodramatic, and the actual catastrophe is a curious impossibility. How should an interlocked mass of wooden fragments, stretching quite across the swollen stream, have been borne on by the flood faster than was the boat that carried Maggie and Tom—especially when the strength of Tom's powerful rowing was added to the stress of the mid-current to urge the boat along? And yet the story seems to make the mass of wooden fragments *overtake* and overwhelm the boat. It is not melodrama, however, but tragedy, unrelieved and blank, when brother and sister in that phantasmagoric scene find at last a

landing place to clasp and say,
Farewell, we lose ourselves in—dark!

I acknowledge, I say, that life,—the outward spectacle of life which we behold and part of which we are,—is really, as George Eliot represents it, like this. I go further. I acknowledge that sin is just the malignant persistent immortality that she makes it. If Tito will choose his own will and pleasure, then Tito's sin shall follow him like a Nemesis—hunt him through life and hunt him out of life. If Bulstrode will cover up a lie, will staunch a running sore to hide it from the public eye, and turn it into a blind and inward ulcer to vent its horrid virus upon his very vitals, then Bulstrode's sin shall change the basis of his being into rottenness. Scarcely the most extravagant theodicies of those that exaggerate the self-reproducing, self-punishing power of sin could exceed the representations of George Eliot.

In all this, I repeat once more, I am entirely at one with George Eliot. She sees deeply and she sees truly into the great mystery and the great tragedy of human life. More than even thus much. Her interest in dealing with the grave problems of our existence here is a sincerely and nobly moral interest. And still, and still, I am constrained to believe, notwithstanding all this truth in thought and pureness in purpose on her part, George Eliot is exerting an influence to hinder more than to help her brothers and sisters in their struggles against sin. There are some, no doubt,—there are many indeed,—both men and women, who need to be taught through a Tito and a Bulstrode,* what a dreadful germ of development sin is. But then we are all of us sinners in our degree, and if sin be what George Eliot makes it, and what I believe it, then the matter of present degree signifies nothing. The end is the same, whatever the present degree. In all, as in one, sin when it is finished bringeth

* Bulstrode is perhaps the least real, the most like an impersonated tendency, among the characters of George Eliot's creation. But if there are no Bulstrodes in actual life, there is plenty of Bulstrode's quality distributed in various measures to members of Christian communities almost everywhere. For my own part, therefore, I find no fault with the author as guilty of any unfairness, intentional or otherwise, toward the Christian name in her delineation of Bulstrode. I believe I know, from experience, no less than from observation, the potentialities of human nature too well. There is no malignant glee manifested on the part of the novelist, as if she were glutting some long-famished grudge against evangelical Christianity. On the contrary, the severity of the fact is even enhanced by the evident relenting gentleness of the narrative.

forth death. We all, I say, are sinners, and what concerns us chiefly is not to know the consequence of this better than we now do, except as better knowledge may incite to keener desire of escape, if escape be anywise possible; but what concerns us chiefly is to learn how the too certain and too dreadful consequence of sin may be avoided. If there be no salvation for us, then it can only make us still worse through despair to be taught that we are helpless—true, horribly true, though it be. On the other hand, if there is salvation for us, then not to hint this, to write as if there were not, is to slay us with despair when we might have been succored and revived with hope. But hopelessness I find to be the prevailing moral tone of George Eliot's novels. She writes with truth and with power for a world into which sin has entered, and death by sin. But she writes too as for a world in which there is no redemption from sin. Alas! George Eliot seems not to have heard that once for all, some eighteen hundred years or more ago, death was swallowed up in victory!

There is nothing, however, consciously or purposely hostile to Christ in all her books.* There is nothing either, in her apparent attitude toward Christ, of offensive patronage or of easy, self-conceited comprehension. George Eliot contrasts strongly here with Auerbach, between whom and her there are, at other points, some traits of resemblance. Their use of psychological analysis is similar, and both writers write rather for the sake of the thought that they wish to express than for the sake of any story that they have to tell. But Auerbach, if one does not mistake in identifying the author's own sentiment, is a self-satisfied dogmatist where George Eliot far more nobly, as well as far more wisely, is fain to remain in doubt. Auerbach, accordingly, has his plan of salvation for us—a plan which, if it were not preposterous enough to provoke a smile, would nevertheless be impracticable enough to dishearten us still more completely than does George

* I do not forget that an unacknowledged translation of Strauss's "Life of Jesus" is attributed with probable truth to the hand of George Eliot. But that she should have chosen to engage in such literary work as translating Strauss and Feuerbach ("Essence of Christianity") is, I prefer to trust, evidence rather of that fascination which she could not but feel in the Man of Calvary, than of any hostility to his claims. The fact that these translations remain unacknowledged confirms the more welcome presumption.

Eliot's mournful shake of the head on the subject. Auerbach says, *Save yourself*; George Eliot says, *Save yourself* you cannot. Auerbach quotes Christ, and shelves him in a niche of his pantheon. George Eliot, on the contrary, scarcely once mentioning his name, seems to stand as in a suspense of doubt and awe toward Christ. She breathes no articulate syllable in derogation from his claims. I can fancy George Eliot's earnest and noble spirit poised and pausing thus long in a balance of indetermination respecting the Man of Calvary. She seems half ready to exclaim, My Lord and my God. Her posture in his presence is a prolonged, still unready, reluctant, resisting, passionate perhaps. God knows, but I desire to hope that if she persists in not reckoning herself among those who are openly for Christ, Christ himself, in the largeness of his wisdom and love, may include George Eliot among those who yet are not against him. At any rate, her books all read as if she took heed to her pen in this regard, lest haply she should be found fighting against God.

There are points of interesting resemblance and contrast, both literary and ethical, between George Eliot and Hawthorne. The style of each is exquisite. Both depend for the interest of their novels on other elements than narrative and plot. Both are comparatively weak in invention and construction. Both are profoundly and, in their several ways, painfully psychological. Is it Hawthorne, or is it George Eliot, that exposes to us the motive and method of his work when we read as follows in "Twice-told Tales": "Then might I exemplify how an influence, beyond our control, lays its strong hand on every deed which we do, and weaves its consequences into an iron tissue of necessity." Arthur Dimmesdale and Mr. Bulstrode are evident moral congeners. These specifications perhaps exhaust their points of mutual resemblance. The points of contrast between them are curious and striking. Hawthorne is perhaps no more subjective than George Eliot; but he is far less objective than she. George Eliot, accordingly, would seem to be the more amply endowed, the more evenly balanced nature of the two. Hawthorne is not so learned as George Eliot, nor so familiarly conversant with contemporary thought. Hawthorne is vastly less dramatic, less versatile in dialogue, than George Eliot. Hawthorne's attitude to-

ward the supernatural is in most suggestive and stimulating contrast to George Eliot's. You feel all the time in reading Hawthorne that you are under the spell of a wizard who possesses a strange power of imposing upon your imagination with the effect of a supernaturalism in which he does not believe himself. You are kept constantly on the wavering border that joins the world of sense with a world of superstitious fancy felt to be almost equally real. The conjurer that plays this trick upon your own imagination you seem to be aware has himself an imagination proof by skepticism against the reflex influence of his own woven measures and waving hands. On the contrary, George Eliot is a severe exorcist of superstition. Her world is a world of pure naturalism. *Wierd* is a word that is always on your lips to characterize Hawthorne's quality. The word is never so much as once suggested in speaking of George Eliot. A bluff breeze blows her books clear of clinging mists—a broad light, equally diffused, dissipates all haunting supernatural shadows. At the same time, you cannot help suspecting that toward the real supernatural, of which there is none in her books, George Eliot turns a more believing heart than did Hawthorne toward the mock supernaturalism, suggested rather than expressed, of which his books are so full.

I do not remember any instance in George Eliot's books of allusion to the idea of human immortality, either to adopt it or to reject it, either to desire it or to deprecate it. There is, so far as I recall, absolutely no future for man beyond death even for a moment suggested to the reader, except by the author's occasional most suggestive silence on the subject. You may peruse the whole horizon again and again throughout its three hundred and sixty degrees. There is never a point where it gives upon a prospect outside. This no doubt is in accordance with a conscientious purpose on the part of George Eliot. She is intellectually a positivist, in the sense of accepting nothing for certainly true that she cannot submit to tests of experience. But to use one of her own recurring passionate expressions, her heart, I must believe, "gives a great leap," now and again, of protest and rebellion against the convictions of her head. I cannot but trust that her heart will yet conquer and lead that great intellect captive to the foot of the Cross.

I detect no zeal and no cunning of prose-

lytism animating her books. I doubt if she believes the bald naturalism, the virtual materialism, of her reputed school in philosophy ardently enough to become a conscious propagandist of its doctrines. She has too much misgiving, if I should not rather say hope, that Christianity may be true. She is too noble a nature. She loves her kind too well. She would rather not lead than run the risk of misleading.

But unintentionally she does mislead when she emphasizes the obstinate persistency of human character in a way to leave the impression that there is not a friendly power of help at hand stronger still than the strength of native depravity. She does mislead when she represents the world of natural condition around us, steeled itself, as it is, against human entreaty, to be also void of benignant supernatural invasion ready to reinforce and to rescue the failing better will of men and women with effectual succor. She does mislead when she describes the malignant capacity of development which belongs to the nature of sin, as if there were nowhere a corresponding capacity of arrest and reversal provided, abundantly able to destroy both sin and its consequences. She does mislead when she nobly inculcates self-denial and self-sacrifice without mention of the only motive that historically ever enabled living men and women long to practice self-denial and self-sacrifice. She does mislead when she writes as if the doctrine of atonement, of vicarious suffering, of "altruism," to use the term of a school, were but a doctrine, a hopeless doctrine, and not also, and much rather, a fact, a hope-inspiring fact. If George Eliot had forbore to "handle spiritual strife" at all, it might not have been incumbent on her to introduce so necessary a condition of any fruitful solution of the problem of sin as that condition which Jesus entered inseparably into human history eighteen luminous Christian centuries ago. Again I say, I make no accusation of purposed infidelity to Jesus or to the souls that Jesus came to save, on the part of this great writer. But it is the truth, nevertheless, however conscience-clear she may have been in doing so, that she has left out of her scheme of human conditions the master-condition of all. Christ indeed, though obscurely under an anonym, is present here in almost everything, except only that which is chief in his character, his power to save. His life of devotion is accepted, without express ac-

knowledge it is true, as the ideal of human conduct. But the miracles of supernatural intervention attending his life, that revealed an invisible sphere of spiritual power environing us round in sympathy and alliance with struggling goodness—there is no effect admitted from these. Gethsemane with its agony, Calvary with its passion, Joseph's tomb with its shrouded dead—these are here in effect. But the empty tomb, the resurrection, the ascension, captivity led captive, the thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ, these are nowhere present in any helpful influence in George Eliot's books.

I feel, as I have said, that George Eliot desires to be morally helpful to her fellow creatures. Her best characters she makes to be sources of exalting inspiration to all the susceptible souls that come within their reach. Goodness in her descriptions possesses a kind of magnetic virtue to communicate itself. There is a natural flow of the element from soul to soul. Janet receives it from Mr. Tryan—Romola receives it from Savonarola; Dorothea, she possesses it, but hardly, in her ill-matching conditions, finds to whom she may impart it. George Eliot does thus teach us that goodness is not alone in the world. She shows us how it stands always in a never-broken circuit of mutual electric sympathy and help. But the heavenly magnetism has, in her representations, no certain, unfailing, abiding source. It is natural only. Now it is not enough for us that we have help. We must have sufficient help. Janet, if the representation be carefully noticed, depends on Mr. Tryan. Mr. Tryan does not succeed in transferring her dependence from himself to a supernatural power. Janet's repentance is really human love for a human object, converted into another form of its correlated existence, the form of renovated character. You are subtly made to feel that it is only a chance mould that into which Mr. Tryan's own experience has fallen, the mould of evangelical religion. Mr. Tryan's language is strictly orthodox, and it is used by him with absolute sincerity. But the author somehow causes you to perceive that according to her own conviction the orthodox phrase in which Mr. Tryan speaks is really nothing more than unconsciously provincial dialect, to express an experience that is purely natural, and therefore perfectly ca-

pable of expression in the natural language of morals and philosophy. In Savonarola George Eliot makes her nearest approach to representing a character that truly receives himself from an invisible supernatural source the magnetic virtue of spiritual invigoration and help which he imparts to others. But Romola, having been braced by his influence to her highest heroic tone of character and conduct, yet finds her faith in him left to her at last but the ghost of a loyalty that desired, and was denied the boon of being perfect. Precisely where the natural ceases, and the supernatural would begin, George Eliot halts. Oh, George Eliot, I know as well as you that natural men have their limitations—their moral limitations. Savonarola was weak, perhaps was wicked. But was Jesus? Had Jesus any moral limitations? Was Jesus then a natural man? Did not the supernatural become historical in Jesus? Is there not a Saviour for us? If not, we pray you cease tormenting us with the awakened consciousness of our helplessness under sentence of death by sin. If there is a Saviour, then at the moment of that sorest extremity to which you reduce us, pray whisper, as surely you might know how so well, the gospel of his name. A gospel of some sort, be sure, more than all things else, we need. And many of us, during eighteen hundred years at least, have found our most effectual help against sin in believing the gospel that sin shall

not have dominion over us, that we are not under *law* but under grace.

I set out with saying that George Eliot makes no distinctive impression for herself of sex, either in her intellectual or in her moral quality. This, when I consider her, as I undertook to do, in her books alone, still seems to me to be true. But as often as I permit myself to consider her likewise in her reputed relation to that school in philosophy which teaches the ancient doctrine of necessity, under the modern name of development, I tend somehow to experience an almost contrary feeling. There is apparently a contrast here between George Eliot and her brethren in philosophical faith. Her attitude is not altogether the same as theirs toward the creed which they unite in confessing. Her brethren believe with the head, and, so far as appears, do not doubt with the heart. George Eliot assents, perhaps unquestioningly, with her head. But her heart demurs and rebels. It is a woman's voice after all that one hears crying that monotonous passionate cry throughout George Eliot's works—a cry of helpless grief, of outraged implacable sense of wrong, against this great, deaf, impassible universe. Not that her mind is therefore less. It is only that therefore her heart is more. And our George Eliot is still by so much greater than we found her, by how much she proves after all to be a woman.

COQUETRY AND LOVE.

THE COQUETTE'S PHILOSOPHY.

JUST as the candle flickers when swept past,
But to glow brighter for the transient blast,
So passing fancies sway my love for thee,
Only to fan it to more brilliancy.

THE LOVER'S REPLY.

What potent words are these for thee to wield,
My jealous fears have almost fled the field,
But one still struggling will not suffer rout,—
"What, if some gust should blow love's candle out?"

LIFE ON THE FARM.

MILKING TIME.

At the foot of the hill the milk-house stands,
Where the Balm of Gilead spreads his hands,
And the willow trails at each pendent tip
The lazy lash of a golden whip,
And an ice-cold spring with a tinkling sound
Makes a bright green edge for the dark green ground.

Cool as a cave is the air within,
Brave are the shelves with the burnished tin
Of the curving shores, and the seas of white
That turn to gold in a single night,
As if the disc of a winter noon
Should take the tint of a new doubloon!

Burned to a coal is the amber day,
Noon's splendid fire has faded away,
And, lodged on the edge of a world grass-grown,
Like a great live ember glows the sun;—
When it falls behind the crimson bars
Look out for the sparks of the early stars.

With the clang of her bell a motherly brown—
No trace of her lineage handed down—
Is leading the long deliberate line
Of the Devons red and the Durhams fine.
"Co-boss!" "Co-boss!" and the caravan
With a dowager swing comes down the lane,
And lowing along from the clover bed
Troops over the bars with a lumbering tread.

Under the lee of the patient beasts,
On their tripod stools like Pythian priests,
The tow-clad boys and the linsey girls
Make the cows "give down" in milky swirls.
There's a stormy time in the drifted pails,
There's a sea-foam swath in the driving gales,
Then girls and boys with whistle and song,
Two pails apiece, meander along
The winding path in the golden gloom,
And "set" the milk in the twilight room.

NIGHT ON THE FARM.

Now all clucked home to their feather beds
Are the velvety chicks of the downy heads,
In the old Dutch style with the beds above,
All under the wings of a hovering love,
With a few chinked in, as plump as wrens,
Around the edge of the ruffled hens!

With nose in the grass the dog keeps guard,
With long-drawn breaths in the old farm-yard
The cattle strand on the scattered straw,
And cease the swing of the under jaw.

The cat's eyes shine in the currant bush,
Dew in the grass and stars in the hush,
And over the marsh the lightning-bug
Is swinging his lamp to the bull-frog's chug,
And the slender chaps in the greenish tights,
That jingle and trill the sleigh-bells nights,
The shapes with the padded feet prow round
And the crescent moon has run aground,
And the inky beetles blot the night
And have blundered out the candle-light!

And everywhere the pillows fair
Are printed with heads of tumbled hair.
Time walks the house with a clock-tick tread,
Without and within the farm's abed!

THE MORNING.

APPRENTICED angels everywhere
Were out all night in the darkened air,
A dome to build and a wall to lay
And shelter the world from outer day.

They smoothed the arch with trowels of night,
Work as they would it never shed light,
They mended the roof with might and main,
But it leaked like broken thatch in the rain.

At crève and chink the curves of blue
Would let the glory glimmerings through
From the countless stars like silver sand
All sifted and sowed with radiant hand.

To show Creation's grain in the sky
God quarried the worlds and let them lie!

That Eastern wall with its granite crown
In the early dawn came tumbling down,
With no more crash than the roses make
When out of the buds the beauties break.

The world is a-fire with a pearl surprise,
A garden gate to our wondering eyes
Is opening into Paradise!
The dew is off and the bees abroad,
The Sun stands armed in the gates of God!

THE CHURNING.

No graceful shape like a Grecian urn,
But upright, downright, stands the churn.
Broad at the base and tapering small,
Above it the dasher straight and tall—
Windowless tower with flag-staff bare,
Warrior or warden, nobody there!
Fashioned of cedar, queen of the wood,
Cedar as sweet as girl in a hood
Hiding her face like a blush-rose bud.

The dasher waits knee-deep in the cream,
As cattle wade in the shady stream,
And flat in the foot as a four-leafed clover,
Just waits the touch to trample it over.

Beside the churn a maiden stands,
Nimble and naked her arms and hands—
Another Ruth when the reapers reap.
Her dress, as limp as a flag asleep,
Is faced in front with a puzzling check;
Her feet are bare as her sun-browned neck;
Her hair rays out like a lady fern.
With a single hand she starts the churn;
The play at the first is free and swift,
Then she gives both hands to the plunge and lift:

A short quick splash in the Milky Way—
One-two, one-two, in Iambic play—
A one-legg'd dance in a wooden clog,
Dancing a jig in a watery bog—



" BESIDE THE CHURN A MAIDEN STANDS,
NIMBLE AND NAKED HER ARMS AND HANDS.

A soberer gait at an all-day jog—
Up-down, up-down like a pony's feet,
A steady trot in a sloppy street.
The spattering dash and the tinkling wash
Deaden and dull to a creamy swash—
Color of daffodil shows in the churn !
Glimpses of gold ! Beginning to turn !
Slower—and lower—deader and dumb—
Daisies and Buttercups ! Butter has come !

What thinks the maiden all the while?
Whatever she thinks, it makes her smile,
Whatever she does is only seeming,
Spinning and weaving, wedding and dreaming.
Ah, charms are hid in the ingot's gold,
And more come out than the churn can hold !
Not butter at all, but bonnets sown
With gardens of flowers and all full blown ;
A clouded comb of the tortoise shell,
Ah, it is a beauty and she a belle !

A grape-leaf breast-pin's restless shine
Is twinkling up from the fairy mine.
The dasher clinks on a bright gold ring,
Morocco shoes, like a martin's wing,
Come up with a gown of flounces silk—
Some fairy lost in the buttermilk !
Ribbons of blue for love-knot ties
To match the tint of her longing eyes ;—
Ribbons of pink and a belt of gray
Rippling along in a watery way.

She looks at herself in Fancy's glass,
And she sees her own lithe figure pass—
She closes her eyes and looks again,
And sees, as she dreams, the prince of men—
She closes her eyes and, side by side,
He is the bridegroom and she the bride !
Ah, never, my girl, will visions burn
As bright as those in the cedar churn ;
Ah, what have we won if this be lost :
THE BLESSING FREE AND THE BLISS AT COST !

KATHERINE EARLE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

MISS WORMLEY was the first to greet the Professor and Katey when they descended to breakfast the next morning. She had decided upon her course of action, in which affability and a show of warm interest were to take a prominent part.

"We were very anxious about you for a time;" she said to Professor Dyce. The girls who had gathered around them waited breathlessly for what would follow.

"Ah, were you?" the Professor replied, with an odd smile, "there was no occasion, you see;" and he passed on to his place. He had no desire for a scene, he could afford to be generous; but above all, he did not intend to gratify the curiosity which spoke in every line of the woman's face. With the exception of Professor Paine and Miss Hersey no one in the house knew or should be made to know of the events of the past two days. Among the girls it came to be believed that they had chosen this abrupt manner of changing their relations to avoid comment and a prolonged discussion of the act; and as everything at once went on as usual, except that Katey resigned her classes, excitement and curiosity soon died out. Professor Paine's hesitation and the slow process by which he reached any conclusion served them well, since he had not yet laid the matter before the trustees when the telegraphic message arrived. Something of the story did creep out into the town, where Professor Dyce was already conspicuous for the suit he had recently gained, as well as for his northern sympathies. People wondered that he still pursued his medical studies and held his position in the school, now that all personal effort for his support was unnecessary. It could only be accounted for upon the ground of eccentricity, to which this strange episode, concerning which various fanciful stories were told, was also attributed. One may do the most unheard of deeds with tolerable impunity when once the reputation for oddity is well established.

Katey's first act when the Professor had

left her to attend his classes was to write Delphine and Jack of her marriage, reserving all particulars as to the event until they should meet. Delphine's reply reached her some days before Jack's, her letter to him having strayed in many directions before finally gaining his camp upon the Potomac. The Estemeres it seemed had already returned from the continent and were in London. They would, sail for home, probably, in a fortnight. Mr. Estemere, alarmed at the depredations of the Confederate cruisers, believed further delay to be dangerous, and had concluded his business as hastily as possible.

"MY DEAR KATEY: (Delphine wrote,)

To think you are married! I can hardly write for astonishment. And you said there were no young men at La Fayette! I remember something of Mr. Dyce, or I have certainly heard of him through the Homes, and congratulate you heartily—and him. If it were any one but you, dear, I confess I should be shocked and alarmed, but you always were the soul of prudence and have grown to have the coolest little head imaginable. I dare trust you, Katey, and am prepared to thoroughly like my brother-in-law. Of course you will come to us at once upon our return home." Then she went on to speak of their intentions and change of plan.

"The soul of prudence!" thought Katey laying down the letter. How little Delphine knew of her.

Jack's reply came a few days later. The Professor brought it in one evening. She was sitting in the President's parlor, which was her parlor now, a little dull, a little—not lonely perhaps, but she missed the noisy girls always invading the corner room in the other building upon the slightest pretext, or quite as often upon none at all, and Clary, who had been her shadow but whom she saw less frequently now. She missed, too, the cares and duties which had formerly filled all her days and made every hour of rest and leisure a real delight; she was not yet wonted to her new life.

The long room was still bare and uninviting. They had made no attempt to

beautify it. "We may go any day," the Professor said. So, although a month had elapsed since they came here, her books and pictures gathered hastily from the other house, had never been set in their places or hung upon the walls. It was like a cheerless caravansary where they rested for a night before taking up their pilgrimage again.

She had been alone for an hour. She was often alone now. It was not the dullness of the place nor of her life, after all, which had so affected her. Many women had been happier with less of luxury or society about them; *she* had been happier camping in the open fields; but there had risen between the husband and wife of so short a time a coldness and reserve to which every day added its stone. Or, more truly, there had been no open confidence between them from the first. Katey was awed and driven back upon herself in the parlor of the little farm-house by the revelation of the Professor's passionate love. She had come now almost to doubt her judgment on that day. Certainly nothing could be more grave and undemonstrative than his manner towards her since then; thoughtful, too thoughtful at times of her comfort, since she had grown to look upon his tender care as prompted by duty alone. He had doubtless been disappointed in her—they were so nearly strangers to each other, although they had lived so long beneath the same roof; or had it only been pity and generosity of which she had taken such cruel advantage? Could she have been so mistaken? She had tried at the first to be her own natural self, with the result peculiar to a novice in acting a part. She appeared only constrained and self-conscious. All the odd impulsive ways in which her nature had been used to speak unconsciously, were checked now. Truly there is no one so difficult to copy as one's self.

She had thought, sitting alone in the church that day, waiting for the Professor to come, how she would strive to please him, being, even then, she could see now, proud as well as sure, of his affection, which in time, she would be able, without doubt, to return. Poor foolish Katey, full of fancies and unattainable ideals blinding her to the present! And now it was all changed; even in these few short weeks everything seemed changed. Nothing in all the world appeared to her of so much value as his love, and yet she had lost it.

How? when? or had it ever been hers? She could not tell.

She had moved about restlessly all through the day, unable to put herself to work, with no desire to take up a book. The mood had passed now like a fever turn, and left her quiet but languid and weak. Professor Paine had intercepted her husband on his way from tea and drawn him into the library. He came to the parlor a moment, before going over to the school-room for the evening study-hour. The shutters were closed, the gas was lighted, and Katey sat over the fire, her hands folded listlessly in her lap. Her hair was drawn back from her face. Was it this, or the light falling upon it from above which made it appear paler than it used and had laid heavy shadows under the eyes?

He stood just within the door regarding the drooping figure with an expression of anxiety, almost of pain.

"Do you want anything? Can I do anything?" And she rose in a flurried way, becoming aware of his presence at last.

"I am on my way to the school-room; perhaps you would like to go?" He had hesitated over the suggestion, coming forward as he uttered it.

"No, thank you." And she sat down again; but now she took some work from the little stand beside her and began to busy herself over it.

He leaned against the mantle, looking down upon the bent head and slender nervous fingers which trembled a little under his eyes. One of them bore the odd chased ring which had belonged to his mother; it was Katey's wedding-ring. He sighed as he turned away to the door again.

Katey dropped her work when he had gone. She rested her head upon her hand and fell to dreaming. It might have been an hour, it might have been only a moment, when the door opened and he appeared again. "Miss Hersey will sit in the school-room to-night," he said when Katey's face expressed her surprise. Then he laid a letter upon the table before her. From Jack! Her listlessness vanished at once. Her eyes shone, her face was all eagerness and delight as she tore it open.

It was a very brief letter, indited after Jack's customary style, which rivaled the proverbs of Solomon in conciseness, but with a boldness of chirography which made up for all deficiencies of material

and spread the few words over the whole sheet.

"DEAR KATEY, [he wrote,] Mail about to close, so I hasten to send a line. Yours just rec'd. I am astonished at you; expected you would do something unheard of away off there alone. You never could take care of yourself. [Ah, Jack knew.] I shall come on as soon as I can get a leave of absence and see what is to be done. In the meantime you must go directly to Josie. [The Professor was quite ignored in his calculations.] Shall write her by this mail. She is not coming to Washington at present; our movements are so uncertain.

In haste,

Your affec. brother,

JACK."

Katey laughed as she read the letter, much as she used to laugh long ago, or even a little time ago, before the chill which had checked everything like merriment had crept over her. It was so like hot-headed Jack, who evidently believed that his presence alone was necessary to annul the marriage and make all as it should be!

Professor Dyce lay back in an arm-chair, regarding her as she read it. The weary expression which was becoming habitual to his countenance lifted for a moment at the sound of her laugh. She turned to him with a little quick natural movement holding out the letter. Then she drew it back; she had discovered a postscript. "Whom should I meet here one day but Dacre Home," Jack wrote. "He is in the camp adjoining ours. Deserted from the rebels, they say; but is awfully plucky. Won some bars for his sleeve at Big Bethel, where, according to the boys, he tried to throw his life away. It may make a man of him yet. He knows me, of course; but we never speak."

Katey read it, her face growing warm. It might indeed make a man of him, as Jack said. Poor Christine! would it add any joy to her life?

She held the letter in her hands, hesitating an instant before giving it to the professor. She was ashamed, feeling her face so warm: Dacre Home's name had never been mentioned between them. She was glad, only glad for this hope of his future; but would the Professor understand it? She almost wished Jack had not written of him.

The Professor saw the blush, marked

the momentary hesitation. "It is from Jack," she said, holding it out to him.

"And what does Jack say?" He spoke in the grave, kind tone to which Katey was so accustomed, but made no movement to take the letter.

"It is very short, won't you read it? Only don't mind Jack," she added hastily, remembering the first part of the letter which for the moment had slipped from her memory. She watched his face over which an amused smile passed as he read the few lines referring to their marriage. "He has always taken care of me," she explained quickly.

"Yes, I see;" and he fell into a reverie.

He had not turned the page. Should she remind him of the postscript, or let it pass?

"There is something more upon the other side," she said; and he took up the sheet again. As his eyes left the last word they were lifted to hers. But there was neither doubt nor suspicion in the glance. "I am very glad," she said quietly, meeting his glance without shrinking. "It may do everything for him, as Jack says." Then she bent over her work as she went on: "I know a girl who will rejoice over any good news of him; for she expects to be his wife."

She hoped he would offer some remark, ask a question, say anything which would call for some word more definite from her lips in regard to Christine; but there was only silence in the long bare room. Outside a little stir and faint commotion had arisen. The evening had turned warm and although a low fire burned in the grate, she had left her seat and dropped one of the windows. It might be this which had filled the room with a sound as of muffled voices and moving feet, bringing the street strangely near. She checked her fingers drawing the needle in and out, to listen. Everything startled her now; she was nervous and weak and easily alarmed by the conflicting reports which each day brought from the seat of war, as well as the strange rumors floating about town of possibilities nearer home. A convention, it was whispered, was in secret session even now to vote the State out of the Union. Were they not lingering here too long?

"Hark! what is that?" as a low continuous murmur like the repressed voices of a multitude seemed all at once to fill the room. The Professor started to his feet, when, without word or warning, the

door was burst open and Professor Paine appeared. His face was shrunken and gray with terror.

"There is a crowd about the house," he gasped when he could find his voice. "I—I greatly fear for you, my friend. But perhaps you might escape now through the garden."

"Don't be alarmed," said Professor Dyce, laying his hand upon Katey's shoulder. She had fallen back upon her chair white and trembling. There was a strange, resonant ring in his voice, but no quaver of fear.

"Go, go," Katey tried to say.

"It is too late for that," he replied. "If they intend to threaten they have surrounded the house already. But I think you exaggerate the danger."

The murmur of voices had risen to a shout of "Dyce! Dyce!"

Then Professor Paine rose to the occasion. "I will speak to them," said the little man moving towards the door. "They know my sentiments."

Professor Dyce had been hastily fastening the window shutters. He took Katey in his arms as though she had been a child, carried her through the dressing-closet and laid her upon the bed in the room beyond. Then he returned to the parlor. It was the work of an instant. "Take care of my wife," to Professor Paine, and he was gone.

He closed the heavy outer door behind him, as he stepped out suddenly in the face of the crowd. The flaring gas-light below him lit up his form, and the strong, calm face which betrayed no signs of fear. The unexpected appearance, when they had anticipated flight or resistance took them by surprise, and in that one moment he had a chance to scan that part of the mob which surged at his feet. It was led, he saw at once, by a bully, as such an assemblage invariably is—a great hulking fellow whom he recognized at once as a man who did odd jobs about the office of the lawyer who had opposed his claims to the estate he had recently gained. Ah! he said to himself, it is easy to recognize the lever to this movement, and he was confident as to the identity of certain shadowy forms hovering upon the outskirts of the crowd; public disturbances serve private ends often and well. For the most part it was made up of the idle and curious, among whom women were plainly discernible; one, with an old black shawl covering her figure, hid her pallid face and blinking eyes behind a thick veil.

"Ah, Jim Boles, is that you?" said the Professor, in a cool, almost jocular tone of familiarity, singling out the leader who had pressed to the front, surrounded by a staff of ragged, half-grown boys; "what do you want?"

The man had worked himself to the point of heroism. He had even learned a little speech for the occasion, in which "liberty" and "the stars and bars," often repeated, were to act a telling part. This abrupt, simple question drove it at once from his mind and seemed to reduce the whole affair to a very ordinary occurrence with no opportunity for sentiment or poetry, in which Jim secretly delighted.

"Hang out the flag;" d—n ye, he added under his breath, making up for his clipped eloquence by an oath and bringing from under his coat, as he spoke, a small Confederate flag tightly furled, which was to have been waved at a certain point in his speech. The sight of it, the sudden flaming out of its colors before the crowd, whose excitement had fallen to curiosity, might have roused it to frenzy. So much could a bit of bunting do when it represented an idea for which men died!

The Professor leaned down and took it carelessly. It was like gunpowder, he knew, and the eyes of the people before him were sparks. He rolled it still more closely in his hands as though unconsciously, while he replied: "And make myself liable to arrest for treason? You forget that the United States still holds jurisdiction here. You had better go home and to bed, Jim."

"You'll have to be up early to take down the shutters, you know," added a piping voice in the crowd.

A little laugh rose around the already discomfited leader. One's followers are not always one's friends. "They seem to be just a talkin' pleasant like," one man explained to another, who was too far away to hear. And this ran down through the crowd which began slowly to disperse, followed by the laugh which confirmed the impression that nothing was to be done after all. In five minutes the street was deserted, or given up to its usual passers, when a squad of police came up the hill in great apparent haste to inquire into the disturbance.

"There is no disturbance, gentlemen," Professor Dyce replied. "I can only regret that you should have been annoyed by such a report," he added. But the

sergeant blustered and stormed, and insisted upon placing a guard about the house for the night. "As you please," the Professor said, coolly, turning to re-enter the door. But what was this figure shrinking back into the deep shadowy doorway?

"Katey!"

"Don't be angry; but indeed I could not stay there. It was no fault of his;" as poor little Professor Paine who, true to his trust, would not be left, stepped out from behind her. There was no time to blame or praise, for the whole school, headed by Miss Hersey, came crowding in from the music-room at that moment, Clary, for once too frightened to cry, having outstripped the others.

"It is all over; and indeed there was no cause for alarm," the Professor hastened to say, and dismissed them. In those days a man's foes were truly of his own household, he realized, when more than one pair of blazing eyes and compressed lips met his glance as the girls turned reluctantly back.

Miss Wormley appeared in their midst as they were saying good-night. There was an unusual color in her face and she breathed heavily like one who had come in great haste. Something like rain-drops sparkled upon her gown. Outside a sudden shower had risen—a gust of wind and rain, heavy and angry, beating against the windows and drowning the sound of their voices.

"O, did you know—?" began one of the girls in a shrill tone, recognizing her as a new comer.

She felt Professor Dyce's keen eyes. In spite of her efforts the color spread and deepened upon her face.

"Yes," she replied hastily; "it was dreadful, was it not?"

"O very," responded the Professor grimly, forcing her blinking eyes to meet his straightforward glance. "The shower, you mean?" Then he turned and entered the parlor. She knew that he understood her, that he had fathomed her designs. Ah well, she thought, then I may work openly. But that night she lost the opportunity forever.

Professor Paine and Miss Hersey awaited Professor Dyce in his parlor. He closed the door after him, threw himself into the chair he had left so suddenly earlier in the evening and, resting his forehead upon his hands, seemed lost in thought.

"What is this, about a convention?" he asked at last abruptly, rousing himself.

Professor Paine looked timidly, fearfully, from one to another of the little group. They were all enemies to the cause, he knew. Still a few days, perhaps even hours later, it would be no secret. "It may adjourn to-night," he replied, and, with a sudden glow upon the faded cheeks, "*we shall carry the State.*"

"You never will." Then Professor Dyce checked himself. Why discuss again the subject which of late had never been broached between them? "Our time has come," he said to Katey. "We must leave at once." Years afterwards, looking back upon this hour, and the timid little man who had been his steadfast friend, it was comforting to remember that they trusted each other to the last, and though they went far asunder as the Poles no bitter words passed between them. "And you—" to Miss Hersey, "will you go with us?"

The two women stood holding each other by the hand. Katey tightened her clasp. The color swept over Miss Hersey's face, then it was pale again.

"My home is here," she said. "No; I will stay."

"There is no time to lose;" interrupted Professor Paine nervously, "even now you may find it difficult to leave town, after what has occurred to-night. Certainly, you can take nothing with you. The best plan would be to catch the midnight train north, at Littleton, if you could be carried over there."

And so the matter was finally decided and Prof. Paine hastened away to secure a conveyance, ostensibly for his own use.

The moment their conference was broken up, Katey retired to her bed-room, to pick up a few necessary articles which could be thrust into a hand satchel, and pack, as best she could, the remainder of her wardrobe and personal effects which were to be left behind.

She was kneeling upon the floor before a half filled trunk, confusion and disorder about her, danger perhaps ahead, and yet happier than she had been for weeks. They were to take up their wanderings again. Where they were going she had not thought to ask. It did not matter. Her hat and cloak were thrown upon a chair near by ready to put on. A moment more and the Professor would come for her. The door opened and he entered the room.

"Don't let me disturb you. It is not yet time to start," said he, moving about

restlessly as she went on with her work. All at once he paused at a little distance, his arms folded, his gaze upon her. "You have not asked where you are going."

"No," she answered brightly, "I don't care."

"So that you leave here," he added. "You are right. It was folly to remain so long."

Why did he speak so sadly? Katey looked up in haste. Was he ill, that there should have come such a whiteness to his face? Care and the annoyances of the past few days had worn upon him. He should rest when they were once safely away.

"I think you had better go immediately to your sister-in-law. Jack wished it, you know," he went on. "And Mrs. Estemere has perhaps arrived by this time. I shall take you there myself and see that you are comfortably settled. You will be happy with your own friends and I am glad to feel that you need want for nothing. I am not a poor man now, you know. But I shall arrange all that."

He spoke hurriedly, almost disconnectedly. Katey only stared without reply when he paused. She had not yet gathered the meaning of his words. Of course they should go to Josie, or to Delphine if she had returned. Katey had not considered the subject until now, yet this was the most natural course to take, she knew. But what was this something beneath his words, which shocked and startled her? What was he saying?

"I fear it was all a mistake from the beginning. But it is too late to go back to that now."

His voice sounded hoarse over the last words. His face was turned away. Then he went on in his usual deep, grave tone.

"I shall go at once to Washington and apply for a position in the field or in some hospital; wherever I can hope to be of use."

"And leave ME?" She had found her voice at last. The words came like a cry of pain. The pretty white gown she was folding fell out of her hands as she sprang from the floor. "O you *wouldn't* do that. I should never be a care to you," she pleaded hurriedly, forgetting her fears, her pride, everything, but this terrible prospect which darkened the future. "I would go anywhere, do anything; I am not afraid of hardships; only take me. I can't be left behind," she cried. "Other women follow

their husbands, why should not I? I know I am not very nice, but—"

"Child! what do you mean?" He seized her almost roughly and held her off for an instant while he read the pale face with its trembling lines of pain and terror. Then he took her in his arms. "We do not deserve happiness," he said solemnly, "since we have almost let it slip out of our hands."

"And you are not nice?" he added, presently. He laughed a low happy laugh. "Ah, well, I will try to be resigned."

CHAPTER XXIX.

MARRIAGE BELLS.

THERE is a blaze of light in Delphine's city home, as if a summer day had awakened,—night though it is,—bringing its arms full of flowers. They trail along, blossom and peep over arch and doorway, they hang from picture and chandelier, they blush and nestle and give out their sweet perfume everywhere. The Estemeres have returned, and to-night they entertain their friends in honor of Katey's marriage and Jack's coming home. For Jack has won a short leave of absence at last, though he has resigned all thought of arranging Katey's affairs anew.

"You never could take care of yourself," he said, when he appeared unexpectedly to them all one day, and had released Katey from his bearish, brotherly embrace.

"I know," she replied, "and so what could I do but allow some one else that troublesome privilege!" and she presented her husband. Jack gave him one keen glance from his handsome eyes as the Professor came forward by no means abashed by this encounter, with a laugh on his lips over Katey's characteristic speech, and the hatchet which Jack had been brandishing over Katey's captor all the way from the banks of the Potomac, was buried on the spot.

In one of the upper rooms of the house Katey is putting the last touches to her toilet for the evening. Happy Katey! who feels that she has nothing more to desire, and is almost frightened at the great joy which has come to her. She sweeps down the long room like a queen in her trailing robes, white and shimmering. There are orange flowers in her hair and a veil of soft lace caught at her shoulders falls away from her pretty bare arms. She recalls her wedding day and the dusty,

torn, gray gown, and smiles over the remembrance. She will always preserve it, to the day of her death, and yet it is pleasant to be a bride and wear a wedding gown, she thinks to-night. But she forgets it all when she kneels upon the hearth-rug before the Professor.

"And so you always remembered me?" she said, dreamily, her eyes upon the fire, taking up the conversation interrupted a moment before.

"Yes; from the night at the party, when you came running up the stairs in that odd flowered gown, with my crutch in your hand. I used to fancy when I was abroad, years afterwards, that I would come home and find you out some day. I had learned your name, you know."

"But you never told me at La Fayette that we had met before. Perhaps you had forgotten."

"By no means; on the contrary, I recognized your name at once, and flatter myself that my influence helped to turn the scale in your favor against the many applicants for the place you sought in the school. You can imagine, perhaps, my curiosity in regard to you; you know the surprise and consternation the sight of you at first awakened, for I did not hear your name at all that evening at Mrs. Durant's and never for a moment suspected that you were the Miss Earle I was on my way to Lafayette to meet. The double surprise after having seen you masquerading at the junction was almost overpowering. You were a fascinating problem in those few first weeks—a dangerous one, I found later."

"And no problem at all, finally;" Katey added with a soft little laugh.

"No; but something infinitely better. One does not care to take an enigma for a wife. There are certain dangerous possibilities in the solution. But I had almost forgotten;" and he put a letter into her hand.

"From Minna Hauser!" There was a flutter of cards tied with white ribbons, as Katey opened the envelope. "So Minna and Hans are married at last," she exclaimed joyously; "but what is this?" and she drew out a little note, not in Minna's round hand. It was from Christine, and as she read, Katey's face grew warm and strangely bright. It was written in the hospital, Camp Fairfax, Virginia, and a few lines will suffice to quote here. "I know it all," Christine wrote, "Dacre has told me while I sat here holding his hand; and we are to be married to-morrow. I wanted to write you now, before I slept. Dear Katey, how can I ever bless you enough? He wished me to write. He believes you will be glad to know. He has been very near death; but now he will live, the doctor says. O, you don't know, what that means to me. He has won his shoulder-straps, and when he is able to return to camp I am to go with him. I am never to leave him again. And Minna is married and happy, and father and Wulf are well; but no one is so happy as I, dear Katey. I laugh and sing, but more often I cry. To laugh is not enough. It seems as though one must shed tears over such great joy."

"So it has all come right at last," Katey says softly, when the Professor has put the letter again into her hands. "Not in my way; but God's ways are better than ours." She rests her cheek against his knee, thoughtful and still. The little French clock upon the mantel marks the passing moments with faint subdued ticks like heart beats.

"Please salute the bride," she says presently, raising the broad smooth forehead with its coronet of dark hair; "they always salute the bride, you know."

He takes the sweet grave face between his hands and kisses her lips.

"And they offer good wishes," she adds "God bless you, my wife."

THE END.



ORMSKIRK.*

AWAY from the noise of the city,
I wander through meadows green;
The fitful sun is shining
But dimly across the scene;

Until as it nears its setting
It pierces through clouds that lower,
And the gray old town is transfigured,
And the church with its spire and tower.

A moment the glory lingers—
Then goes as a tale that is told;
And the Wheatsheaf Inn I enter
From the outer darkness and cold.

"So each one did as pleased her;
(Their name they say was Orm;)
And the tower and spire together
Are standing through time and storm."

I sit by the fire and ponder
How centuries long have flown
While the quarrel of those old spinsters
Is fixed in enduring stone.

And I think of the many builders,
Each one with his private plan,
Who have toiled through the weary ages
On the temple which Christ began.



"AND THE TOWER AND SPIRE TOGETHER
ARE STANDING THROUGH TIME AND STORM."

And while I sit through the evening
By the warmth of the glowing fire,
The hostess tells me the story—
The tradition of tower and spire.

"Here once there dwelt two sisters,
Unmarried and growing old,
Who would not leave to a stranger
To inherit their lands and gold.

"So they built a church with their riches,
But whether that church should be
Adorned with a tower or spire
Was where they could not agree.

But I know that the great Designer
Will harmonize all at length,
The Catholic spire of beauty,
The Protestant tower of strength.

And when shall shine forth the glory
Of Christ, the Unsetting Sun,
We shall see the temple transfigured,
And know that our work is one.

One Lord hath given His children
One faith on His name to call,
One baptism into His kingdom,
One church for the prayers of all.

Though each from his neighbor differs
And a tower by a steeple stands,
We have all together been builders
Of a house not made with hands.

* Built in the eleventh century

A ROYAL HAIR-CUTTING.

A HAIR-CUTTING, even a royal one, can be no great affair, after all, the reader will suppose; but an Oriental would render quite another verdict. Cutting off the hair is the ceremony observed in many Eastern countries, when a young lady of rank makes her *entrée* into society, or, in common parlance, "comes of age."

During childhood, the hair of Siamese boys and girls is worn coiled in a knot at the foretop of the head, just where phrenologists locate the organs of benevolence and veneration; while at the back it is either shaved, or cut very close to the head. Among wealthy people, the knot is confined by massive gold pins with huge jeweled heads. These serve also to keep in place garlands of natural flowers, that morning and evening are twined, fresh and fragrant, in the glossy, raven hair of the household darling. Everywhere in the East, one meets this intense love of flowers; and the quantity made use of in ordinary life, both for personal adornment and in decorating the homes, would seem incredible to one who had never been among these ardent, beauty-loving children of a sunny clime; while never a wedding or a funeral, a social or religious festival takes place, without consuming untold quantities.

The hair of girls is usually cut at ten or eleven years of age, when they are considered marriageable; and from that time, they are even more closely secluded than before.

For boys, the hair-cutting takes place several years later; and is attended with less parade, unless they are designed for the priesthood. In such case, a feast is given to which every male of near kin is invited, presents are made to the priests, and propitiatory and thank-offerings laid on the altars. The young lady to whose hair-cutting I was invited, was the daughter of the reigning sovereign, and, of course, the ceremony was conducted with much pomp and display. The Princess, though but ten years old, was full-grown, and, according to oriental ideas, marriageable. She was about four feet nine inches high, slender, and beautifully formed, with smooth olive complexion, the loveliest black eyes that sparkled like diamonds, and such a wealth of long, glossy, silken hair, as seemed, when unbound, like a veil, through which her fairy beauty gleamed. It was far too beautiful to sacrifice to a foolish

fashion; but the customs of her country had so decreed; and from the decisions of courtly etiquette, there is, in oriental lands, no appeal.

The little lady was robed in long, flowing garments of silk and lace, confined at the waist by a golden girdle of fabulous value. Besides this, she wore a profusion of costly jewels in the form of ear-rings, brooches and pins, massive gold chains and bracelets, rings, anklets and necklaces—such incredible quantities of weighty adornments, as cumbered every movement. One might almost have imagined her a jeweler's stand, designed for the express purpose of displaying his costly wares. Her long hair, coiled now for the last time in its girlish fashion, was fastened with diamond pins, that gleamed and glittered among the pure white flowers and green leaves, like the pearly drops of morning dew that had decked them on their native stems. The youthful Princess looked very gentle and lady-like, graceful as a gazelle, but painfully timid in all her movements, as well she might be, poor, little, frightened dove—all her brief, ten-year life having been spent in the strictest seclusion. She had never once been outside the walls of the stately palace where she was born; and knew nothing of the world, save as it existed within the charmed precincts of that royal Harem. She had not even, since completing her third year, *seen a man*, with the solitary exception of her royal father. Even now, in all that vast assemblage, there was only one more pair of male eyes where they could by any possibility rest upon this beautiful, "flower of the harem." The Buddhist priest, who was there to officiate in this important ceremony, had of necessity to be admitted to the presence of the young Princess; but he, under the immediate surveillance of his sovereign, would scarcely dare to violate his priestly vows, by so much as a glance at the youthful beauty.

Thousands of persons, princes and princesses, ministers of State, and dignitaries of all sorts, thronged those gilded halls; but running clear across, were close screens of heavy silk, dividing the male and female portions of the assembly, as effectually as walls of marble or iron could have done. The ceremony was performed; on the side appropriated to the ladies, and it could not, of course, be witnessed by

the other sex; but all participated in the feasting and recreations that followed—the ladies and gentlemen still occupying separate apartments. The English and American residents had all received invitations to the banquet, and the ladies of our party were cordially welcomed to the inner saloon, where carpets and velvet cushions were laid for them, in immediate proximity to the place his Majesty was to occupy. There was a large door in the silken screens before spoken of; but immediately in front of this door, and some three feet from it, was another screen so arranged that but one person at a time could pass behind it, to gain access to the door; and it was utterly impossible for any who were in the outer saloon to get the slightest glimpse of the inner one. So jealously were the rare treasures of that royal despot guarded from the possible intrusion of male eyes. Behind this outer screen, our little party passed, one by one, and through the door beyond; when such a scene of gorgeous magnificence met our astonished gaze as brought most forcibly to my mind the well-remembered scenes so graphically depicted in *The Arabian Nights*, over which I had dreamed often and lovingly in my girlhood. Then I had imagined it all fiction, but here was the reality, doubled and intensified beyond all previous conception. The ceiling of the immense saloon was inlaid in fanciful mosaics of silver and pearl, the walls frescoed in warm, rich colors, massive chandeliers were suspended from the ceiling, by what appeared to be chains of pure gold, but were, I suppose, only richly gilt—and the blaze of a thousand wax tapers was multiplied and reflected by the long mirrors on every side. Fragrant flowers of every hue, were woven into wreaths and arches—some into tables, baskets, crowns, vases and other fantastic adornments, filling the air with their choice aroma, and giving the immense hall the appearance of a fairy palace. Then those crowds of beautiful women, with their glorious Eastern eyes and forms of inimitable grace—what a vision of loveliness they presented, as they crowded eagerly around our little party, and with sweet-voiced courtesy welcomed us to their midst! But it was time for the ceremony, and we had to be shown to our appropriate places, where we were hardly seated, before the king arrived, attended by an immense retinue of princes and courtiers.

These, of course, remained on the gentle-

man's side, His Majesty only passing into the inner saloon, where he was seated on a raised dais at the upper end of the apartment. Near him, on the left hand, (the post of honor among Orientals,) was the yellow-robed Buddhist priest, holding before his face the long-handled clerical fan that was to prevent his sacred countenance from being polluted with any thing unclean—especially this host of beautiful women, to glance at whom, ever so slightly, would be deemed a violation of the sanctity of his office. Immediately in front of his Majesty, and a step below him, was placed a cushion of crimson velvet, richly embroidered with emeralds and seed-pearls, and edged with heavy gold lace. By its side were a golden basin, filled with rose-water, a pair of scissors, and two dwarf-trees growing in pots—one the "gold-plant," and the other, the "silver-leaf;" and over the whole, was an arch formed of the same choice shrubs, intermingled with fragrant flowers. Presently there was a sign made by the King, simply the turning of a ring on his finger—a sign scarcely noted by the uninitiated, but, evidently, well-understood by those courtly ladies, who, when in the royal presence, never for a moment, suffer either eyes or thoughts to wander to any subject of inferior moment, that they may be always ready to obey the faintest nod or beck that conveys an intimation of the regal despot's pleasure. My mind at once recalled the words of the royal Psalmist: "As the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress; so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God." How beautiful the synonym of the Christian watching, waiting for the first sign or token of his Lord's will, and ready instantly to follow where He shall appoint or lead. At the "sign" mentioned, a lady noiselessly made her exit, backing out from the royal presence, and, almost instantly, the young Princess, who also was waiting and watching for the royal signal, entered, escorted by her maidens, some two hundred in number. These crouched in reverent attitude, about her, while she was seated on the crimson cushion beneath the arch. Both she and her attendants bowed gracefully before the King, in three courtly, oriental salams, and then all sat with bowed heads awaiting the ceremony. They were all crowned with flowers; and looked, with their demure faces and reverent attitude, like a company of fair priestesses before

the altar of their god. From the moment of the King's arrival, the royal bands had been discoursing sweet music. We could not see the performers, but their melody came floating toward us, on sweet zephyrs perfumed by the breath of a thousand flowers, till the senses grew dizzy with delight. As the musicians ceased, the priest began chanting, in measured tones, the prayers for the occasion, his fine voice seeming to increase in cadence and sweetness as he proceeded; and I think he was readily heard in every part of the vast saloon, by probably not less than twelve thousand persons.

The service occupied about twenty minutes; and then, as the young Princess knelt before her royal father, on a tiny cushion at his feet, several of her maidens unbound the long coil of hair, suffering it to fall in glossy waves about the bright face and lovely neck. Then the King plucked a leaf from each of the little trees, and threw them both into the basin of rose-water; at the same time depositing, on a huge golden salver, a case of costly jewels, a bag of gold coin, and an exquisite set of betel-boxes, as his presents to this beloved daughter at so important an era in her life. He next dipped his fingers in the rose-water, drew them caressingly across the soft, flowing hair, and then with the scissors, clipped off, perhaps the eighth of an inch of the front hair, dropped it into another gold basin placed for the purpose, and quietly resumed his seat. The priest cut the next piece; but did not touch either head or hair—the latter being held for him by one of the royal maiden's attendants; and for his present he deposited an exquisite volume of the sacred Bali Shastres, engraved on tiny strips of pearl, that were strung together on cords woven of pine-apple fiber. After his part in the ceremonies had been performed, the Priest immediately withdrew from the gay scene, as unsuited to his sacred office. After his exit, the mother came forward, literally loaded with rich silks and dainty ornaments, which she deposited as the King had done his gifts, then plucked and threw in the gold and silver leaves, clipped a tiny bit of hair, and sat down. Scores of others followed, one at a time, and each going through precisely the same routine, till the head had been shorn of at least nine tenths of its raven hair; and the salver was heaped almost to the ceiling, with costly wares,—among which were many stout bags of gold and silver coin.

This money always constitutes, in part, at least, the marriage dower of the lady when she becomes a wife; or a snug little income for her maintenance, should she be consigned to single blessedness. At this royal hair-cutting, every nobleman, and government officer of any considerable rank, sent in a gift, each, of course, by a female proxy. When the ceremonies were over, the King affectionately saluted his daughter, and then withdrew to the other saloon, to receive the congratulations of the gentlemen, and preside over the festivities of the evening. The ladies afterward sat down to a princely repast in one of the apartments of the seraglio; but for the gentlemen, no table was laid,—refreshments being served only to the foreigners,—until after the king retired, as native subjects may not eat or drink in the presence of their sovereign. But there were dainties enough brought in for our little party of about a dozen, including the four ladies who had by this time rejoined their gentlemen friends, to have feasted the entire court. Tea, sherbet, and pomegranate juice, cakes and comfits, fruits and confectionery, all served on golden plate, and adorned with flowers, were pressed upon us, while his Majesty amused himself by looking on, and asking all manner of unheard of questions.

A royal game then followed, in which our party was specially urged by his Majesty to participate. The King filling his two hands with small limes, would throw them in such a manner as to scatter the fruit in every direction, over the widest possible space, urging his guests to collect them, as fast as possible. This was repeated scores of times, while the visitors, to humor the whim of their regal host, entered heartily into the sport, scrambling about upon hands and knees in pursuit of the limes, and receiving now and then, from the merry old king, a hearty pelt over heads or knuckles, at which he would beg pardon, and assure his friends that it was quite accidental! On examination, each fruit was found to contain a gold or silver coin. These, our party handed over to one of the lords in waiting with the request that they should be returned to his Majesty. He, on receiving the message, looked up in surprise, and inquired what had transpired "to give offense to his noble foreign friends." He was assured that they had enjoyed the pastime, but the game being over, they returned the coins as a matter of course, it being contrary to

the usages of their country for those who meet on terms of social equality to give and receive presents of money.

Various other festivities followed, among them some rare specimens of jugglery, snake-charming and gymnastic exercises; and the entertainment closed with a grand display of fireworks, during which his Majesty retired.

After the King's exit, a banquet was spread for the princes and nobles, in which all were invited to participate. But those who preferred, were now at liberty to retire, which none were permitted to do until after the departure of the sovereign. To leave the presence of an oriental monarch, before he sees fit to end the interview, is considered discourteous in the extreme;

and should a foreigner so offend, he would probably never be received again at the regal court, while the same act committed by a native, would undoubtedly cost him his life. As these royal levees often last five or six hours, especially when foreigners are present, and the King happens to be amused, one would scarcely care to attend them often, at any rate after the novelty has worn off. To sit in one place, without even a change of position, for five consecutive hours, amid all the pomp and ceremony of an oriental court, with a crowd of ten or twelve thousand all about you, and the thermometer standing at 104° or 105° in the shade, let me assure the reader, is no very pleasant pastime.

SAN REMO.

"WELL, my dear, which is it—Sorrento or San Remo?" I said to my wife, as the coupé rattled round the Baths of Diocletian, and halted at the only depot in Rome.

"O, let us go to San Remo!"

"And lose Vesuvius and the Blue Grotto and Tasso's birth-place? And that little Englishman who makes his breakfast on Murray and Yarmouth bloaters, says Sorrento was founded by Shem, the son of Noah. There's an antique for you!"

"Never mind, I'd rather go to San Remo. Besides, nobody knows San Remo, it is so far from any railroad."

In three days, we were beyond Bologna, looking through the drizzling car-window at the endless files of mulberries shivering in the chill rain, at the drenched vines, the donkeys flopping their heavy ears forlornly as they plodded through the mud, the gloomy, sagging sky that seemed fixed forever over all the world. The next noon—a brilliant, boundless dome of blue above us, without one fleck from rim to rim; one bright flow of blue at our feet; the gold and green of endless groves of olive and orange and lemon sloping up the hills to their red-purple crests—the Riviera! As the vettura turns, at length, the fiftieth headland, and the blue of sky and sea has changed to the tender pink and green of a shell, and again to darkening blue, the lights of San Remo glimmer across the bay, and its evening bells are faintly audible, welcoming us to dinner and repose.

It took us a day, of course, to get settled for the season. We gave it up to a hunt for the best hotel. There is one albergo with a garden, like a scene at Wallack's—with low marble terraces and balustrades and urns of cactus and beds of flowers, all sloping gently to the sparkling shore; but here, the sound of the surf might often disturb the night's sleep, and in the dinner-room, everybody seemed to have the original Yankee whooping-cough. But the Albergo di Londra, where we had already found lodging, looks out southward upon the happy sea across an acre of orange-grove, from fifty feet above its dark-green tops. It lies warm and cheerful in the sun, with delicate roses, fiery geraniums, shining lemons in the open grounds of the front; and orange-groves and olives, and the pretty gardens of Italian and English villas, rising steep behind. So we nestled ourselves for the month, at the Grand' Albergo di Londra. But everything in Italy is "grande"—from a palazzo to a barber-shop. You could pigeon-hole away this grand hotel into half a story of the Fifth Avenue or the Continental.

We did not regret our choice afterward, when dinner was over and we gathered with the company in the comfortable little parlor. You could see that the builder had worked with a wholesome fear of British growls upon his soul, for his windows and doors had actually been made with a view to shut as well as to open. The bright fire

of wood crackling upon the big brass and-irons, the rocking-chairs and lazy lounges and arm-chairs left carelessly around, the piano with candles beside the music-book, the center-table with its green cloth and soft astral lamp, and the ladies' little work-baskets tipping over into the medley of magazines and books, made you wonder, for a moment, if you had ever left home. And the ways of the company do little to break the illusion. All but the dark baron and his blonde bride, and perhaps one other, are English or noble-born Irish. Near the fire, an elderly Oxford don, tall and handsome, is stammering and hawing, between his sips of tea, to a portly Irish widow. He has just trumped her best card, and her eyes twinkle with conscious roguery as she lays her hand in gentle remonstrance on his arm. At the piano, with one hand feeling out idly some chords, and the pale, Madonna face,—more beautiful than that of Raphael's Saint Cecilia,—turned up in conversation with the Doctor, is a young Wal-lachian wife, whom the cold winds of her steppes have driven from home and husband. The young Irish Honorable has brought out his worsted-work under the astral lamp. It will keep his tongue still, and his red, but well-shaped hands busy, till bed-time. The copper-colored Indian officer, retired on half-pay and a liver-complaint, and the fresh, happy Irish lass, who have taken the tête-à-tête behind the door, are falling fast in love, so surely as eyes here talk the same tongue they do beyond the sea. As the music begins, the pleasant old admiral limps up the room, with his jolly "girl," as he calls his wife, upon his arm. A quartette at the piano is opening the evening with a German song; then half a dozen rally to the glee of

"Three little kittens,
They lost their mittens,
And then they began to cry"

—the special favorite, apparently, of the best of England's blood, for we have that among us just now. Young America follows a reverie of Chopin with

"The elephant now goes round,"

to the irrepressible encores of all the company; and he stars it, in that rôle, every evening till his departure. The musical people by and by drop away, groups gather for chat over the excursions of the day and plans of to-morrow; and as the old clock

in the hall whirrs and sputters out the hour of ten, everybody withdraws with a good-night to everybody else.

We spend the next morning restfully, about the grounds. The air, at this early hour, indeed all day long, is at once a tonic and a balm. The long windows of the albergo and those of the villas around, all stand open wide, calling *Felice giorno!* to one another.

"A beauteous morning, madam," says the widow of Erin, leaning over her balcony, to my wife. "And not a breath of wynd!"

Again, a sky all one happy blue; and a sea of blue, with a triangle of quivering silvery splendor broadening out to the horizon. The sky of Rome and Naples differs from our own at home, as the flute from the trumpet; but this blue above the Riviera can thrill as well as soothe. Far out at sea, where the Tramontana, after passing high above our heads, dips to the water, some crafts are rocking lively; but the bay is still; and the little fisher-fleet, trying since daylight to make their way from Bordighera, lie becalmed, pointing their prows at one another. The orange-tops are still. The little birds among the lemons and the quiet voices of the folk of the Albergo make you feel the stillness all the more.

Pretty soon, for it is about ten, a clatter and rattle on the gravel road and a deep voice crying "Su! Su!" tell us that Antonio and the donkeys are coming. Then the maids bring out their ladies' "things" and the yellow lunch-baskets trimmed with red; and after some tumbles and more fun among themselves and especially among the lookers-on,—one donkey scuttling off with his rider to join a party of strangers, another defying pull, push or moral suasion,—the different companies straggle slowly out of sight. A lady or two remain, enjoying their camp-chairs in the shade, with worsted-work or book, or writing letters; and perhaps one old gentleman in his dressing-gown shuffles up and down among the flowers in the sun.

After lunch, we stroll away toward the old town. You may take any one of forty little paths to it, all up among the olives and gardens, and all fragrant with wild violets, the blue hyacinth, the white lonely lily, the scarlet anemone; all giving pictures, framed in leaves, of the bright sea, some gray bare headland, the gray town; and all the paths are easier to lose than to

keep. They brought us always around to our Albergo again.

Ma che? Has not the old town waited there twelve hundred years for us? And will it not be there to-morrow afternoon as well? And so we said, after a week of afternoons. But at last, with the widow and the young *innamorata* of the parlor sketch, we find ourselves, almost to our own surprise, in the little piazza and before the church-door.

"I leave you, ladies, for a moment," I said, shaking my pocket-compass, to set the needle free.

"And where is he going, then?" asked the lady.

"O, it's his way. I've no peace with him in a new place, till he has 'adjusted himself' on the church-tower with map and compass. He says it's like reading the table of contents before beginning the book."

"Ah then, bother your table of contents. Box the compass and stay with us."

"But, mamma, we can go into the church till the Professor returns."

"That I like," said I. "The art of traveling in company,—as your countrymen might say,—is letting every one leave the company when he likes;" and Mary and I walked off, not to the church-tower, but to the breakwater which curves out into the bay.

Here you can sit, as in a boat, and take the little town at a glance. It is like a silver-gray fan, dropped upon a cloth of green—broadest near the shore, rising steep and clear-cut against the olives of the hill, narrowing rapidly till it dwindles to the little blue dome of the Sanctuary and disappears with the tips of the pinnacle a-top of it. The whole town might seem the home of some patriarchal family—of old father Priam, with his hundred sons—for not a street or square is seen, to separate the houses or blocks. It looks out due south, and basks in the sunshine from rising to setting. These buildings near us that border the sea, and even those a little farther up along the great white Cornice road, are not original settlers, as you know at a glance. The old town never dared to stray down so far from the castle, which stood in old times where the Sanctuary now stands. Once it seems, the Moorish corsairs came in such force that all the San Remesi who escaped massacre or were not hurried off as slaves, fled away over the mountains; and their grandchild-

dren ventured back only after a century. The Greek pirates, and the Genoese in their wars with Pisa, disturbed often the peace of the fathers. To right and left of the town, the landscape sweeps round in a fine amphitheater of green, whose arena is this noble bay, reaching four miles from cape to cape.

Few travelers who have lived in Rome think of it as lying on the line of Poughkeepsie. This land of San Remo, whose February sun smiles on roses and parasols, lies as far north as Portland and Toronto. Nice is seven hours by vettura towards the west, and Genoa is fourteen on the road to Rome.

And as that bit of geography suggests a thought of climate, I may say of the latter, with our Irish friend, that all the Riviera is about as far north as it is south—Nice and Cannes particularly so; for their days of chill are nearly as frequent as those of comfortable warmth. They lack the protection of such high hills as enclose Mentone and San Remo. Mentone, on the other hand, the most completely defended on the north, lacks movement in its air and produces often a sensation of closeness. But San Remo enjoys a warmth which nourishes the finest palms of all the coast, and is tempered by breezes which brace you for hours of walk. In Nice and Cannes, sudden and considerable changes of temperature attack you on the spot. While they occur here also sometimes, if you want a whiff of winter, you generally have to take a donkey and go up the gorges in search of it. The exasperating Mistral blew but once during all our month and it is always rare. Snow is among the natural curiosities. The prevalent winds are gentle and dry. Winter wreaked his bad humors on us, all at once, in three days and nights, and left every other hour of March and February to sunshine and the delight of being.

But we remember our deserted friends and start to join them, and soon resume our stroll together.

In the little market-place right before the church, without a tree, flagged from side to side and surrounded by tall, irregular houses of all shades of gray, the good folk are keeping festa, while the musical bells clang and hum from tower to tower through the town. The people are not at all boisterous; indeed hardly lively. They gather in little groups to gossip. Some sit in rows, silent, on the balustrade of a



A STREET IN SAN REMO.

terrace, and enjoy the sun and the sight of the rest. One crowd has made a ring around a mountebank, spangled and slashed, tumbling with his thin sad-eyed little boy, while the tired mother passes her tambourine for *soldi*. The school-children are all loose to-day and frolicking; some dodging at tag around the little booths or the squatting market-women with their heaps of onions; some—for all the world!—hopping and straddling through the very hop-sotch of our boyhood; a trio against the wall, jerking out fingers and shouts together in the Roman *morra*. Little girls in close white caps or bare-headed, with bright black eyes, cheeks of claret red and plump little arms and legs, “hippity-hop,” with arms about each other’s neck, in and out through the crowd. You meet some handsome women, generally with faces of sentiment and gravity and even a tinge of sadness. You meet many more from whom the parching sun and the sweat of toil have surely stolen a certain dower of beauty. All of them walk well and carry handsome-

ly the head and shoulders. The typical face, however, in men and women of San Remo, loses something by a lack of breadth across the eyes.

Sweetheart and grandmother wear skirts stopping at the ankle and a neckerchief of some lively color. The former never forgets, on a festa, to thrust the silver arrow through her heavy blue-black hair behind, or the big-headed silver pins with swinging, glittering festoons of silver chain. The men take on an air with the red-and-black bonnet, dropping its blue tassel at the side of the ear; and the red-brown jacket is always slung upon one shoulder. Men and women wear gilt ear-rings.

From the market-place, the little streets stagger off in the most bewildering zigzags, between houses so tall and lank that they seem to be hurrying up to catch the sunshine. Often, they dive under a building and leave it a-straddle. Then they squeeze round a projecting tower where a loaded donkey could hardly wriggle through. Some are so steep as to be ridged across with curbs,

to give man and beast a grip for the foot. All are flagged or cobbled.

The houses range through all shades of gray to lamp-black; through all sizes, shapes, and attitudes; leaning in or out, or sideways, or all ways at once, as if a good-natured earthquake had just knocked their heads together and passed on. Here and there a flying-buttress crosses the street, high in air, helping at once to keep the houses apart and to bring the neighbors together; for it sometimes has a hand-rail for safe passage; and sometimes it makes a little hanging-garden just tipped by the sun, where plummy tufts of grass and drooping maiden's-hair seem like a gush or a trickle of gold-green light. Now and then we find ourselves in a dilapidated, moss-grown gateway, with a fragment of one of its gates rotting from the hinge. It marks off some quarter of the city. It is a relic of the grim old days when men's homes were indeed their castles, when the people here intersected their town with walls, to defend it against besiegers, ward by ward. The windows of the houses are as eccentric in position and proportion as the houses themselves, but they are always small. Italians like small windows, as the Irish peasant loves her cloak. They say they keep out the heat and keep out the cold. This notion ends in poor results for health, as half the dwellings in the town have no rear openings and hence no more ventilation than a bottle.

But the families cultivate the luxury of an open street-door. We ventured into one where the interior seemed a fair sample of a working-man's home. We found a bare, uneven floor of red tiles, dull walls hung with coarse, bright pictures of the Madonna and the Stations, a little shrine high up in a corner, a few soiled books upon the table, a high bed and a chest. Presently a young man came from the room behind and looked silently at me, with an expression of offended pride.

"Scusi," I said. "I am a stranger and want to see how all you good folk here are getting on."

He measured me for a moment.

"Signore wishes to know how we poor fellows grub along—*ecco!*" And he stepped upon the chest to close the shutter before leaving.

"*Ma no.* I am an American. We all love you Italians."

He gave a slight, half-sad smile and of-

fered me a chair, while he leaned against the bed.

"Well, how are *you* getting on, this year?"

"Poorly, signore, all of us. The olives have failed for three years now."

"How many trees have you?"

"How many? I? I have the fifth of one."

"How much does an average tree yield?"

"Twelve or fifteen dollars a year. But then I earn twenty cents a day in the field, and the wine thrown in."

"What do these hard-working women get, a day, in the olives?"

"Twelve, fourteen cents. Ah, signore, we are all poor. But the emigration to your country may help us. Signore has seen villages along the Cornice emptied of every family—all gone to your country, the Brazil. And then we send out a good many good sailors. Our poor boys can't stay at home and starve. Garibaldi began the sea here."

I knew the self-respect of these San Remesi too well to offer him money and would not any longer take his time. So we parted pleasantly.

Turning the corner of a little church we found ourselves upon a characteristic sight—the distribution to the poor. No beggars tease the traveler in San Remo for "*piccola moneta.*" All the penniless poor seem to be regular pensioners of the church. They clamor around the priest, before the chapel door, on alms-day, as persistently as though they had coupons to cash. They are as cleanly and tidy as the best of their class in any other country. One black-eyed dame, of the rounded mould of Grisi, missed a few *centesimi* from her usual dole and burst into a run of tragic tableaux—flapped the coppers over in her hand, curled her lip at them, invoked the crowd, with outstretched arms, to take witness of the outrage, rushed to the padre, thrust them under his chin and screamed, "*Siamo sei, Madre di Dio! Saremo tosto sette!*" The padre was immovable and her fury collapsed as suddenly as it began. A blind old man, with gray hair falling down his bronze cheeks and neck, who had told his soldi carefully from one hand into the other and found himself "short," stood haranguing the air, for two minutes, all alone on the spot where the priest and crowd had quietly left him. His oration broke up in the middle of a word, as he

suddenly noticed the stillness; and he too, started after the padre to impertune him.

And this picture calls up another of the sort. We were strolling one noon under the trees, when a heavy, shuffling sound, evidently the step of some aged person, drew us to look behind. A very old man was trying to come up to us. His sharp-crowned, narrow-rimmed, ribboned hat and the sandals of hide, showed him to be a stranger from the south. A long, broadening, milk-white beard waved downward from his dark cheeks. His thin hands reached out a little in front, and his face was thrown upward, as the blind so strangely direct theirs. A thick cataract had completely closed his sight. I waited and asked him what I could do.

"Signore," he said, "I am old and poor and blind. *Per l'amore di Dio*, give me a little something, and Santa Lucia will preserve the beautiful sight to you." The pathos of this appeal was heightened by its homely honesty, for he pronounced the word for *preserve* as our unlettered country-people do—*presarve*.

Our little party stray along slowly, now losing sight of one another, and then rallying again; and at last, with tacking and beating, we work our way up to the Sanctuary. The path, still within the town, zig-zags close along the edge of tall rocks. It is guarded by a low wall, and much more, — as any pious soul in San Remo will tell you—by Our Lady, who stares out from her blue shrine, with eyes and face like two beads set in a lady-apple. Three sweet children had brought her flowers that afternoon, and were pushing one another up in turn, with sprawls and quiet merriment, to kiss her feet.

Our outlook over shore and wave is superb—crest beyond crest of mountain range, sloping more and more gently to the sea; the white line of surf, curve beyond curve, sweeping away into the shimmering mirage which is its own exhalation; the vast semi-circle of the sea, with one great dark steamer moving slowly on toward the land of the pyramids and the Pharaohs; westward and eastward, everywhere, the pale-green groves of olive, with tall, gray, lonely towers rising high above them, and the red or blue roofs of villas looking through.

By twenty-three o'clock, as our San Remesi count it, that is, just before sunset, before the sudden chill of the air which makes everybody, except yourself, so irri-

table and absurdly unreasonable, we find the whole company of the Albergo,—certainly all the delicate ones,—gathered home from their drives and tramps, wandering up and down the hall and drawing-room, a-hungered for the padrone's diurnal veal.

We made a pilgrimage, one afternoon, to the shrine of our Lady of the Borgo. The narrow mountain path wound all its way among terraces of olives and figs and lemons; often through the warm sunshine, where many pretty flowers glisten, and the brave little snap-dragon, in his golden helmet, stands guard before the violet; then where the dear old dandelions laugh up from the grass, and the buttercups and the daisies sit in comfort together. The trill of the birds, flitting in picnic company through the olives, felt as fresh and cool as the shimmer of the leaves. The butterflies and the bees go glinting and booming here and here. We pass a little cream-colored villa, where doves are cooing and preening themselves on the warm umber roof and along the balustrade of the loggia. We pause sometimes upon some small meadow that overhangs the gorge, to look down and far behind us, at the gold-green palms and the cypresses breathing their holy legend,—To Glory through the Grave,—and at the sea beyond, shining as the crystal sea of Revelation.

Little Giovanni, who had stopped for a confidential chat with another black-haired rogue, came panting up, giving the signora's donkey a tattoo of punches and "Su! Su! Su!" and hurried to my side.

"Signore knows that Madonna has done us three graces—*tre grazie*!" he panted out.

"*Veramente*!" I said, encouragingly.

"*Veramente, si!* Signore sees the round well there in the grass? The mother of my Francisco tumbled in, and before she reached the bottom Madonna came and caught her by the dress and drew her out."

"Did you see Madonna do it, my boy?"

"I? No, signore, but my father says so and all the folk; and when signore comes to the chapel, he will see a picture all about it, and then he will see!"

High up, where the precipice drops straight for hundreds of feet, there is a jut of rock upon its face; and on this bracket they have perched the little chapel. It covers every foot of its rocky shelf, hardly fifteen feet by twenty. Before the open door, in the still sunshine, a toil-worn, wrinkled peasant woman was kneeling,

with drooping head, with hands clasped and pressed upon her breast, as if to keep some grief from bursting it. Her heavy burden leaned against the wall. It was a sight to break your heart.

In this Italy of the poor, woman seems doomed to both of the curses of Paradise, and when she has shed the sweat of her brow side by side with man, all day long, in the hot, hard field, he makes her his beast of burden on the journey home. Here comes another contadina, picking her way carefully down the path, loaded like a hay-cart, with grass and branches on her head, while the man trudges behind with only the sickle. In the quarries, men trim the stone, while their wives and sisters are marching off with the broad, thick slabs upon their heads, showing the heavy strain in every movement of ankle, hip and shoulder. One day a lady sent her piano from the Londra to a villa about a mile away. The procession was Italy in allegory—three girls, straight, fine-built, steadying on their heads the heavy instrument, and their older brother following, with the cloth flung across his arm.

We enter the chapel, and find the poor, tawdry altar furnished with a hundred little offerings of gratitude; among them, the rude picture of Giovanni's story—the woman in dress of full maroon, with heels in air; sprawling into the well, and above her, Our Lady of the Borgo, sitting stiff in white robe and veil and gorgeous crown, one hand gripping a scepter and the other touching daintily the woman's foot.

Giovanni's simple faith is that of well-nigh all the good folk of the region round about. Madonna sits exalted in her sky-blue and paper-gilt niche, on the walls of the groves, with inscriptions of adoration or prayer,—Madonna in Assumption, Madonna Immacolata, Madonna of Consolation, Madonna of Sorrow,—by the home door, the garden gate, in the bedroom.

But England and Geneva are slowly weakening that delusion which "worships the creature more than the Creator." Not a few shrines now are empty, not a few images left weather-beaten and broken, that, on my first visit, twenty years ago, were adorned every day with new flowers and wreaths. I remember a little chapel up among the olives, then bright and pretty, and full of votive offerings. Now, the altar is covered by a table, with its three surviving legs in the air; donkey paniers lean against its steps, and an old saddle sprawls upon the chancel floor.

This spectacle means more than the decay of the owner's faith. It proves utter indifference in a community which would have resented it, twenty years ago, as a public insult. On a headland of the shore, is a column once devoted to the Virgin. The niche is now empty as a skull, and the column is doing brave service on the windy height, by holding up the wires of the telegraph. Twenty years ago the sacrilege would have roused the peasantry to acts of murder. *Si muove!*

THE ROSE OF CAROLINA.

A COLORED print of this celebrated beauty was struck off about twenty years ago, and you may find a fly-blown copy of it in every log-hut or unpainted pine-board farm-house in the mountains of North Carolina. Her eyes, blue as delft, and her stiff flaxen curls beam down on you from among the bunches of dried herbs, the strings of red pepper, the rolls of white wool ready for spinning, on the wall, surrounded by half-sheets of brown paper, or of the "Buncombe County Gazette," pasted like herself where they can hide the larger cracks. She is flanked by a

cut of General P. G. T. Beauregard, C. S. A., and a photograph of your host's oldest son, also in the uniform of the C. S. A.—this last in a frame, with a bit of evergreen above it. If you are curious enough to look in the big Bible on the chest of drawers in the mother's room, you shall find in faded ink the record of the boys' birth, and below, fresh and black, the fatal word "Chattanooga" or "Chickamunga," and afterwards, carefully written, and misspelled—"In the Hope of a blessed immortality." They are a devout people, above all things, these mountaineers; God-

fearing, affectionate and dirty. This bemiseric Rose was the one hint of beauty or refinement known to the boy who lies dead somewhere beyond the balsam heights. The square coarse print was his gallery of art, his opera, his one glimpse of the gay, lovely world, common-place to city lads. If he had lived, he would have found the living Rose, courted her at camp-meeting, and have established her by this time in a log hut, to be to her faithful as was Isaac to Rebecca, while she to the end of her days should cook his fried chicken and hot biscuit, spin and weave his coat and trousers, and help him and his hired men to hoe the corn, and plough the potato field.

But the real Rose, when you find her, is not at all like her portrait. She is black-haired and eyed, her features sharply cut, without, however, any hint of shrewdness in their meager, compact outlines; the skin pale and thick, and reddening with difficulty. She has the one voice, the sweet thin falsetto, which is common to all Virginia and Carolina women. They pipe and plead in talking, on precisely the same key-note. Our Rose has a small, undulating body; a firm, alert step, a controlled eye: she keeps both body and mind, in fact, well in hand, and manages them with a self-possession that gives them, little as they both are, more apparent weight and force than is their due. If she belong to the middle or upper class, she will by some magic art discover in season the style of dress preferred by the best people in the Northern cities and, with a little exaggeration in tone, wear it. You may meet her coming out of the hot wooden village church where she has been broiling through the Sunday afternoon service in a lilac or lavender silk, puffed and looped *de rigueur*, a dramatic little lace hat set on the coils of her jetty hair. Her father, the Colonel or General, gray whiskered and erect, waits on her chivalrously. The *gentle-men*, as she calls them, are an object of as much thought and desire to her little soul as to any flirting New York belle, and you may be the first of the eligible unmarried she has seen for a twelvemonth, but she receives you with a grave, modest simplicity and innocent dignity which her Northern sister might envy. You enter the big old-fashioned carriage, go home to dinner; in thirty-six hours, when your intimacy with the beauty of Madison Square would have advanced

only to the leaving of a card, you shall have waited beside the Rose, as, fluted and frilled in a muslin wrapper, and with a basket of keys dangling at her belt, she washes the breakfast cups, crosses the tobacco field to visit her mare in the stables, or rattles over the keys of her Knabe "Grand." She will sing anything for you, from "Casta Diva" to "*Ah non giunge*;" did she not win the half-wreath of immortelles in the music class when she was graduated at the Catholic convent a year ago? But her favorite songs are "No one to love" and "Ever of thee," which her bosom friend has lately sent her as lovely new things. You can not satisfy yourself as to the other branches of knowledge in which she probably obtained the half-wreath. Most of the familiar fields of conversation over which the "superior girls" of the North scamper at will like unbridled colts, are to her utterly undiscovered land. She never heard of Huxley or Darwin or Ruskin; has no opinion to give on moral insanity *in re* Jesse Pomeroy: or the moral injustice of legal marriage apropos to the last indecent divorce case. She never saw any pictures better than the old family portraits in the dining room, or the "Santa Cecilia" presented by some pious strolling artist to the Ladies of the Visitation, for their chapel; nor heard finer music than sisters Francisca and Eudisia made in their famous duet upon piano and harp. She inadvertently betrays a belief that all Bostonians are atheists and free lovers, headed by Tom Paine and Parson Brownlow; and soon after lets slip a query whether there "are any wild beasts in Ireland, bears and wolves, and that kind of thing; she knows there are no snakes."

Yet when you leave her you are ready to assert that she has rare powers in conversation. There is common sense and a fine sweet temper in all that the little lady says; she is quite sure of her footing both socially and in her opinions; stands at ease even on her little ignorances without conceit or anxiety.

By this time, too, you are at home with the rest of the household; the Rose's brother has made up a hunting party for you to the Black Mountains; her mother has given you her receipt for peach brandy; all the children (there are eleven) are friends with you; the Colonel, who lost an arm at Appomattox Court House, has gone over the war, its causes and results, the

Civil Service bill, and the position of the white and negro towards each other, in the fullest, frankest fashion. You tell yourself as you turn into bed that there is a weight of practical sense in what he says, and presently, (kept awake by fleas and the howling of the dogs below,) wish that the other side of the story had had such clear and moderate expounders before the war. You are sure of one thing—that you have never fallen before among such people as the Rose and her kinsfolk, men or women, who took life with such easy, lazy good humor, who carried their opinions, their joys and woes so out of doors, or who in their every day habit recognized the people who on earth do dwell as one great family party, whose privilege it was to be helpful and friendly together. Trying to reconcile this with your ancient doctrines concerning slave owners and Legrees, you fall asleep, the Rose forming a bewildering, alluring center to the kindly little drama.

With the new day these trivial perplexities renew themselves. You closely observe the colored boy who waits upon the Colonel at breakfast, or the saucy-looking mulatto maid behind the Rose's chair, for any sign of arrogance or chagrin on the part of white or black, at their change of position, but find none. Whatever may be the condition of affairs in South Carolina or Georgia, here both parties have accepted the situation with the passive good humor peculiar to them. The Rose, it is true, rates her maid, but now, in her piping compassionate tone, assures you that the "pooh cre-etures" are utterly unable to care for themselves: that Papa assures her the race must become extinct out of slavery: Papa says there is no real civilization for any of the colored races; the Indian will always be a wild animal, the negro a domestic animal. "It's terribly sad, is it not?" pinning a bud of pink laurel coquettishly in her bosom.

But if you chance to talk to one of these domestic animals you find their shrewd intelligence far in advance of the same class of servants in the North, white or black. You cannot make any animal the object of a bitter struggle for years without educating him at least in regard to his importance and chances. The boy behind the Colonel's chair confides to you his plan of "buyin' a small place in de Fall, a few acres of mountain pastur', and makin' somethin' uv hisse'f." Rose's maid thinks

"ef she was Nawth, and eahnin' twelve dollahs a month instid uv five, she could make somethin' uv hersef." That something can be made of themselves is the point wherein they differ from the Colonel and his daughter.

Another puzzling observation you make, which is, that the Rose, unlike her Northern sister, is totally unconcerned to "keep up appearances." The Colonel, in old times, was wont at this season to visit the White Sulphur Springs in state, with a superb display of equipages and servants. The Rose's mother blazed in diamonds and Parisian dresses. She herself, then a bud of five summers, dainty in costly embroidery and lace, her hair flying free, and her white feet bare, looked as if born to command. She does not pretend to command now; there is no effort to hide the lack of jewels by cheap finery, or to conceal the patched furniture, table-linen, or cracked mirrors that fill the scrambling, unpainted, unthrifty house. She tells you—the Colonel tells you a dozen times a day with high composure and complacency, that "this part of Nawth Caholina is much impohvehished by the waw—as you see," and there is an end of it. When they will cease to enjoy their tattered garments as badges of honorable warfare, and try to earn whole ones, is difficult to decide. The Rose's cousin in Virginia, a more delicate, cleverer girl, is teaching in Richmond. Rose has no thought of any such self-sacrifice: her father refuses loftily to sell the black walnut timber on his mountain land to a dealer from Chicago at a large profit. "The pine he may have for nothing, but I cannot see the cream of our Southern produce carried any longer to the Nawth. Let the black walnuts stand. My grand-children may be able to use them."

But you shall not hear from him, nor any man or woman of his class in this region, a bitter or unkindly mention of the war. There is not a hand which is not ready to give you a cheerful, sincere welcome. Rose's sister (who was the Rose in 1862 and '63) used to keep watch from her chamber window upon the house of a poor farmer, whose sons were Union men hiding in the mountains for three years. It was she who saw these boys stealing home to see their old mother one night, and who sent word to the home-guard. When she heard the shots an hour after, and the terrified negroes rushed in to tell her that the men, her neighbors all her life, lay dead

outside the very door, she coolly bade them go help to bury them, as though it had been dogs or mountain boomers she spoke of.

She is a fair, plump, tender-voiced woman now, with half a dozen soft-eyed, well-bred children crowding about her. She stops at the farm-house for a bit of kindly gossip with the mother of the dead boys whenever she passes it, and when the old woman is sick makes her nice little dishes, for she stays with her at night, leaving her baby to the nurse. When you tell her of any call of suffering in the North, Chicago fire, or Pittsburgh flood, the quick tears rush to her eyes, and her portemonnaie (very thin and limp) is out.

Then you bethink yourself of a certain gentle cousin of yours in Boston or Philadelphia, who would not see a mouse harmed without pity, but whose patriotic zeal against the rebels ten years ago was bitter and murderous beyond that of men; and you close the matter with the usual masculine reflection on woman as an insolvable problem. Meanwhile, you find a broken cannon in the Blue Ridge passes, green, inch-deep with moss, while the gray squirrel hides its winter store of nuts in it, and pass a chubby-cheeked boy whistling as he pastures his cows on the plain of Manassas, and think reverently of the great Healer at work for us all, beneath Time and Nature.

You wish when you turn northward, and leave the mountains rising behind you, range on range, that you could bring the Rose and these ready-witted, warm-hearted cousins of yours closer together, and fancy

that the effect would be wholesome both upon themselves and the generation to come after them.

You do not find when you have gone back to the North that you forget the Rose as you have forgotten so many brilliant women from Boston or New York, women, too, who wore the *cordon bleu* in the ranks of intellect or fashion. When you fall to speculating (as a young fellow will over his cigar now and then) about marriage, and a home, you find yourself going back to this girl with her sweet voice and decisive little nod presiding over the coffee-urn and cups at breakfast. The inevitable biscuit, honey, and fried chicken, at which you used to swear inwardly, make part now of the home-like picture, and it is well if Rose, whom none of her neighbors would call more than "a pleasant girl," does not rise before you as an alluring mountain nymph, hedged in and veiled by her own glittering streams and pink laurel.

If you would choose to go back and win her, however, you will find it is no nymph whom you have taken to wife, but one of the most real and practical of American women. Her table will be noted for its choice dishes, if her house be not tidy; she will be always posted in the fashions, if not in the politics of the day. You may be sure that she will receive your friends with the gracious courtesy of a thoroughbred lady, but that she will elope with none of them, and that, while she may not instruct her daughters in either science or art, she will teach them to love God and honor their husbands.

LARS.

"TELL us a story of these isles," they said,
The daughters of the West, whose eyes had seen
For the first time the circling sea, instead
Of the blown prairie's waves of grassy green:

"Tell us of wreck and peril, storm and cold,
Wild as the wildest." Under summer stars,
With the slow moonrise at our back, I told
The story of the young Norwegian, Lars.

That youth with the black eye-brows sharply drawn
In strong curves, like some seabird's wings out-spread
O'er his dark eyes, is Lars, and this fair dawn
Of womanhood, the maiden he will wed.

She loves him for the dangers he has past.
Her rosy beauty glowed before his stern
And vigilant regard, until at last
Her sweetness vanquished Lars the taciturn.

For he is ever quiet, strong and wise,
Wastes nothing, not a gesture nor a breath;
Forgets not, gazing in the maiden's eyes,
A year ago it was not love, but death

That clasped him, and can hardly learn as yet
How to be merry, haunted by that pain
And terror, and remembering with regret
The comrade he can never see again.

Out from the harbor on that winter day
Sailed the two men to set their trawl together.
Down swept the sudden snow-squall o'er the bay,
And hurled their slight boat onward like a feather.

They tossed they knew not whither, till at last
Under the light-house cliff they found a lee,
And out the road-lines of the trawl they cast
To moor her, if so happy they might be.

But quick the slender road-lines snapt in twain
In the wild breakers, and once more they tossed
Adrift; and watching from his misty pane,
The light-house keeper muttered, "They are lost!"

Lifted the snow: night fell: swift cleared the sky;
The air grew sharp as death with polar cold:
Raged the insensate gale, and flashing high
In star-light keen the hissing billows rolled.

Driven before the wind's incessant scourge
All night they fled—one dead ere morning lay.
Lars saw his strange, drawn countenance emerge
In the fierce sunrise light of that drear day,

And thought, "A little space and I shall be
Even as he," and, gazing in despair
O'er the wide, weltering waste, no sign could see
Of hope, or help, or comfort, anywhere.

Two hundred miles before the hurricane
The dead and living drove across the sea.
The third day dawned. His dim eyes saw again
The vast green plain, breaking eternally

In ghastly waves. But in the early light,
On the horizon glittering like a star,
Fast growing, looming tall, with canvas white,
Sailed his salvation southward from afar!

Down she bore, rushing o'er the hills of brine,
Straight for his feeble signal. As she past,
Out from the schooner's deck they flung a line,
And o'er his head the open noose was cast.

Clutching with both his hands the bowline knot
 Caught at his throat, swift drawn through fire he seemed,
 Whelmed in the icy sea, and he forgot
 Life, death, and all things—yet he thought he dreamed.

A dread voice cried, "We've lost him!" and a sting
 Of anguish pierced his clouded senses through;
 A moment more, and like a lifeless thing
 He lay among the eager, pitying crew.

Long time he swooned, while o'er the ocean vast
 The dead man tossed alone, they knew not where;
 But youth and health triumphant were at last,
 And here is Lars, you see, and here the fair

Young snow-and-rose-bloom maiden he will wed.
 His face is kindly though it seems so stern.
 Death passed him by, and life begins instead,
 For Elsa sweet and Lars the taciturn.

TWO VISITS TO OXFORD.

A NOTION, I believe, still prevails very generally that Oxford and Cambridge are the universities of the English aristocracy. It is to the novelists that we owe this impression. Years ago, these universities were very much such places as Bulwer and Thackeray have painted them. But they have altered and there has been nothing in their recent literature to mark the change. They still exist to a large portion of the public as elegant and aristocratic as ever. To the imagination of the English shop girl, Oxford and Cambridge are yet peopled by a race of the most delightful heroes who breakfast in velvet, who have valets and tigers and tandems, who ride and shoot and borrow each other's money, who are aristocratically lavish and aristocratically hard up.

Now, on the contrary, the real Oxford does not resemble this conception in the least, and at first sight, perhaps, the social life of the place is even plainer and more commonplace than we should observe it to be on closer acquaintance. One has scarcely stepped into the streets before he meets numbers of well-behaved, modest youth, walking by twos and threes, not in droves, as students patrol the streets of an American university town. There cannot be found in Europe, I imagine, a more well-conducted, orderly generation of

young men. The most of them are from the middle classes and are upon limited incomes. The average allowance of an Oxford undergraduate is not more than \$1200, upon which, of course, magnificence is out of the question. The number of clergymen's sons is very great and these, as a rule, are poor.

It is thought that a man can live nicely and entertain moderately on \$1500. The undergraduates have a dinner "in Hall" of fish, roast and sweet, and at dinner they usually drink beer instead of wine. They have opportunities for luxury and elegance in their breakfasts, which they make very inviting. They brew at Oxford a claret cup with which nothing of the same kind one tastes anywhere else can be compared. The young men are exceedingly kind and hospitable, and they possess a modesty which absolutely humiliates one.

An English youth as I saw him in the army or at the universities, who is sufficiently well born to have all the advantages of breeding and sufficiently removed from exceptional fortune not to be tempted to folly and nonsense, has the very perfection of behavior. He has, besides, very nearly the perfection of right feeling towards his associates, which cannot be said of him a few years later. I knew some of the undergraduates of Christ Church and Baliol.

Under their guidance I went the walks of the universities and especially remember a bath in the river, to which I consented under the impression that it would be rather an interesting and romantic action, and would furnish a pretty souvenir, but I found the wave of the Isis much too cold for comfort. Christ Church is rather a college for the sons of rich men; it is not considered, I believe, that they do much work there. Baliol is the working college, the college which takes the honors. The talk of the Baliol men, I thought, ran rather more to books and literature than the conversation at Christ Church. This was possibly due to the fact that a Christ Church man was to give a ball that week, which was naturally the topmost matter of interest among the men of his college. At Baliol, when the pewter cup of beer went round, of which each took a cool swig in succession, we spoke of matters which are rarely discussed with interest except at universities and by very young men. We talked of the poets, and I remember that one young gentleman's enthusiasm swept him into reciting a half dozen lines of Greek.

The pride in scholarship and the respect for it, I am told, are very much on the decline. Firsts and double-firsts are not held in such esteem as formerly. One hears it said that the boating and cricket men have thrown the reading men into the shade. A good cricketer is asked everywhere, and talked and written about, and pushed in society. Years ago many good stories were told of the extravagant regard which successful prize men received from the universities. It was said that a senior wrangler from Cambridge happened to enter a theater in London at the same time with the Queen, and, hearing the plaudits, placed his hand gracefully over his heart, and bowed his acknowledgments to the audience. The old fashion, no doubt, had its absurdities, as all fashions have, but, upon the whole, it was more reasonable than the present one. We are mistaken if we fancy that it is mere "dig" and memory which makes the successful man in a University examination. It requires not only persistence, but ability, intelligence, and self-possession. Of course, where many work, the victory must be to him who works most intelligently. The scholar and the boating man must equally guard against over-training; and at the hour of examination the danger of losing one's

head is very much greater than in a boat-race. The stake is so great that the strain of the contest seems a cruel one for very young men to undergo. If they win, they have a competency for the rest of their days—a thing to be appreciated in England, where a living is so very hard to make. All the mothers and cousins are waiting breathlessly for the issue. Such competition must, I fancy, impart an almost abnormal stimulus to the moral qualities. In the faces of the stronger men one observes some "silent rages," which the intensity of the struggle has carefully nourished. Why such men should have less consideration than a cricketer or a stroke-oar one can hardly see. A strong back and good legs are fine gifts, no doubt; but it is hard to understand why they should entitle a man to be petted and fêted, to get his picture into the illustrated papers, and have his disorders telegraphed over two continents. The vignettes in the papers appear especially absurd. Why should boating men have pictures made of their faces? They should stand on their heads and have their legs taken, it would seem.

It was during commemoration week that I first visited Oxford. The exercises consist of the conferring of degrees upon distinguished persons, and the recital of prize poems in Greek, Latin and English, and, I may incidentally remark, that at no ball or party in England do you ever see so many pretty girls as at a University commemoration. The same is true, however, of college celebrations everywhere; girls have a way of looking their prettiest at them. The degree conferred upon strangers at Oxford is that of Doctor of Civil Law. It is not supposed that a man should know anything of law to be a D. C. L. Critics, poets, politicians, inventors, noblemen, for being noblemen, are doctored. The first commemoration I saw was at the installation of Lord Salisbury. The candidates were marshaled up the hall from the door in single file, all dressed in red gowns. The Professor of Civil Law, Mr. Bryce, introduced each in a Latin speech, which contained some happy characterization. The Chancellor then addressed the candidate in another Latin speech, applying to him some complimentary expressions; the bar was raised, and he shook the candidate by the hand, who sat down a D. C. L. Of course, as always happens in England, there was a throng of people of rank who went

ahead of abler men. The cheering of the undergraduates, however, went some distance towards equalizing things. The men who received the warmest applause were Liddell, the famous preacher, and Arnold, the poet. When it came to the latter gentleman's turn, all young Oxford in the galleries went wild. They made a prodigious cheering; the young men's enthusiasm was enough to stir some generous blood in the most sluggish veins. Of course, Mr. Arnold's comparative youthfulness had much to do with it, and his recent attacks upon the dissenters had endeared him to the clergymen's sons in the galleries. The Chancellor, who had been throwing about his *issimes* profusely among a lot of people of whom nobody had ever heard, contented himself with calling Mr. Arnold *vir ornatissime*, or some other opprobrious epithet—which, as one of Mr. Arnold's many admirers, I felt called upon to resent. I understood afterwards, however, that Lord Salisbury had considered the propriety of addressing him as *O lucidissime et dulcissime* (most light and most sweet), which, I suppose, would scarcely have done. He did joke, though, in one case; he addressed the editor of the "Edinburgh Review" as *vir doctissime, in republica litterarum potentissime*, and at that everybody was amused. The incident gives one a high idea of the power which inheres in reserve, dignity and position. A cabinet minister by congratulating an editor upon his formidableness in the republic of letters, creates more merriment than could a harlequin by throwing his body into twenty contortions.

The bad behavior of the undergraduates in the gallery on these occasions is famous. I was present at two commemorations, and can testify to the power of lung and the great good humor, and animal spirits of the British youth. At the last commemoration they kept up an incessant howl from the beginning to the end. I cannot say much for the wit, though, I believe, they do sometimes hit upon something worth recording. It is said that when Tennyson presented himself in his usually uncombed condition some undergraduate asked him, "Did your mother call you early, Mr. Tennyson?" When Longfellow was made D. C. L., another proposed, "Three cheers for red man of the West," which, I am told, Mr. Longfellow thought very good. But, of course, wit and originality are just as rare among yelling boys as in synods and

parliaments. The scant wit is supplemented by the more widely diffused qualities of impudence and vocal volume. When the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Liddell, of Liddell & Scott's Dictionary (the accent of his name, by the way, is not upon the last syllable), was reading a Latin address, some one would call out, "Now construe." A man who violated the canons of dress by appearing in a white coat was fairly stormed out of the place. He stood it for an hour or so, during which he was addressed: "Take off that coat, sir." "Go out, sir." "Won't you go at once?" "Ladies, request him to leave." "Doctor Brown, won't you put that man out?" (Then, in a conversational and moderate tone), "Just put your hand upon his shoulder and lead him out." After an hour of it the man withdrew. Each successive group of ladies was cheered as it came in. The young men would exclaim: "Three cheers for the ladies in blue." "Three cheers for the ladies in white, brown, red, gray, etc." The poor fellows who read the prize odes and essays were dreadfully bullied. One young man recited an English poem, of which I could not catch the burden, but from the manner of its delivery I should say that it must have been upon the saddest subject that ever engaged the muse of mortal. His physiognomy and his tone of voice alike expressed the dismal and the disconsolate. I think that possibly the extreme sadness of his manner may have been induced by the reception rather than the matter of his poem. They cat-called, hooted him, and laughed immeasurably at him. One young gentleman with an eyeglass leaned over the gallery, and in a colloquial tone inquired, "My friend, is that the refrain that hastened the decease of the old cow?" In the intervals of the horrible hootings, I could only now and then catch a word like "breeze" or "trees." By and by the galleries caught the swing of the poet's measure, and kept time to his cadencies with their feet, and with a rhythmical roar of their voices. It was too painful to laugh at. One felt so for the poor fellow, and more still for his mother and sisters, who, I am sure, were there. I was particularly glad to notice among the men who last year were compelled to face the music, a man who the year before had been especially energetic in the galleries.

To see an English university one should look at it from the don's side rather than the undergraduates. Undergraduates are of

exceedingly little importance. The dons are the essentials of university life; the students are its transient and unimportant incidents. At Yale, when we were juniors, we thought ourselves of consequence. We considered a senior greater than a professor, and the tutors we pretended to hold in no esteem at all. The purpose of the founders of the University of Oxford, as one dispirited and conservative old gentleman told me, was originally not study alone, but study and devotion. The colleges were associations of men who gave their lives to learning and religion. The education of youth was rather an after-thought and an incident. Whether or not the present state of things at Oxford and Cambridge is the result of tradition, it is certainly true that the fellows and masters of the colleges constitute the universities. At Cambridge I had letters to two of the fellows of Trinity; and at Oxford I was the guest for a week of a friend who was a fellow of Oriel. The spirit and social atmosphere of the two universities seemed to me very much the same; almost any statement which might be true of the society of either would be true of the other.

A Fellow, as everybody knows, passes a good examination, and for the rest of his life or until marriage draws from the university an income of from \$1000 to \$2000. For this he is under no obligation to return any labor. Those who reside at the universities are usually tutors or lecturers, and for these services of course receive extra pay. On marriage they are compelled to resign their fellowships. The men who wish to marry, obtain if they can, livings in the Church, school-inspectorships or appointments under governments. Recently the universities have been pressing the abolition of the restriction upon marriage and expecting it from every successive parliament. It is both pleasant and painful, to think of the number of interesting young couples who at this moment are waiting for a word from Mr. Disraeli. A very pretty tale one might make of it. The story of another Evangeline, waiting through long years upon the slow steps of legislation and rising each morning to scan with eager eyes the parliamentary proceedings, might form a good subject for a play or a poem. I examined very few of the considerations in favor of the reform. This one presents itself, however; men are always strangely tempted to what

is forbidden them; celibacy may not be so irksome, if they know they may marry when they choose. Upon the other side I heard a bachelor urge that the university would cease to be such an equal, reasonable, sensible place as it has been heretofore. The women would introduce discord. The wife of a head master would no doubt think herself above a poor tutor's and would give herself airs.

Were it not for the peculiar and easily explained susceptibility of college tutors, the circumstances of their bachelor life are so delightful that one might wonder that even matrimony can tempt them away from it. The physical life is looked after very well. The dinners are fair and the lodgings comfortable. The bachelor can do there what is difficult to do elsewhere: he can live well and dine in pleasant company. He is not solitary as at a club, and the company of congenial men who have the same interests with himself makes the commons dinner infinitely better than any *table d'hôte*. The dons' rooms are of all degrees of comfort and elegance. Some of them are very bare; others are pretty and well-furnished. The rooms of men who have been some time at the university and who have a taste for elegance grow to be pretty; and a pleasantly arranged room, I believe, must always be the result of time. At Merton College, Oxford, I saw an apartment of which the whole front had been made into a bow-window, facing upon a green and humid quadrangle. Its occupant, I remember, showed me among his curiosities a side-board of the 17th century, on which was carved in very bold relief a good part of the events of Genesis. There was a figure of the Lord, about as long as your finger, walking in the garden; and Adam and Eve and the Serpent were engaged in conversation about the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. Adam, strange to say, was accompanied by a dog of some choice breed which smelt about his heels in a rather clumsy wooden manner, but very much as fallen canine nature is yet in the habit of doing. Such elegance and curiousness are unusual, I suppose, though many of the rooms are cozy and inviting. The ceilings are low, and low ceilings are warm and pleasant. One is delighted with the sense of the ancient atmosphere, the ample grate, the books upon the shelves and strewn about the tables.

At Cambridge I left my cards and letters, and in walking about the town missed seeing J—, of Trinity, who had called in my absence, but I chanced to meet the Dean of one of the smaller colleges, whom I had known in London, and I accepted his invitation to his college. I went with him the pretty walk behind the colleges, and, reaching his room, found there several of the tutors who had strolled in, and were sitting in the dusk before the grate, waiting for dinner. The dining-hall of the college was small and dimly lighted. There were but three or four of the Fellows present, and we sat together upon a raised platform. An undergraduate read a long grace in Latin. I sat with my back to the wall so that I could look over the Fellows down upon the tables, dim and candle-lit, where the young men dined. The fewness of the undergraduates, and the quiet and dark of the hall gave one a feeling something like that which children have when huddled under a big umbrella. Sitting in talk with these intelligent, unaffected scholars, and having one's heart warmed by their genial converse and kind attention, and with one's only distraction to peep into the dim and quiet ends of the room, how blessed seemed these men's occupations; how pleasant the tenor of their lives; how attractive appeared the comfort, the poetry and solid happiness there is in learning! The hall at Trinity is, I believe, the great place to see. "If they ask you to dine there, mind you go," I was told. But who does not know the pleasure of finding beauties and curiosities of which the almanacs say nothing! I liked to think that the earth contained so happy a spot as this dim hall of Jesus College, unpraised of men and unheralded by the guide-books. I was more diverted with the old side-board at Merton than with the Tower of London.

The next morning the Dean and myself accepted an invitation to breakfast from J—, of Trinity, whom I had heard was one of the cleverest men in Cambridge. We climbed up one of those dark, narrow, perpendicular winding staircases, and knocked upon his door, and our host came out to meet us. He introduced me to two or three others whom he had invited. It was raining, I remember, and the windows of his room looked down upon a dripping garden (garden is the name given to a lawn planted with trees), and a little arched bridge which crossed a stream like a mill-race. The drops fell rapidly against the

window-panes, and it was dark and warm in the large low old room where we breakfasted. My host's conversation was light and witty, and the talk of the table ran much to politics, and that pleasantest and most instructive kind of discourse, gossip. A good deal was said of education, which is one of the most pressing political questions for Great Britain. One gentleman, who was a school inspector, had been driving about England, looking at the private schools everywhere along his route, and examining the teachers and scholars. With the exception of the examination, it struck me that this must be a very pleasant occupation.

There were present at this breakfast several men who, I was told, were very clever, and again, as elsewhere in Cambridge and Oxford, was I struck with a quality of theirs, which if I praise they may laugh at me—I mean their modesty. Some of them were even diffident. It was a pleasure to look at these men, and think, "you know ever so much about international law, and *you* about the Greek philosophy, and nobody knows what *you* can tell us about the particles." My host was a lecturer upon Plato, I believe. We sat together for an hour after breakfast, and I fell to admiring audibly his circumstances and employment. Our conversation was upon topics not usually touched upon by men on the first day of an acquaintance. One of the drawbacks of travel is that natural delicacy which forbids men who are strangers from speaking upon any but trivial subjects. The necessity is sometimes rather hard upon travelers, who are always strangers. But I remember the Trinity lecturer making such a remark as this, that no course of philosophical reading ever gave satisfactory opinions to anybody but a poverty-stricken theorist. I replied that though I had not the least doubt he was right, it was, nevertheless, very good to have tested for oneself the vanity of such a way of getting at the truth. But it is not to be expected that they would appreciate their advantages; scarcely anybody does. My host walked with me about the colleges and promised, if I stayed, that I should see an old gentleman who had been Lord Byron's tutor when that young nobleman was an undergraduate at Trinity.

At Oxford I was for a week the guest of a friend who was a Fellow of Oriel. An Oriel Fellowship has always been, I am told, the undergraduate's blue-ribbon, and

I presume that the men I met there were very excellent specimens of Oxford. The undergraduates had left the university, and the Fellows of Oriel dined, not in hall, but in the wine-room. A curious feature of the meal, the grace, has been, I believe, incorrectly given by visitors. Before dinner they say "*Benedictus benedicat*," and after dinner, *i. e.*, just before dessert, somebody drops his head in the middle of the talk and says "*Benedicto benedicatur*." The room is hung round with pictures of the ancient and recent worthies of the college. A fine and large likeness of Clough looked down upon the warm and pleasant scene. This sort of living, compared with the only bachelor modes of existence I had ever experienced, a club, a boarding-house, or a hotel, seemed perfection. And if the old wainscoted room, and the company of the genial scholars was so pleasing, what did I think one evening when dining at Merton College, famed for the beauty of its gardens, coffee was served in a rustic seat on the lawn, and, as the summer evening came down upon the grass and the still trees, and a star or two came out and brightened, and the towers over us and about us grew grayer and darker, we sat and conversed, and listened far into the twilight.

In a week's stay about Oxford I saw it in many forms and moods. An Oxford quadrangle is the hoariest and most ancient spectacle in my experience. Shut up in one of them at the time of sun-down the impression is particularly strong. One feels the planet to have aged. I found it difficult to conceive that a scene yet strong with the strength of Nature remained anywhere in the world. It was hard to think that beyond the swelling and sinking Atlantic the blue line of the Allegany trembled over the quiet harvests of a familiar valley, or that the stream of the yellow Missouri drowned with disconsolate floods his black slimy islands of sand.

Some of the quadrangles were very gray and somber; others were warm and happy. In the cloisters of Magdalen they have found the flower which best harmonizes with the associations of the place. It is the wild rose. Upon a mid-summer afternoon when Oxford is deserted, when no feet but your own are heard in the cloisters, when the blue air of the quadrangle is warmed to the fill by the sun, there is that in the odor of the flower of wild, yet sweet, of gay, yet yearning, which harmo-

nizes well with the spongy turf, with the moist air thrilled by the sunshine, with the cold recesses of the cloister and the benign silence with which the scene regards your footfall.

The character for learning of the men I met at the universities stands, I suppose, as high as that of the same class of men anywhere in the world. It is a pleasure to me to dwell upon their candor and kindness. I discovered scarcely anything to find fault with. "We grow a very disagreeable specimen of prig here," said one. I did not see him. Here and there I met a man whose playfulness had a somewhat learned flavor and whose speeches might, when repeated, have had a sound of pedantry, but the awkwardness was accompanied by a simplicity which made it rather attractive. I must say, though, that the wit was a little wordy—but that is true of the wit of young college tutors everywhere; their jokes may be said to have extension, their jests and quips remind one of the gambols of a Newfoundland pup. The older men, where they were not more solemn, had rather more pith and point. But the wit of scholars is apt to be diluted, just as is that of the man of fashion, though from a different cause. The wit of the man of fashion shares the general feebleness of his nature; that of the scholar is poor because he does not see enough of life; because the situations in which he is an actor or a looker on are not sufficiently numerous, various and rapidly successive.

What especially strikes the visitor at the universities, is their way of speaking the unadulterated truth; it does not occur to them that anything else should be spoken. They have their pretenders and humbugs in England just as here, men who live and thrive by the inevitable folly and inattention of the mass of the community. Some poor offspring of a lucky talent and a lucky opportunity wins applause and place and profit with scarcely a struggle. Some light creature gets the start of this tremendous world and is swept onward like a leaf. Oxford and Cambridge are the places to hear these men called by their right names. It is just as well that most people do not indulge in such plain speaking, for most people would be apt to be mistaken. But at the universities there are many thinking, educated men, whose opinions are tolerably apt to be correct. They are very little troubled with that charity which will

say no ill of your neighbor because the report of it may come to your neighbor's ear. They have no axes to grind, no ulterior aims, no policies. One evening at Oxford a well known name was mentioned, and the whole company at once agreed that he was an ass. That was my own opinion, but had I mentioned it among people more polite and circumspect, I should have been thought, if not a jealous and deprecatory person, at least a very rash one—or, perhaps, one of those envious detractors who go about tearing the reputations of the great and good. The man was certainly dull and talkative, yet he deserved respect of a kind. There was an acerbity, however, in the comment which his folly did not quite explain. Why should they so go out of the way to abuse a comparatively unimportant man for merely being an ass? This point was naively met by one ingenious young accuser, who said, "After all, the only thing I have against him is that he's a successful man." To one exceedingly vivacious, agreeable and original old gentleman who had been an inmate of Oxford pretty much since his nursery days, I mentioned a much praised book, and asked his opinion of it. It was in some department of political science upon which I should not have ventured to express an opinion. He said promptly that there was a great deal more talk than thought in it. "Why," I asked, "the best reviewers call it a triumph for England, and the critics give you the impression that the writer has a deal more of modest merit than reputation." "That is just what I say," he replied, "the success

of the work has been made by the press; the book is a fair one, and the author is a competent man, but it is wordy and in no way remarkable."

English writers upon this country have given us the impression that their scholars are less men of the world than our own. I found the young men at Oxford and Cambridge very greatly interested in matters outside their universities. Many of them, I thought, were piqued by the social power which the aristocracy still retains in England, for no men are better placed than themselves to see how belated is the entire face of their society. Not a few of them have aspirations for political careers. Many of them are barristers and have chambers in London, some few conducting cases, but most of them waiting for them. For men who are only students and citizens of the world, the greatest city in Europe is but two hours away. It is they who get most out of university life. They may infest, if they choose, those old quadrangles of Oxford for a lifetime; the ends of Europe are within two days of them. The physical man and the eating, drinking and sleeping man are well enough cared for. They have the great libraries, and the constant society of cultivated men in such numbers that they may look about among themselves for suitable acquaintance. They have for a home one of the most beautiful places in the world. There is scarcely a happy circumstance of a scholar's life which fortune and the generous wisdom of the men who have been through centuries the custodians of the university have denied them.

ORDRONNAUX.

PART II.

IN the letter of cordial thanks that came presently to Emilia from the unknown, this time with the postmark of the distant city, an address was given to which she might send a reply. There was a little fire on her hearth, for the mornings and nights were now cool among the hills; Emilia laid the note with its two forerunners on the coals, and watched them shrivel and blaze ere she wrote the reply whose idea she at first had flouted.

"I have burned your letters. They were most kind—too kind for me. I do not know how you found me out. I do not know what makes me trust you so—perhaps my need. But I must try to do my duty alone."

She mailed the letter herself, walking to the village post-office. The woods through which she went on the side of the Cliff were in the perfect ripeness of their green growth; sometimes a red branch holding

out a torch to illuminate the mossy depths where all wild vines and briars ran riot over the sharp and scattered fragments fallen from the Cliff a century since; sometimes a wilderness of withered ferns and brakes spreading in the shadow a field of the cloth of gold. A royal wealth of asters and golden-rods glistening with gossamers lined all the path, and here and there a brook, swollen by the early rains, rushed down the wayside steep, a torrent of raging silver falling from the clouds, and gentians and maiden-hair received the spray. The year rested like a full tide whose ebb one has not begun to perceive, and Emilia felt the cheeriness soothe her perturbation. But coming out upon the open country, and seeing the soft low-hanging mists half veiling the winy and golden mosaic of the meadows, and seeing the mountains clothe themselves in new forms and tender colors as she walked, the earthly purple slopes, with all their bloom of distance, refining into the clearer light of infinity and heaven, she felt at odds with the great peace and beauty. "I am nothing but an atom," she said. "This hard nature goes on the same whether I am wretched or happy. What difference does it make whether I am good or bad?" And she went along, with her wounds freshly opened. As she came inside the gates she met Ordronnaux waiting to make the customary ceremonious adieux ere he rode to the station, amusing himself the while with the prancing of his badly broken horse. He smiled as she approached. "Good-bye," he cried. "I shall be gone perhaps ten days," and he reined up his horse beside her, but did not dismount. "Now," he said gayly, "if I were a knight in an old ballad, you would step upon my foot and climb behind me, and 'cast your arms about me,' and we should ride away and see the world together!" It was but lately he could have spoken in that light manner to Emilia.

"How can you mock me so?" she said, and hurried on.

If Emilia were solitary now, there was presently a certain freedom in the solitude, a comprehension that at last Ordronnaux cared for her so little that she should be annoyed no more by his anxieties, which sent her spirits up a buoyant and defiant height, and made her feel capable of wild and daring action; and it was an unfortunate time for another letter to arrive from the unknown, for she would surely answer it.

And another letter came from him, re-

fusing to be silenced, pronouncing their correspondence as legitimate as that of any other friendship, declaring himself, in differentially masked, but unmistakable language, no votary, no lover, saying that through great trouble which had befallen him he needed her consolation as she needed his.

Emilia, of course, failed to see the impertinence of the very existence of this letter. Otherwise, there was a certain delicacy and firmness in its tone that was agreeable to her. When it went on with some slight confidences, it interested her. In years he was not far before her, but in experience, in sensation, he was a generation her senior, the writer said,—trusting possibly to Emilia's literal reception of his words,—and when they met, if ever, he should be older still by all the crowded experiences of the enterprise he was about to undertake. And he urged her to write to him freely, to write the small incidents of her days, her thoughts, and fancies—a distraction to her, and a delight to him.

And Emilia did.

If her correspondent were one who had any design of evil, he must have been surprised at the simplicity of her letters, awestruck, in a degree, at the innocence and purity of her soul as those letters translated it, while week by week passed and they still came, speaking of her uneventful life, the books she read, the sights she saw, the reflection those sights kindled—letters dealing at first with little but outside objects, then lingering with enthusiasm over the account of some book she had come across in the great dark library, till stimulated by replies, they hurried on towards emotional and personal confessions, guileless and trifling confidings of a hitherto unsoiled nature ignorant of the wrong and dangers here, but confidings which opened the way to closest intimacy. In one letter she had to tell of the autumn burning of the brush at night, and the huge apparitions of the burners passing before the blaze from vast star-lit darkness to darkness, and of the contrast between that Dantean scene and that of the first snow on the Chieftain's head, one blushing sunrise just as the Indian summer came. And if, in reply, he warned her against becoming the spectator at scenic effects of nature rather than the sharer of nature's moods and phases, it only gave her a greater sense of security in writing. In another letter she told him of her climbing the hill in the late autumn

morning to see a rainbow slowly throwing its arch along, and building across the hills beneath. "A wondrous sight;" she wrote, "the edge of a far blue hill grew green and vivid, then the yellow light broke in a flash beyond, like a wave whose foam was rosy, and as the rose, the gold, the green, came on, the violet followed, the mists rose to make it, weaving to and fro a web spun of the very dew of the morning, so airy, so unsubstantial, and yet, as the arch sprang whole and perfect, so firm and so fixed, that I could think only of the solid stones at the foundation of the earth, the shining stones, rather, at the foundation of the City of God, you remember, with its chrysoprass, its jacinth and amethyst. St. John must have climbed a mountain-top, and have seen just such a thing as this beneath him before he told of the rainbow like an emerald round the throne."

"Do you think so?" the answer came. "For my part, I imagine the prophet, as the poet, needs no more actual sight than the inner apocalyptic vision. You and I are perhaps far enough from the City of God,—I am, I know,—and need to climb the heights; but to St. John in the desert, that City descended out of heaven. Yet you have interpreted the meaning of your rainbow, the everlasting firmness of the great viewless laws, better than words interpret music."

"I am in the desert too," she wrote; "and your letters are bringing me a heavenly peace there. And peace in my house, too,—for, as the master of it comes and goes, I can even pity him that he has no such resource, such haven as I have, and can feel some interest in his existence, some sorrow for his state, and the eyes of his dead mother do not pain me as they did. And now that the winter is all about me, and I am shut in by one of its great white, whirling, moonlighted storms, I feel like a cradled child."

"I am glad you are at peace," he wrote, "It ought to give me peace to know it. But alas!—still there is for me the next thing to peace—effort; and for that all directions are open. What if, while you harmonize the elements of your life, I should lose myself striving to complete a harmony only less perfect than spiritual unisons can be? Do you recall, in the little book I sent you, that conception of a future art in which the great science and beauty of color should be developed as fully as that of sound has been? Since

nobody feels more keenly than I what may be the opulence of the unrevealed reserves of color in the dark and chemic rays, nobody exults more keenly in the depths of the unexhausted wells of color that we have, why shall not I begin the development? To me a sheet of clear and pure tint, be it blush or blue or amber, gives rapturous and inmost satisfaction; and let such colors flow into one another with soft counterchange and silvery blooms, and I have the delight that a perfect strain of music gives. Think then, to those who love absolute color passionately, what some great symphony, founded on the seven colors as on the seven tones, might be, with the palpitating glow and gloom, the combination of its chords, the magnificent movement of its members through all delicious fluctuation to complete correspondence and marriage! Think of a chromata in violet minor, with its radiant correlations! 'Think of that fancy of Haeussler of delicate 'melodies composed of single floating lights, changing and melting from one slow intensity to another, through the dark, until some tender dawn of opal from below might perchance receive the last fluttering pulse of ruby light and prepare the eye for some new passage of exquisite color!' Well, somebody is to discover the notation from which these marvels are to be produced—why not I? Somebody is to discover the instruments, and decide whether they shall appeal to chemistry or to electricity. To my mind those instruments are all ready for the final touch; for since color, as well as sound, is the result of vibration, all that is necessary may be to combine the initial of light and sound, which it would seem that electricity could do in some attachment to the present musical instrument; so that the strings, for instance, should produce the vibration requisite to render the violet rays, the brass the brilliant yellows, the wood the deep rich reds. Think then of the orchestra that in producing any matchless piece, —the Italian Symphony,—shall translate every tone into its own color, or rather every color into its own tone, and you sit with all that changing splendor entrancing your soul to the accompaniment of its perfect music! Yet, I suppose, it is not for this generation to do, but for one whose childhood is the master of many sciences. I suppose that generation is to come; for since education in the parent becomes instinct in the child, there cannot but some

day spring up a great perfect race on our ashes!"

Fanciful speculations—but these, and such as these, beguiled Emilia from herself. How different, she thought, from the tame and commonplace action of Ordronnaux' mind, as she had seen it! And, in return, she poured out her own ideas as freely, revealing artlessly an organization open on every side to the impulses of beauty, and responding to sweet influences like a living growth still adding to its wealth and strength. It would have been evident that she was young, and that she had a nature to be moulded, but with an individuality withal which it was a fascination to discover, and which to discover was to love—an individuality indeed capable of caprices of shy and sullen reserve to-day, and bountiful confession to-morrow; with a temper that had needed some hot annealing of trouble; with a heart ready as a rose to open with all its burden in its own time under fostering suns, but not to be torn apart by rude fingers without destruction. It would be no wonder if the reader of letters so simple, so sweet, so confiding as hers, came to share the fate of all who knew Emilia,—had he begun in hate he could have ended only in love,—if he abandoned himself at last to his passion.

Emilia did not vex herself much at this time about Ordronnaux, nor did he trouble her much with his presence. Tolerably well aware that the old adoration of her beauty was over and done with, she paid little heed to his movements, and never asked herself if his love were capable of arising all the stronger from that reaction. Whether he had penetrated the secret of her letters, or not, never crossed her mind, for it never crossed her mind that it was a secret. When she saw him, outside her window, spending half the day breaking in his great black stallion, she was forced to admire the two animals together, outlined against the snow, as she admired any bronze in the hall; but, in general, his disquiet, his constant going and coming, his curious scrutiny of herself, his abrupt remarks sometimes, sometimes his strangely gentle air, the undecipherable smile with which she more than once found him regarding her, the way in which he ceased in the midst of what he was saying and suddenly strode from the room, were all to her but parts of the unaccountable and rather disagreeable behavior of one from whom she expected nothing better and to

which she gave no second thought. Giving it no second thought, of course she saw no struggle between love and indignation and reproach.

And thus, as the winter had folded more and more closely its white curtains about Emilia, the passage of these letters had been her reliance. There was a strange cold splendor in the air, and the icy glare from the huge Cliff,—which she had so often longed to push out of the way,—walled her out from the world like the frost of the tomb. Her friends had not come at Christmas, having been detained by the great storms, the cause she imagined of her correspondent's delay in carrying out the enterprise he had spoken of, which she had taken for granted was a long tour, but of which he had made no further mention. Ordronnaux was away a good deal, often kept away by impenetrable drifts; sometimes he was gone on dangerous hunting expeditions for days together—lying at the bottom of some cruel rift, for all she knew, among these hills that seemed to her like vast creatures of some primordial origin crying out to one another now and then in the thunder of an avalanche upon the silent night. When Ordronnaux was at home he spent long hours in the library by himself. But she obeyed the wish that he had expressed, and dressed every evening as for an occasion; she thought, perhaps, that as he had made the beauty his property he had a right to see it set as he chose, or possibly in the general kindliness that was pervading her she was willing to afford him pleasure, possibly she could no longer feel towards him as once she did—for there are emotional and mental processes of unscrutable secrecy even to their possessor. There might have been something heart-piercing in the sight of her, with all her pulsating bloom and brightness, as remote in that world of her own thoughts as if she were a being of another race, another planet. She was no longer the splendid and stately woman, wearing a dignity of wifehood, but a beautiful young girl again, light-footed, light-hearted, kindly spoken, breaking into carols as she moved about the house, living in the hidden little life of her own dreams. Whether Ordronnaux had undergone any new change in her regard or not, sometimes he seemed to feel all this, and he threw down his book and walked the room, where they were sitting, by the half hour. Once as he came in, bringing a

puff of frosty air with him, from the piazza where he had been stalking, he went and leaned over her chair, watching the bright flower she wrought; as she glanced up she saw there was a strange light on his face, his lips were parted, his face fevered. "Are you ill, again?" she exclaimed. But he shook his head and walked away. Presently she looked up once more. "I am not good company for you, am I?" she said. "I did not think till lately that it must be dull for you. Would you like to have me sing to you?" And she went to the piano, and sang. He followed, and turned the leaves for her; now and then he joined in, but only now and then, as if his voice were not quite under his control, as if it were unequal to the weight of some emotion. When she rose, she held the edge of the piano, as if it were all she could do, as she said: "Do you know—I am going to make a confession!"

"It is I that should make confession!" he cried warmly.

"Oh no, indeed, she said in that calm silver treble. "You have done so much to make me contented here, and I have been so ungracious! I—that is—if we cannot be more, we can at least be friends?" and she held her hand winningly towards him, in amazement to see him wheel about and march out of the room. And she heard him treading the crisp snow outside, followed by his dogs.

The letters, and the emotions they aroused, had been having a softening effect on Emilia; she had discerned a glimmer of her culpability in rendering Ordronnaux' home offensive to him; she had made her effort, and the repulse mortified and confounded her. She stood a moment, silent and wondering and affronted, and then she went to her own room and took refuge with her unknown friend and her letters; and she had the field to herself, for Ordronnaux was away again at daybreak.

Emilia began to live simply from letter to letter, to reckon her time by them; the delay of one depressed and its hastening elated her. Presently she was modelling her thoughts and ways after the ideas and wishes that she gathered thus, looking at the universe through another's eyes; and, all the time, she was doing her utmost to be worthy of this friendship—a friendship of high philosophy, she would have told you, since not a word had yet occurred in all these letters to put her on her

guard. If a letter lingered now, she fancied her friend were ill, and she was in a flutter of apprehension till she heard; when, as many times, a heavy snow blocked the trains and no mails came, she walked the house like an unquiet ghost, realizing what it would be to her if those letters never came again, warm and flushed with an access of gratitude that they had come so long, trembling directly lest the mind she so valued should one day outgrow her and have no more to say to her at all. Poor Ordronnaux' telegrams, that from time to time were forwarded from the station, she hardly glanced at thoroughly.

One March morning there came a letter which she opened with her usual haste, and her face fell to see that, instead of the long pages of delight, there were but four lines—he was to be in that portion of the country and would delay over a train, and be that day in the light wood where he, unseen, had seen her walk, if she cared to meet him.

If she cared to meet him! Now she might have known how she had cared by the eager way in which the blood surged up and crimsoned all her face, by the shaking of her hands as she dressed herself hastily, without a thought of her appearance, thinking only of what she was to see, and hurrying impetuously along, for it was ten o'clock, and at ten he had said he would be there.

She entered the wood where, every day, she walked, and through which there was always a trodden path. The naked boughs let in the sunshine, and here and there the crust had thawed from the mossy stones. The red hips of the wild rose, the skeleton seed-vessels of the gerardia, the brown leaves still clinging to a young oak, the swelling buds on the trees, all gave the place a sort of stir and life, even in that nipping air. Through openings of the lichened stems, looking down over the low country, she could see the dazzle of the sunshine, and the blue melting to a soft wide blush along the far horizon and giving a pale flame-like aureole to all the pointed pines. Once in a while a branch caught her and detained her, a black crow rose flappingly and startled her, a dark green hemlock shivered in the wind and shook down its silver weight about her. She thought nothing could be more beautiful than this walk through the yet winter wood to meet the person on whom it seemed to her now her whole world swung. She had not stopped to

fasten the white fur cloak, with its black fox edgings and blue linings that she wore, her chestnut hair, gilded in the sunshine, was blown from under her hood, her cheeks were damask in the fresh wind, her eyes were glowing, her mouth was dimpled with its eager smile; she heard a footstep and half paused, her heart in her throat. Now she should see him, the one who had given a value to life, the hero whose dimly seen, dimly remembered face she had never been able to recall—and Ordronnaux came round the curve of the path, walking from the station with his knapsack on his shoulder. "Have you come to meet me?" he cried, extending his hand. "How did you know I had come? I did not telegraph, purposely—I thought I should surprise you." He had surprised her. And of course there was nothing to do but to turn about, half stupefied, with Ordronnaux, and walk quietly back again, gathering one dead thing and another as she choked back childish tears of disappointment. Once in her own room again, she let those tears come in a flood. A salt and bitter flood. But out of no bitterer or saltier flood was it that once before Love rose!

For, as the drops were still falling through Emilia's fingers she snatched her hands from her face and looked about her in a sudden horror, a scorching blush tingled over her like a wave of hot air, from head to foot, her tears seemed to turn to fire, she bounded to her feet and wrung her hands, and went and hid her face, and wished that she had never been born. In one moment she had seen the precipice upon which she stood. On which she stood? Say rather the height from which she had fallen, from which she had fallen here among all corrupt things!

She dragged herself through the day, and dressed and descended to dinner, daring to do nothing else; and though Ordronnaux had much to talk of that was pleasant,—for he had been at Harriman's wedding, to excuse herself from which she had used the pretext of a cold,—yet never was there so long or so cruel an evening as that, before she could hide herself in darkness.

In the week that followed now, Emilia endured anguish. Forsaken, she felt, disgraced. Because aware of them herself at last, she made sure that her sensations were recognized and known by their object also—that was the reason he neither came nor made explanation, not because Ordronnaux was on the train, for why

should that have hindered him? No, she was served as she deserved. The sharpest pang of all was that—as she deserved! She dared not hope for another letter; she was self-convicted of crime in the wish for one; she felt that she had become a thing unfit ever to enter again into communication with the mind that seemed to her like some far white spirit. Blame for him, in the casuistry of her love, she did not dream of; he was a friend simply and entirely; it was she, a wife, on whom all the blame must rest—how could, how could she have drifted here, how could she have so far forgotten herself as to write in the beginning! Her own self-reproach was too vivid to let her dwell on his share, or in her simplicity to remember that he was a man, in the current of the world, who knew what he was about. And yet she longed for a single word; she shivered one instant at the possibility that, after all, he might not know, might never know, and she despaired the next—*she knew!* If she had not lost already, loss, inevitable loss, only to be bridged by death, was before her, she saw. But she had not reached the point of any serious thought, everything with her yet was in the ferment of emotion. Her nerves were all alive; she started at every sound; she cringed at Ordronnaux' most quiet words; she knew what he had suffered now, and she paused, even in the midst of her pain, wishing she could make some reparation. When, in the game of chess that he one night proposed, he took her ice-cold hand in his, to move her pawn and she felt the heat and the pulse and the tremor there, she burst into tears. But Ordronnaux seemed to take no notice of these moods—why should he, after all that had gone before?

At length, as Emilia sat, heavy-eyed and pale at the breakfast-table, hoping for nothing any more, the letters being brought in, it happened that Ordronnaux handed Emilia hers. He would have been blind not to see the wild light that suddenly ran like summer lightning through her eyes. She sat on thorns, hearing him read from one of his letters that Harriman would be there that day with Alice and Louise, and that Colonel Greve would join them by a later train; trying vainly to drink her coffee; conscious of Ordronnaux' frequent gaze until his departure warranted her own, and she could tear open her letter.

It was not the letter that Emilia had ex-

pected or hoped for. As she read it, alone in her room, her heart leaped up and almost stifled her with its swift beatings. In the first moment she clasped it to her breast with ecstasy, in the next she had whirled it from her to the floor. But she ran and seized it again, kissed it passionately, and hurried up and down the room with it as a caged creature does, or as one might go whose feet were winged with joy.

"You see of course it was impossible to go," he said. "And perhaps it was as well. For, let me say it,—if I had seen you come smiling towards me, your soul in your face, all eager and glad to meet me, I could not have done anything but take you to my heart! Yes, I have written it! Now you know—what yet you must have known before. I love you! I love you! I love you! Does this seem recreant? To have seen your beautiful spirit unfolding like a flower in these months, and have done otherwise, had been recreant indeed! When I think—as I do think!—that you also, you—No, it is not for me to speak. I ask nothing. Never to my gaze may the eye brighten or the cheek redden, never may I feel the dear hair touch my face—yet with a word, a word, you can lead me out of darkness into light. But say it or not, it shall be enough for me to know that I love you and

'In the midmost heart of grief
My passion clasps a secret joy!'

It would have been out of the question for Emilia to go down stairs again that day, but for the fact that Captain Harriman and his party were coming and she must brace herself to the exertion. And in the meantime what was she to do? Answer the letter—she could not. But as she lay on the lounge, that first fervor of her passion spent, a lock of her loosened hair fell across her neck; she rose quickly and took the scissors and severed it, and wrapping the bright and fragrant tress in an envelope, without so much as a single pencilling inside, she directed it with the usual address, and rang the bell and ordered it to be sent with the other letters to the post—nor did she know that Ordronnaux himself took the letters to the post that day on the way to meet his guests. But what lover could have desired a dearer answer, could have had a tenderer?

She was in her wrapper still when they came, and her heart warm now to all the

world, she ran flying down the stairs to receive them, though the wealth of that unbraided hair was still streaming about her, radiant with the happiness she had not yet begun to sift or search, into which realization of sin or sorrow or separation had not come, the rose burning on her cheek, the smiles hanging on her lips; and Ordronnaux, having directed Harriman, who had been there before and knew the house, to his quarters, attended them to the sitting-room, where, sooth to say, he had not been before since he first brought Emilia home. There was a peculiar excitement about Ordronnaux that day—you could not tell whether it was the unquiet of joy or trouble; but Emilia had no eyes to see it. Alice and Louise flitted about the room, looking at this thing and that; Ordronnaux standing by the fireplace and once in a while stealing a look at Emilia where she sat, the moment that any one ceased talking to her, wrapped again in her rosy dream. And presently the dressing-bell rang. "This will never do," said Ordronnaux. "Will you show Mrs. Harriman her room, Emilia—the oriel? I sent Harriman there. And Louise, you said, you would put in the south gable. I suppose Colonel Greve will be along directly, but John will take care of him."

"He was to come in the express," said Louise, "and bribe the conductor to let him off at your station."

"I shall be glad to meet him at last; he is an elusive fellow, a sort of Myth of a Man who did Supernatural things with a battery."

"Prodigies!" said Alice.

"That opens a new field," exclaimed Ordronnaux.

"The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire."

Ladies, you have a half hour to settle the affair and show this recluse the fashions!"

"What a perfect place, Emilia!" they cried, as she led the way to the south gable. "And how lovely you look! How happy you are!"

"It is a lonesome place," she answered, lest they should discover her confusion.

"You say that to hide yourself, Emilia!" cried Alice gayly. "Nothing is lonesome where your husband is! Oh, I could live here forever with—"

She paused, blushing, and Emilia blushed too, blushed red and redder with a

stinging blush that seemed to burn and brand itself upon her. In the presence of this pure and faithful young wife she could not say a word, for she remembered the thing she had just done.

Perhaps it did not need the violet velvet that she wore to heighten the color of her cheek, when Emilia had descended to dinner, and make Ordronnaux feel a thrill coursing through him at the spectacle of her loveliness, as she stood talking with Harriman while they waited for Colonel Greve. Was it the too abundant light, was it the heat that suddenly brought a deathly pallor to blanch Emilia's face? She grasped the back of the chair beside her, her heart was giving such throbs that it seemed all the room could hear them, she glanced at Ordronnaux in a terror to see him start and tremble and turn as white himself. For fate had found him out. The gentleman who, as the servant announced Col. Greve, left his crutch and came forward to be presented to his host and hostess, was no other than the hero of the white rose.

Emilia bent before him, as cold and pallid that moment as a corpse. But Ordronnaux had recovered himself and was beside her, taking the Colonel's hand and welcoming him with pleasant cordiality. Then the new-comer passed to Louise. "I declare," he said under his breath, "your friend, the hostess, is the most wonderful piece of mechanism I ever saw! Is it wax or marble? You don't pretend to call it flesh and blood? Does she ever speak? It is Inez de Castro over again! Now I will tell you a secret," he said, taking her fan. "That is the rival I have held over your head! But I should hardly have known her. How did I ever dare to give her a flower! You see she has not forgiven the liberty!" And then the butler had entered and the wonderful piece of mechanism had taken his arm and they were at the table. As Emilia raised her eyes to him a moment, she saw that he wore upon the lapel of his coat a little Scotch white rose. Ordronnaux saw it too, and he was grinding his teeth at the strange coincidences of chance while he sent the Colonel his sherry.

But if Emilia had been able to utter any words during the dinner, beyond those of simplest civility, she had no opportunity; for never had she heard or seen Ordronnaux precisely as then—it was true—that circumstances never allowed it before, for gracious coolness on the part of a *vis-à-vis*

does not promote conversational talent. But now, as if some hidden sting urged him, jest and epigram sparkled from his lips, and even Emilia was obliged to listen and to question what ailed him, and to remember by and by

"That frail blaze of excellence that neighbors death."

as, restlessly brilliant, with an artificial gayety, perhaps, that hid a trouble behind its coruscation, he kept Colonel Greve engaged so constantly that there was no possibility of his addressing an undertone to his hostess, had he desired it, until the evening ended—as it did very early, on account of the long journey to that place on the winter hills.

As Emilia sat on the hassock in her sitting-room, a few moments after the separation down stairs, cowering over the fallen ashes, white and cold, and totally bewildered, unable to comprehend or reconcile the events of the day, clasping her hands on her forehead with a sense that she must be going distracted, Ordronnaux rapped upon the door leading from his own rooms, and, without waiting for permission, came in. He went to the long window, and lingered there a moment, listening to the great wind that swept by, and looking out silently at the picture there—the light of the unseen moon flooding all the hollow of the sapphire sky, where the snow-clad mountain peak hung like a giant crystal glittering in many colors on the dark. Then he came and threw some logs upon the fire,—for though it had melted that April day in the sun, it was still winter among those hills.

As the odorous black birch began to snap and send up its jets of flame, she looked up and saw him leaning an arm upon the mantel-shelf, and gazing down at her.

"Emilia, my dear wife," said he then, gently, "can you listen to something I have to say to you?"

She could not speak; she made a motion with her hand.

"Do you remember," he said, "that once I swore to you to make you happy? Well—in what I have to say I want still to give you the least pain, the greatest happiness I may. I think it was early last Fall that you received a letter, without signature, from a person who, by an *équivogue*, implied that he had given you a white rose?"

She looked up heavily, as he went on,

not so much astonished, perhaps, as stunned.

"You did not reply to the letter," he said; "though in response to the next one, you wore at your throat the flower you were asked to wear; and you answered the third by an attempt to end the matter."

"Yes," she said, slowly.

"But others followed. You were persuaded that you had a right to exchange letters with a friend. You thought of no imprudence. Soon you enjoyed the letters."

"Yes," she said, again.

"As your friend sketched out his plans, and hopes, and thoughts, you also confided in him. There was nothing to hide from one who knew already of your married unhappiness. You told him all the delicate imaginings and desires that had been concealed—from me, at least—that—perhaps he kindled?"

"Yes!" she said again.

"As you so hesitatingly, and then so freely, revealed to him the reserves of your nature, that friend became your lover. He appointed a day to meet you. With disappointment you met only me."

"Yes," she said.

"A week afterward you received from him a passionate declaration. That was this morning. And your reply——"

"Do not think," she said, stolidly, with her dry lips, "that I should not in time have told you all this."

"And do not think that I should have troubled you about it. I do not know," said Ordronnaux, leaving her and walking up and down after his habit, "I cannot say how it would have ended; but for the accident to-night of this man and his accursed white rose, this man whom I recognized and whom you did, as the one who dropped his flower on your book." He came back and stood before her again. "Once you playfully declared that you had a confession to make," said he, "and I answered that it was I who should make confession. Are you listening? Emilia, it was I that wrote you the letters."

She lifted her head, and stared at him a moment. "It is impossible," she said.

"No," said Ordronnaux, advancing a step, with a flush on his dark face. "It is not impossible; it is true. When I recovered from the illness in which what I had endured all summer ended, I felt that my love for you had burned out, and that if I kept the ashes warm with a pleasant

indifference, it was as much as I could hope. And then, as I saw you pursuing a cold precision of duty, I wondered if you suffered no pang of reproach, of pity, if you had reason to be satisfied with yourself. I resolved to test you. I wrote you the first letter——"

"I do not believe you!" she cried. "It was not your handwriting!"

"You never saw my handwriting, Emilia; you never saw my handwriting other than in those letters. I always telegraphed you, if you will remember. I swear to you I wrote them——"

She sprang up and stood before him, trembling from head to foot.

"Pray, hear the whole," cried Ordronnaux, and he took her hands and gently placed her in the great arm-chair that he wheeled where the flicker of the firelight fell on her with all the wild beauty of that changing spot on her cheek, that fixed luster in her eye, that quiver on her lip. "I will tell you the truth," he said. "I was sorry when you came to the greenhouse and took that white rose from me." He paused a moment, taking up one thing and another from the shelf and putting it down again, as he leaned over the blaze, and did not look at her. "And then I was reckless," he continued. "I said I would see it through; I would see what you were made of; it could do me no harm. Perhaps I thought——" he faltered; "yes, perhaps I was so base," he said, slowly, "as to think that if the bond that had loosened grew irksome, here would be the means of destroying it in my own hand. Yet that was but momentary, a momentary madness. When your first letter came,—that little, heart-broken letter,—it touched me. I had the world before me; you had nothing. I said to myself I would lighten your days a little, if any human interest could do it; and so I wrote. And then—you know the rest," said Ordronnaux. "As week by week those letters unfolded all your spirit, and I had the very bloom of your being there, the love that had died for your fair face, your lips, your smile, was born again for the sweet soul that I was discovering. This morning, this very morning, I handed you the letter which contained the avowal of that love. This morning I had your reply." And he drew from his breast the long lock of bright brown hair, and pressed it to his lips. Emilia reached forward, and snatched it from his hand and threw it on the fire. The flame caught it,

and it curled and writhed, snake-like, to a cinder.

"What do I care?" cried Ordronnaux, imperiously. "You love me. At last I know you love me!" And he bent toward her with his open arms.

"Never!" cried Emilia, drawing doggedly away. "Never! If what you say is true, you have killed the man I loved! I never loved a man who was capable of practicing a fraud!"

Ordronnaux rose, and stood as if a blow had been dealt him. "You are right," he said, hoarsely, after a while. "Before God, Emilia, I never looked at it so till now. I should have told you that fraud and an Ordronnaux—"

"Yes," she cried, suddenly, "a fraud! Oh, all you dead and gone Ordronnaux that from these walls have been accusing me of crime this long, long week, now you see where all your boasted honor ends! Ends in the man who beguiles his own wife from virtue, and betrays her!"

There was a moment's silence, in which you heard the drop drip from the eaves.

"Emilia," said Ordronnaux then, still gently. "If I have done wrong, are you the one to have no mercy on me?"

Another silence, and then for answer there came a tempest of tears.

"Is it true," said he, when the tears had passed, and there had been no sound in the room save the keening of the wind and the falling and shattering of one icicle and another for many minutes, "is it true that I have killed your ideal? Is there nothing left from which you can revive it? No love of beauty and of heaven? No aspiration? No sympathy in books, in music, in color? No personal interest whatever? After this winter's companionship in those letters, can you live alone and live at all? I loved your soul, Emilia—I thought that you loved mine!"

He turned away. And then he came back passionately. He stooped and took her, impassive, in his arms, he kissed her unreturning lips in one long throbbing kiss—a kiss that was half a sob. Then he released her and went back to the window, where he had lingered when he first came in. The room suffocated him, it seemed as if his brain were on fire, he threw open the valves and stepped out upon the little balcony—an instant too soon; for there came the swift rush, and muffled thunder of an avalanche of snow and ponderous icicle from the gable-end

above, and Emilia saw Ordronnaux fall beneath the shock, saw him as if that, like all the rest, were a part of some bad dream.

But with the next heart-beat,—whether it were an instinct of common humanity that stirred in her, or whether that long melting kiss had warmed her back to newer, richer life,—she started from her chair, and had seized Ordronnaux' shoulders and had dragged him in, the snow with him, had flung together the valves of the window behind him, and was kneeling over him while the flashing of the firelight disclosed to her the white sharp face as fixed as death, whiter for the thread of blood that trickled from a wound beneath the hair. And in that instant a withering sense may have overwhelmed her of what she lost in losing Ordronnaux—the companionship, the sympathy, the love of which he spoke. "I loved your soul, too!" she cried out. "Speak to me, look at me! You kissed me a moment since," she said, her face on his, "kiss me again, Oh Ordronnaux, my love, my husband!"

A quiver crept through the frame she half upheld. Even in that trance, the twin of death, he must have felt that cry. His pulse fluttered, his heart was beating in great plunges—yet he dared not open his eyes at once, lest it should all be naught, till again he felt the touch of that soft cheek, of those warm, trembling lips, and his own lips answered and detained them.

The moon came round, with all her purple shadows, and looked at them sitting there before the dying embers, in that rapturous hour of recital, of forgiveness, of passion—an hour borrowing something of its bliss from the sorrow it had so nearly touched, from the sorrow yet to come! On what a bright world the sun would rise, they thought! What messages of cheer, though the household were about them, would flash between the eyes of husband and of wife conscious of the glad new secret of their happiness! What a future splendid with hope, rich with possession stretched before them!

"I must forgive you," said Emilia, pushing back the bright fallen hair. "Yet, oh! how can you forgive me! It was such a fatal flaw in me—I see it all now—I was so ignorant! But your love must be to me like God's love—"

"And it was no fatal flaw in me?" he cried. "Oh, my darling, the forgiving is all done before we reach heaven! Do you know, Emilia, when you recalled me to

life there, a little while ago, with that kiss, that kiss, my wife, that led me out of darkness into light, I said to myself that I was dead, that I was in heaven."

"You thought you deserved heaven then?" she said archly.

"At any rate, I have it!" cried Ordranax. And let us hope he had. For the icy spear had done its work, its slow and hidden work. And, as his head fell forward with those words, the man who held her in his arms was dead.

(CONCLUDED.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Mr. Beecher's Case.

IF any of our readers care to refer to the number of this magazine dated January, 1873, they will find under the title, "The Popular Capacity for Scandal," all that we have ever cared to say concerning the scandal in Plymouth Church, recently and forever exploded. There never was any probability in it. The idea that Mr. Beecher, who had carried a pure name through life, should, after having lived to be nearly sixty years old, reared a family, and been subjected to the most tremendous draughts upon his vitality, gone out of his way to seduce an innocent member of his own flock,—the wife of a personal friend, to whom he had married her,—was simply preposterous. The absurdity of it is greater when it is remembered that his life had not been a brutal one, but one in which the nobler sentiments had always been those receiving special culture. The crime charged against him is probably the last toward which he would have been tempted. We say there never was any probability in it, regarded purely from a physiological point of view; and when we remember that the person who originated it continued to cling to the nest which he professed to believe was dishonored by repeated crimes against its purity, the improbability grew, in all practical results, to impossibility.

It is strange that these two circumstances,—Mr. Beecher's age, his relations and the spiritual character of his culture, and his accuser's condonation of the offense which he professed to believe his wife had committed,—had not opened the eyes of the public to the facts, and rendered the scandal impossible. There are other circumstances that ought to have been taken into consideration. If the public had fully looked in the face the organized and self-justified nastiness in which this scandal was bred, they would have seen that it was an attack on eminent purity before which it writhed in condemnation. But it is all over now. We suppose that none but a fool now believes that Mr. Beecher ever had criminal conversation with the weak woman whose name has been coupled with his in this business, and that none but a worse than fool either wishes or pretends to believe it. Saying this, the case ought be covered, but, unhappily, even Mr.

Beecher is still blamed. Why did he not come out and say all he has said, before? Why did he submit to the manipulation which proved him to be so little worldly wise? Why did he hold any communication with people whom he ought to have known were unsafe associates? Why did he, and why did he not, do a thousand things besides?

We are not Mr. Beecher's champion, but we would like to ask a few questions. What business have you, oh inquisitive public, with a man's mistakes? Why did you give the slightest credence to this wretchedly improbable story, and put him to such long and inexcusable torture? He denied this story over his own signature explicitly; why did you not believe his denial? Had he been in the habit of deceiving you? Did this tidal wave of filth that has swept over the land originate with him? Has he not been sinned against, privately and publicly, from the first? That he was unwise in the management of this affair is a matter for your commiseration, and not for your blame. The fact calls for your sympathy, and not for your condemnation. The people and the press have done that for which they ought to go down on their knees before Mr. Beecher. The sly knavery of the advice that has been meted out to him, to confess and be forgiven; the apologies that have been made for him on the ground of his usefulness as a Christian preacher; the distinctions that have been drawn between the man and his work; the readiness to give credence to anything that made against him, from the most untrustworthy sources; the bandying of his name as a jest—these are offenses so gross that all who have been guilty of them should hide their heads in shame. If Mr. Beecher can forgive, or withhold his indignation, it becomes the offending public to be silent.

There is a special portion of the great public who ought to have a few honest words said to them, and those we propose to say. It cannot be denied that there was a considerable number of the large aggregate of clergymen in this country who not only did not stand by Mr. Beecher on his trial, but who had such a degree of satisfaction in his humiliation that they could not contain it. There are clergymen who have aided in the circulation of this

scandal, and helped to confirm its impression upon the public mind—men who envied him, distrusted his influence, and did not believe in the soundness of his doctrines. How much Christianity is it supposed there can be in any minister who can take the least satisfaction in the downfall of a professional brother? How much in him who does not refuse to believe anything against such a brother until his guilt is undeniably proved? Bah! It is enough to make a man sick to contemplate such dastards. There is not one of them who does not live in a glass-house. There is not one of them who is not closeted, more or less, with women in distress; and he only needs to have an observing enemy to make him the subject of a scandal just as cruel and causeless as that which has befallen Mr. Beecher. If clergymen cannot stand by one another in emergencies like this, can they blame the public for believing anything that may be said against them? It is a dirty bird, &c.

We congratulate Mr. Beecher on his relief from the horrible incubus that has so long rested upon him. We congratulate all who have stood by him, with faith in his purity and integrity unshaken. We congratulate the Christian church at large, and the Plymouth Church in particular, on the restoration to public confidence of the strongest man of the Christian pulpit. We congratulate the country that one of its greatest men stands redeemed to its respect, and that one of its proudest names has emerged from a cloud of slander that can never hide it again. We congratulate the atmosphere that it is pure again. We congratulate the wind that its nasty burdens of the past few months are dropped in the cess-pool from which they sprang. We congratulate all newspapers, news-dealers, news-boys, the United States mail, post-masters and post-mistresses, that their work is to be cleaner in future. And, finally, we congratulate the fathers, mothers and nurses of this most damnable scandal, that their hands are now left free to labor, without diversion or hinderance, for "the elevation and enfranchisement of woman."

A Time to Speak : A Time to Keep Silence.

THE introductory words of the preface to Matthew Arnold's "Literature and Dogma" are these: "An inevitable revolution, of which we all recognize the beginnings and signs, but which has already spread further than the most of us think, is befalling the religion in which we have been brought up." We wonder how far the American clergy have recognized these beginnings and signs. We wonder how far they are recognized in the theological schools, where the young men of the present day are trained for the Christian ministry. We wonder if, when they are recognized, they are published, or in any way prepared for. We wonder if the pulpit anywhere openly recognizes them, undertakes to lead the people safely through them, tries to occupy the new standpoint, and, while tossing

aside the lumber of the old theologies, grasps firmly the vital truths of religion and proclaims them.

If we were to judge by the hue-and-cry raised about certain articles that have appeared in this magazine, these beginnings and signs have not been recognized at all; yet it is just as true in this country as in England, and just as true in England as for twenty-five years it has been in Germany, that this revolution is in progress. The old orthodox view of the Bible, as a plenary inspired book, from the first word of Genesis to the last of St. John's Revelation, is already forsaken by more minds than can be counted; and, by necessity, with the relinquishment of this view, goes by the board a great mass of theology entirely dependent upon it for existence. The current popular theology cannot possibly be saved without saving the current and popular view of the Bible. They stand and fall together; and it would be interesting to know how many of our theologians are shaping their systems and teachings by their new views of inspiration, and of the relative importance and authority of the different books that make up our sacred volume. Are we to go on, as a Christian people, until criticism has undermined our elaborate systems, and those systems fall, carrying with them those simple, vital truths which the Bible most indubitably holds, and upon which depend the moral health and the salvation of the race?

Mr. Arnold says, "there is no surer proof of a narrow and ill-instructed mind than to think and uphold that what a man takes to be truth upon religious matters is always to be proclaimed." Mr. Greg, in one of his "Judgments," finds serious fault with this proposition, but in one respect, at least, it is sound. For instance, we find that the Christian religion, as it is taught to-day, and has for many years been taught, is a purifying, elevating, saving influence among all men who in faith receive, and, in life, practice it. So much we know—that, however false our theologies may be, and however incorrect our views of all that relates to God and man in their nature and relations, we hold enough of pure and vital truth to bring the hearts of men into sympathy with Jesus Christ, and their lives into consonance with his. Now, until a man has something as good to say,—something more sound, simple saving,—better based, more easily comprehended, working larger and better results, let him keep silence with his doubts, and withhold his hand from destruction. Nothing is more basely cruel than the destruction of any system of religious life that has good in it, without having in hand something better to put in its place. The time for keeping silence is when one has nothing to put in place of that which his words are intended to destroy. We may not hold the truth in its purity, but we hold enough of it to make it invaluable, and until we can present it in a purer and a more fruitful form, so that those who may cut loose from their old belief shall have something to grasp that is better, it is well to hold the tongue and restrain the pen.

The facts are, however, that the revolution is going on independent of the theologians and the religious teachers, and if they are doing anything about it they are fighting it. The result will probably, and most naturally, be a reign of infidelity, out of which, after weary, wretched years, we shall slowly emerge, with our Christianity purged of its extraneous doctrines, and with a new class of religious teachers, who will look back upon the present position as one of gross blindness and fatal fatuity on the part of their predecessors.

What we want to-day is teachers who are capable of comprehending the situation, who have learned what irreparable havoc has been made in some of their old beliefs, who, casting out all those superstitious notions of the Bible that have made it half-talisman, half-fetich to millions of men, women and children, can grasp the history, meanings and uses of the book, get at its central, saving truths, and proclaim them. There is no question that Christianity is as independent of our old ideas of the Bible as it is independent of our ideas of the Koran, or our ideas of any book or anything whatsoever. We have in the Bible, when we find it, the true religion; but, when we make the existence of that religion dependent upon our ideas of the Bible, we do it the cruelest wrong that we can inflict upon it.

And that, precisely, is the danger to-day. The people, having been taught to associate the religion of the Bible with a certain view of inspiration, imagine that religion stands or falls with that view. There could not be a more natural or logical result of the teachings of the last three hundred years than this; and if religious teachers are not ready with their answer when the time comes to speak,—and that time in a great many communities is now,—a crop of infidels will be the result. The growing inattention to religion among the more intelligent masses, the lack of religious faith in the literary class, the enmity,—sometimes coarse and always aggressive,—of the scientists, show that the time to speak, and to speak in earnest, has come. But the speaking must be done from the new standpoint, and with a thorough recognition of the modifications that science and criticism have wrought in the materials and combinations that have entered into the structure of our old systems of faith and opinion. The old machinery and the old doctrine will not avail in this fight. It is precisely those that are the subjects of dissent. A teacher who has nothing but these with which to meet the foes of religion may as well retire from the field of conflict.

Moths in the Candle.

EVERY moth learns for itself that the candle burns. Every night, while the candle lasts, the slaughter goes on, and leaves its wingless and dead around it. The light is beautiful, and warm, and attractive; and, unscared by the dead, the foolish

creatures rush into the flames, and drop, hopelessly singed, their little lives despoiled.

It has been supposed that men have reason, and a moral sense. It has been supposed that they observe, draw conclusions, and learn by experience. Indeed, they have been in the habit of looking down upon the animal world as a group of inferior beings, and as subjects of commiseration on account of their defencelessness, yet there is a large class of men, reproduced by every passing generation, that do exactly what the moths do, and die exactly as the moths die. They learn nothing by observation or experience. They draw no conclusions, save those which are fatal to themselves. Around a certain class of brilliant temptations they gather, night after night, and with singed wings or lifeless bodies, they strew the ground around them. No instructions, no exhortations, no observation of ruin, no sense of duty, no remonstrances of conscience, have any effect upon them. If they were moths in fact they could not be sillier or more obtuse. They are, indeed, so far under the domination of their animal natures that they act like animals, and sacrifice themselves in flames that the world's experience has shown to be fatal.

A single passion, which need not be named,—further than to say that, when hallowed by love and a legitimate gift of life to life, it is as pure as any passion of the soul,—is one of the candles around which the human moths lie in myriads of disgusting deaths. If anything has been proved by the observation and experience of the world it is that licentiousness, and all illicit gratification of the passion involved in it, are killing sins against a man's own nature,—that by it the wings are singed not only, but body and soul are degraded and spoiled. Out of all illicit indulgence come weakness, a perverted moral nature, degradation of character, gross beastliness, benumbed sensibilities, a disgusting life, and a disgraceful death. Before its baleful fire the sanctity of womanhood fades away, the romance of life dies, and the beautiful world loses all its charm. The lives wrecked upon the rock of sensuality are strewn in every direction. Again and again, with endless repetition, young men yield to the song of the siren that beguiles them to their death. They learn nothing, they see nothing, they know nothing but their wild desire, and on they go to destruction and the devil.

Every young man who reads this article has two lives before him. He may choose either. He may throw himself away on a few illegitimate delights, which cover his brow with shame in the presence of his mother, and become an old man before his time, with all the wine drained out of his life; or he may grow up into a pure, strong manhood, held in healthy relation to all the joys that pertain to that high estate. He may be a beast in his heart, or he may have a wife whom he worships, children whom he delights in, a self-respect which enables him to meet unabashed the noblest woman, and an

undisputed place in good society. He may have a dirty imagination, or one that hates and spurns all impurity as both disgusting and poisonous. In brief, he may be a man, with a man's powers and immunities, or a sham of a man,—a whitened sepulchre,—conscious that he carries with him his own dead bones, and all uncleanness. It is a matter entirely of choice. He knows what one life is, and where it ends. He knows the essential quality and certain destiny of the other. The man who says he cannot control himself not only lies, but places his Maker in blame. He can control himself, and, if he does not, he is both a fool and a beast. The sense of security and purity and self-respect that come of continence, entertained for a single day, is worth more than the illicit pleasures of a world for all time. The pure in heart see God in everything, and see Him everywhere, and they are supremely blest.

Wine and strong drink form another candle in which millions of men have singed themselves, and destroyed both body and soul. Here the signs of danger are more apparent than in the other form of sensuality, because there is less secrecy. The candle burns in open space, where all men can see it. Law sits behind, and sanctions its burning. It pays a princely revenue to the government. Women flaunt their gauzes in it. Clergymen sweep their robes through it. Respectability uses it to light its banquets. In many regions of this country it is a highly respectable candle. Yet, every year, sixty thousand persons in this country die of intemperance; and when we think of the blasted lives that live in want and misery, of wives in despair, of loves bruised and blotted out, of children disgraced, of almshouses filled, of crimes committed through its influence, of industry extinguished, and of disease engendered, and remember that this has been going on for thousands of years, wherever wine has been known; what are we to think of the men who still press into the fire? Have they any more sense than the moths? It is almost enough to shake a man's faith in immortality to learn that he belongs to a race that manifests so little sense, and such hopeless recklessness.

There is just one way of safety, and only one, and a young man who stands at the beginning of his career can choose whether he will walk in it, or in the way of danger. There is a notion abroad among men that wine is good,—that when properly used it has help in it,—that in a certain way it is food, or a help in the digestion of food. We believe that no greater or more fatal hallucination ever possessed the world, and that none so great ever possessed it for so long a time.

Wine is a medicine, and men would take no more of it than of any other medicine if it were not pleasant in its taste, and agreeable in its first effects. The men who drink it, drink it because they like it. The theories as to its healthfulness come afterwards. The world cheats itself, and tries to cheat

itself in this thing; and the priests who prate of "using this world as not abusing it," and the chemists who claim a sort of nutritious property in alcohol which never adds to tissue (!) and the men who make a jest of water-drinking, all know perfectly well that wine and strong drink always have done more harm than good in the world, and always will until that millennium comes, whose feet are constantly tripped from under it by the drunkards that lie prone in its path. The millennium with a grog-shop at every corner is just as impossible as security with a burglar at every window, or in every room of the house. All men know that drink is a curse, yet young men sport around it as if there were something very desirable in it, and sport until they are hopelessly sined, and then join the great, sad army that, with undiminished numbers, presses on to its certain death.

We do not like to become an exhorter in these columns, but, if it were necessary, we would plead with young men upon weary knees to touch not the accursed thing. Total abstinence, now and for ever, is the only guaranty in existence against a drunkard's life and death, and there is no good that can possibly come to a man by drinking. Keep out of the candle. It will always singe your wings, or destroy you.

The Rewards of Literary Labor.

MR. THACKERAY, in his notable letter to the editor of the "London Evening Chronicle," written in 1850, concerning the dignity of literature, says that every European state but his own, the English, rewards its men of letters; and he even cites America as more considerate in this regard than Great Britain. "If Pitt Crawley," he says, "is disappointed at not getting a ribbon on retiring from his diplomatic post at Pumpernickel, if General O'Dowd is pleased to be called Sir Hector O'Dowd, K. C. B., and his wife at being denominated My Lady O'Dowd, are literary men to be the only persons exempt from vanity, and is it to be sin in them to court honor?"

Probably no Englishman who has lived in the last century cared less for titles, and the sort of honor that belongs to them, than Thackeray. His plea was a general one for the literary craft. He simply intended to protest that if any literary man wanted the kind of reward or recognition of his work, which a ribbon or a title would bestow, he had as good a right to it as anybody—a better right to it, indeed, than the average or usual recipient of it. And he was right, though he chose something better, as literary men usually do.

In looking over the recent volume compiled and partly furnished by Mr. Stoddard, in the "Bric-à-Brac Series," we find much of suggestion on this great subject of rewards for literary labor. Thackeray and Dickens, or Dickens and Thackeray,—as men may choose to order their coupling of the two great names,—were what may be called well-re-

warded men. They had many personal friends in all ranks of society. They were held in great honor and admiration by multitudes of men and women whom they did not know. They had princely pay for their labor, and were enabled by their power to earn money to give good homes to their wives and children. Yet neither of them, by the usages of English society, was socially among the highest class. They were petted and patronized personally, but they have left no higher social position for their children than they themselves originally held. Wider the circle may be, but its plane is not raised. These literary men whose labor was one of the highest glories of the realm, who carried untold pleasures, and exquisite culture, and pure sentiment, and fructifying thought into every hamlet and house in the kingdom, were not the social equals of an earl, though that earl may have been,—as many an earl undoubtedly has been,—an ass. That they both saw the injustice of this, and despised the constitution of society that made such injustice possible, is not to be doubted—thorough Englishmen as both of them were; and so thoroughly must they have seen the baselessness of the social distinctions which placed them where they stood in the social scale, that they could not but despise the titles and ribbons of which Mr. Thackeray spoke in his letter. The thought that the Queen of England can delight in having the works of her great novelists in her private apartments, and is shut away by social barriers from their genial, sparkling and fruitful society, and that those next below her must remain with those among whom they were born, may be a trial to them,—it ought to be,—but it ought not to disturb the men whose society is so foolishly sacrificed.

After all, the matter is right enough as it is. In this country it is particularly so. In a free country like ours, where the social lines are not closely drawn, we do not see how a man can claim a right to any larger domain than he fairly conquers. The literary man who complains of lack of popular consideration and social reward for his labor, is, by rule, the man who has not comprehended the wants of his time, and has simply sought to serve himself. To complain of lack of public reward for the service of one's self is certainly childish; yet, the great mass of literary men in America who find fault with their winnings is made up of these. Those who are not up to their time, though they mean well, fail of necessity. Those who are above or beyond their time fail, perhaps, in a certain way, but, after all, the world knows enough to know who they are, and accredits them often with more than belongs to them. Emerson has a world of honor from men who do not pretend to understand him.

So we come back to the proposition that a man has no right to any more consideration for his literary labor than, in a fair, open field he can conquer.

Every literary man, by virtue of his constitution, owes a duty to his generation and his time;

and if, comprehending that duty, he performs it well, he has no stint of honor. There is no man around whom gathers so much interest, admiration, affection and respect as around him who charms, teaches, and inspires by his literary work. The young man who boasted that he once saw a railroad train passing, in one car of which sat Charles Dickens, and who felt exalted by the thought that though he had never looked upon his face, he had seen the car that held him, illustrates the enthusiastic affection in which eminent literary men are held. They are kings by right. Their kingdom may not be strictly of this world of titles, and dignities, and palaces, and lands, but it is a veritable kingdom, which holds only loyal subjects. The literary man who would not rather be Walter Scott than the Napoleon whom he described, or Thackeray than the Emperor William, or Charles Dickens than the Prince of Wales, or Mrs. Browning than the Queen of England, or Washington Irving than Gen. Jackson, or William Cullen Bryant than General Grant, is a disgrace to his craft, undeserving of any literary reward, and incapable of winning one.

This admitted, it is idle to talk of the inadequacy of literary rewards, so far as the social and personal honors of the world are concerned. They are abundant, and above all titular honors, all wealth, all official position. Mr. Everett is remembered today, not as our minister to England, but as an orator. Mr. Bancroft retires honorably from his Prussian mission, but Mr. Bancroft, the historian, has conferred more honor upon his office than the office has conferred upon him. The principle distinction that has ever come to the Liverpool consulate has come through Mr. Hawthorne's occupation of it. Names like those of Franklin, Adams, and Motley are those almost alone which have saved the bureaus of our diplomatic foreign service from absolute contempt. A hundred ordinary politicians come, go, and are forgotten; but glory lingers around the chairs once occupied by men whom office could not honor.

The great lack of reward to literary labor is in the matter of money. Not one author in twenty can live on his authorial earnings. We speak of this country of cheap books. We have altogether too many men who are still drudging for the bread that feeds themselves and their families, though they have done good, marketable literary work all their lives. Copyright is contemptibly small. We do not mean that publishers make too much, but that the books are sold so cheap that neither publishers nor authors can get a fair living. The consumers of books must remember that out of every dollar they pay for a copyrighted book, the writer gets but ten cents, and that publishers would be quite willing, as a rule, to share the losses and gains of publication with the authors. If copyright were double what it is, authors could not get a living exclusively by authorship. That this is all

wrong, is undoubted. That it ever will be right until we have an international copyright law, which will do away with the competition of American

authors with stolen books, we do not believe. When this wrong is righted, authors will have nothing left to complain of.

THE OLD CABINET.

We were sitting, this evening, on the steps of a deserted church in the city, and talking about taste—not particularly taste in the fine arts, but what may be called the sense of the fitness of things in general.

It is always surprising to me that the sentence that sounds so fresh and original when you get it off spontaneously in conversation, has such a familiar and commonplace air when you come to write it down, and send it to the printer. For instance:

"The law of taste is as omnipresent, as invincible, and as invisible as the law of gravitation—which is its analogy."

Is there any sight more pathetic than that of a man who knows that somewhere in the vague universe is a supreme rule, whose observance in the conduct of life would place him in a mystic, high brotherhood, to belong to which he would give all his earthly possessions? On every wall he looks in vain for the handwriting, and yet to his neighbor it is blazoned everywhere in living letters. Now and then he hears an oracle, and thinks the rule at last is found. But a new oracle puts to naught the old, and he goes forward on his quest, perplexed and sorrowful.

If there is any sight more pathetic than that, it is the man who all his life is buffeted by a subtle, unseen power, whose individual existence he has no means of apprehending. He thinks it is something else that has touched him; it takes all manner of known shapes—of friend or foe, of mischance, lack of opportunity, misdirected energy; always it is something else than the true thing—the Avenger of taste. Ah, my poor fellow, though you take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, there shall it be with you. It shall be with you when you go a-fishing, or conduct great social reforms; with you at the breakfast-table and at the Stock Exchange. It shall be with you in your letter-writings, your conversations, your prayers (I have heard a parson make a bad pun in a public supplication to the Almighty); with you in the crowded Sixth avenue car, and in the secret place where you think no eye is upon you, and you have the bad taste to soil your soul with plagiarism, Tupperism, or murder. It shall be with you in the doing, and in the failing to do; not only in the whole, rounded act, but in the manner of the act; for even in murder there is a "fine art." It shall be with you when you are reading

the morning paper, and giving easy credence to outrageous scandal, even if you dare not open your mouth and show forth the damnable faith that is in you.

The philosophers—and especially the theological philosophers,—are squeamish about acknowledging the identity of bad taste and bad morals. It is a question too large for, at least, one "small philosopher," as Thackeray would say. But is it not a healthy, human and universal instinct that makes me impute moral depravity to the person who "did the decorations" at Thomas's Garden—and is there not philosophy in my desire to slay him?

(On second thought, I should prefer to have him taken in hand, given a severe classical training in art, or endowed with a new nature, and then brought back and made to sit there during an entire performance, with his eyes wide open, and his sins staring at him from every quarter of that dreadful room.)

If you will honestly bring the principles of taste to bear upon any moral question, I think you will see what I mean. You will not, of course, make the mistake of the vulgar, that good taste means any particular mode or custom of what is called society, or any particular canon of culture that happens to be reigning, but may be wrong. But bring the true instinctive rule of refinement to bear as a touch-stone upon any question, or any side or issue of any question, and note the decision.

Alas and alas! While I write this the air is full of such noisome things, that one can hardly take a full, wholesome inspiration. Shame and sorrow are in the faces of the just. Brief be the reference here to this pitiful matter; but let me ask you to take, if no higher rule, then this one of which we have been talking, and apply it to any part of all this melancholy proceeding, and see how its application by any one of those concerned, at any time, would have averted evil and misery.

A time of shame and sorrow!—yes; but not only on account of the strange and miserable matter itself, but because it has been, as some have said, a day of judgment for the world. For now have the secrets of all hearts been revealed. And as men have been prone to think evil or good; as they have been pure-minded and generous, or narrow and unclean, so have they shown themselves what they were. Shame and sorrow for you and for me, who have seen those we have cared for pass not to the right, but to the left, in the great day of dividing.

I am sure that those of us who, through much tribulation, reach it at last, will find Heaven to be a place of perfect taste; that there will be there neither bad art, nor bad manners, nor bad of any kind.

And on our way to this most desirable Heaven let us stop in at the print-shop, and meditate awhile upon that picture of the self-complacent lamb in the arms of the Good Shepherd. From the bad taste of the Pharisee, good Lord deliver us!

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Which Shall It Be?

IN view of the great dangers besetting young people of the present day, in the form of bad newspapers, illustrated "juvenile" monthlies and weeklies of a vile character, surreptitiously and extensively circulated, and finding their secret way into the best homes and school-houses of the land, the dullest managers of a *pure* periodical for the young hardly can fail to burn with a holy fire. If they only can do a negative good, in crowding bad reading to the wall, in taking up the children's attention so that foul publications are unheeded, a great work is accomplished; their mission is a blessed one, and good citizens everywhere should rally to their assistance. Let not parents deceive themselves. No home is too sacred or too carefully guarded for those fiendish invaders, the vendors of low and dangerous juvenile publications, to ply their unholy trade. Every child is in danger for whom good, well selected, enjoyable reading is not provided by those most directly having its best interests at heart. All dangerous publications do not betray their character at a glance. Often they wear the mask of useful information, and even of piety. A mere general oversight will not suffice. Do not force your child to spend time in reading, but look to it that all his or her reading-time be properly and pleasantly filled. While you blindly congratulate yourself that your boy or girl, through a fondness for books and periodicals, must necessarily be learning something, it may be well to know what that something is. Undue intellectual stimulus for children is bad enough, but emotional stimulus is worse. In the hands of unprincipled purveyors, it opens the way to moral errors of every kind, and by quickening an else slow growth to what is holy, develops only precocity in vice. The point of the wedge is easily inserted, and, at first, as easily thrust back; but beware of the silent force that having once gained an entrance may split the peace and purity of your home.

Foreshadowings of the Styles.

THE earliest suggestion of seasonable changes in apparel is always observable in hats and bonnets. The first hint of spring or autumn is found in the alight, yet distinct, variations of head-coverings.

Already the shop windows are filled with hats, loaded with velvet, and feathers, and brilliant wreaths, which, were it a month later, would be the envy of the passing crowds. Now these milliners' foreshadowings are merely glanced at, and forgotten—at least for the time. There will be no essential variations of shapes during the early Fall. The favorite style will be the Leghorns, with low, round, flat crowns and finger wide brims, turned up against the crown on one or both sides. This style has been moderately popular all summer, the liking for it increasing as the season waned. For autumn, these hats have the under side of the brim faced all over with velvet, an inch-wide binding showing on the outside. Around the crown a band, flatly folded, or a loose-lying scarf of velvet fastens in a number of loops without ends, on the left side, not so far back as formerly. Mingled with the loops is a bunch of small feathers or a long plume. Under the curling edge of the brim, turned up against the crown, is a spray or short wreath of bright colored leaves and berries. Ornaments of all metals,—notably burnished silver,—except oxidized silver (this has run its course), are sparingly placed upon the velvet garniture; and this, with insignificant variations, is the regulation model for an October hat.

High authorities declare that plaids, stripes and figures are to be fashionable in all dress materials, for cool and cold weather, which is equivalent to saying that plain and simple shapes and meager trimmings are to be the coming rule. Plaids, and stripes, and figures are so difficult to trim with any semblance of grace or beauty, that, when they are the mode, excessive garniture ceases to be practicable.

The pretty, old-fashioned Gabrielle dress, modified and improved, is re-introduced under the more pretentious title of the Princesse. It is well adapted to in-door costumes, and like the long-loved and soon-to-be-lamented polonaise, is quite becoming to most people. A good figure is set off, and a bad figure much helped, by the graceful Princesse costume.

However strongly Fashion may declare in favor of stuffs with other than plain colored surfaces, there can never be a question as to the more genuine

elegance of these. They are more refined and tasteful, and always more satisfactory and economical than any figured, striped or plaided goods can be. One requires a less quantity of this material, which may be turned, according to necessity, upside down and inside out, than of such as has an "up and down" or right and wrong side.

It is believed that the deep, rich shades of maroon, brown and blue will be quite as popular as black during the winter, both for in and out-door wear. They are a pleasant change from black, and there is much greater security in purchasing low-priced colored silks than in purchasing black, which has become so unstable that the largest dealers refuse to warrant even the best makes. Among woolen fabrics, cashmere, drap d'été, and camel's hair cloth will, as heretofore, be the most widely worn; and a promised compromise between the light cashmere and heavy drap d'été will fill a long-felt gap in winter goods.

Weddings.

As the semi-annual bridal season is at hand, it is the time to plead for a reform in weddings. Every year this sacredest of all occasions is turned more and more into a mere opportunity for display, and for replying to some fancied social obligation. Instead of the time when a few of the closest friends gather to witness the solemnest compact human beings can frame, it is chosen as the moment for bringing together the larger part of a family's social circle, to show the bride in her bridal garments; to prove how many flowers and refreshments the family can afford; and, with shame be it said, to exhibit to criticism and light comment the precious tokens that should have come with tender regard to the maid on the eve of her new life.

A wedding must not be uncheerful; but it must certainly be solemn to all who realize what it is. On the one side, it is renouncing old ties, promising to begin with faith, and hope, and love a new and wholly untried existence. On the other, it is the acceptance of a sacred trust, the covenant to order life anew in such ways as shall make the happiness of two instead of one. Can such an occasion be fitting for revelry? Is it not wiser, more delicate, to bid only the nearest of friends to a marriage ceremony, and leave the feasting and frolic for a subsequent time? We are sure there are few girls who, if they reflect on the seriousness of the step they are about to take, will not choose to make their vow merely within the loving limits of their home circle. All our best instincts point to the absolute simplicity and privacy of wedding services; only a perversion of delicacy could contemplate the asking of crowds of half-sympathetic or wholly curious people to attend the fulfillment of the most solemn of contracts. Let there be as much party-making, rejoicing and pleasure-taking afterward as hearts desire; but let the solemn vows be made in the presence only of those nearest and dearest.

Hints for Anniversary Presents.

WHEN those grateful anniversaries, popularly known as wooden and tin weddings, occur to our friends and acquaintances, there are many anxious debates over the selection of a suitable offering to mark the day. It is quite difficult enough to choose something for the original wedding, when everything under the stars, from a silver thimble to a check for a hundred thousand dollars is entirely appropriate; but limit the propriety of the gift to a single substance, and mental distraction forthwith sets in. It is not so difficult as it used to be before the pretty Swiss carvings came in vogue, for among these are found book-rests, card-receivers, card-boxes, handkerchief and glove-boxes, jewel-cases, letter-racks, napkin-rings, crumb-brushes and trays, bread-plates and knives, salad-bowls, knives and forks, fruit-dishes with carved stands, flower-dishes similarly made, screen-frames, picture and mirror-frames, easels, ink-stands, pen-racks, portfolios, brackets of all shapes, sizes, styles and prices, flower-vases, and dozens of other things so graceful and comparatively cheap, that there would seem to be no trouble in being suited. Then, for larger and more imposing presents, are the numberless pretty, odd chairs—for instance, the new old-fashioned, high-backed, wooden rocking-chairs, with slats of willow for seat and back, and similar chairs that do not rock; the folding chairs that belong to the steamer chair family, and are so comfortable for piazza lounging in summer; the coquettish folding-chairs, painted the brightest of scarlet, and dubbed croquet chairs, though they are just as charming in-doors as out; and, to end the list, those graceful Vienna folding-chairs, made of rosewood and fine cane-work, which have four legs, but no front ones, and are especially appropriate for parlor use. All these are rated at less than fifteen dollars, some as low as three or four; so that they are within reach of everybody. The penchant for having no full set of furniture, but many pieces of varied styles and kinds, is so great, that it is rare, except in old-fashioned houses, to find the former desideratum of a well arranged parlor—a sofa, four straight and two arm-chairs, all showing so close a relationship as to make it seem an inhumanity to separate them. Now-a-days, people furnish their houses by picking up here a table, there a chair, and somewhere else a lounge. A studied ease is the aim, and a pleasant chaos the result. Nests of tables are among the most acceptable of gifts to housekeepers. Whether of rosewood, or walnut, or Japanese lacquered work, there are always corners and odd spots into which they fit with charming facility.

It is not so easy to suggest presents for tin as for wooden weddings; still, besides the practical pans, pails, cake-boxes, spice-boxes, kitchen-spoons, wire-covers, cookie-cutters and candlesticks, there are many things sufficiently allied to tin to render them legitimate for such occasions. Among these are

wire flower-stands of many shapes and sizes, hanging baskets of wire lined with moss, and filled with growing vines, crystal vases with twisted wire stands, fruit and flower dishes similarly held, wash-stands, especially adapted to small country houses, drinking-cups, cutlery, piazza brackets of iron, and lawn and piazza seats, letter-scales, watch-stands, Wardian cases with metal bases, table-trays, and many other things useful or ornamental, or combining both qualities.

Politeness to Servants.

Is there not, or at least ought there not to be, a code of etiquette for the kitchen as well as for the parlor; for conduct toward inferiors as well as equals?

We make our plea for politeness in the kitchen on the following grounds:

1. No lady can afford, for her own sake, to be otherwise than gentle, thoughtful and courteous in the administration of household matters. If she reserves her best manners for the parlor, where so small a portion of the average American housekeeper's time is spent, it is likely that they will not always be easily put on. The habitual deportment leaves marks upon the countenance and the manner which no sudden effort can produce. And at housekeeping there are at best, so many unexpected occurrences, not always agreeable, that nothing but a *habit* of self-control and serenity can tide us over them creditably. According to John Newton, it sometimes requires more grace to bear the breaking of a china plate than the death of an only son; and there is a good deal of truth under the seeming absurdity. Have we not all proved by experience that we bear with least equanimity the daily, petty vexations which are unexpected, and apparently unnecessary? But there are many small miseries to one great affliction, and if character is to be improved by tribulations, it must be mainly by those of every day—the pin-pricks for which we are ashamed to demand sympathy.

2. For the sake of *family* comfort we must have comfort in the kitchen. Willing and unwilling service are readily distinguishable by every member of the household. We can all of us remember how the atmosphere of a dinner party has been suddenly chilled by a few words of unnecessary blame to a servant. To mortify a person is not usually to reform him. On the other hand, how delightful to a guest are those homes where the relations of masters and servants are friendly; where shortcomings on the part of the latter are delicately excused in public, and judiciously investigated in private. I say, advisedly, investigated rather than reproved; for undeserved misfortune may happen alike to all, and there may be occasion for sympathy rather than blame. If Biddy has had bad news from over the sea, must we not take that into account when we find fault with the gravy? I think sometimes we do not remember sufficiently that those who serve us are not machines, but men and women of like passions, and sorrows, and tempers with ourselves.

3. For the sake of our servants themselves, we must pay them due politeness. Humanity, says Bacon, is sooner won by courtesy than by real benefits. If one would make thorough and efficient servants out of raw material, it must be done by patience and long suffering. You say they are provokingly stupid; we will suppose they are; but if we have to deal with stupidity, let us use the means best adapted to it. Will intimidation succeed? Did you ever find that scolding made an order more intelligible, or caused anything but broken dishes and ill-cooked dinners? Then try gentleness a little while; if that will not accomplish anything, send away your servant, and try another. You can not afford to lose your temper; and a person on whom persistent kindness is thrown away, can render you no intelligent or permanent service.

We put it to the common sense of our readers, whether self-preservation, comfort and duty, do not all require of us a little more attention to kitchen etiquette?

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Wilkie Collins.

We don't like Mr. Wilkie Collins's stories, "and there's the humor of it." At least, we don't like the most of them. He wrote one, a long time since, that we did like very much—"The Dead Secret." Only, even then, his love of sensation, and mystery, and horror in general, led him to give a simple story, with a lovely heroine not a bit too bright and good for human-nature's daily food, a silly title,

which for many people the writer might have been glad to have for readers, shut the book out of their circle, and turned the key upon it. But, this story apart, Mr. Collins has done little since except to minister to those faculties and feelings we have in common with the weakest, and dashiest, and most hysterical of the human race. Our misliking Mr. Collins is not at all a case of Dr. Fell. We can tell the reason why, and we propose to do it; and if our objections seem idle to his admirers, they may con-

solve themselves with the fact that they are in the majority, for we certainly believe they are; and it must be admitted that Mr. Collins has many qualities that give him a right to a large audience—a great honor, if size were everything. He has a clear, precise style; always knows exactly what he means to say, and says it in a way to produce the effect he wishes to produce. He has considerable skill in devising intricate and teasing plots, and in keeping up their intricacy and their teasingness to the last possible moment; and he can sometimes draw a human character—that is, make live for us a man or woman who might have lived, and moved, and had being in this world, though, for the most part, the reason why his people are not human beings is that the world they live in is not our world at all. Here, then, we touch the secret of our little pleasure in Mr. Wilkie Collins. We cannot live for ever in a *fantoccini* world. We could, perhaps, if we were children, but we are not, and if we were, Mr. Collins writes not for children but for grown men and women. And men and women ask something more from an artist, or from one who pretends to be an artist, than the creation of puppets who are to be jerked by dexterous wires into impossible attitudes suited to the impossible world in which they play. In his later works, Mr. Collins begins to feel the Nemesis of his sins against Truthfulness and his degradation of Art. He cannot now be truthful when he would, and the poor puppet he has made to serve him in his caricatures of humanity has turned against him, and strive as he may, he must paint puppets to the end.

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"Waiting for the Verdict," for instance, was written to combat a prejudice. But the prejudice

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wire flower-stands of many shapes and sizes, hanging baskets of wire lined with moss, and filled with growing vines, crystal vases with twisted wire stands, fruit and flower dishes similarly held, wash-stands, especially adapted to small country houses, drinking-cups, cutlery, piazza brackets of iron, and lawn and piazza seats, letter-scales, watch-stands, Wardian cases with metal bases, table-trays, and many other things useful or ornamental, or combining both qualities.

Politeness to Servants.

Is there not, or at least ought there not to be, a code of etiquette for the kitchen as well as for the parlor; for conduct toward inferiors as well as equals?

We make our plea for politeness in the kitchen on the following grounds:

1. No lady can afford, for her own sake, to be otherwise than gentle, thoughtful and courteous in the administration of household matters. If she reserves her best manners for the parlor, where so small a portion of the average American housekeeper's time is spent, it is likely that they will not always be easily put on. The habitual deportment leaves marks upon the countenance and the manner which no sudden effort can produce. And at housekeeping there are at best, so many unexpected occurrences, not always agreeable, that nothing but a *habit* of self-control and serenity can tide us over them creditably. According to John Newton, it sometimes requires more grace to bear the breaking of a china plate than the death of an only son; and there is a good deal of truth under the seeming absurdity. Have we not all proved by experience that we bear with least equanimity the daily, petty vexations which are unexpected, and apparently unnecessary? But there are many small miseries to one great affliction, and if character is to be improved by tribulations, it must be mainly by those of every day—the pin-pricks for which we are ashamed to demand sympathy.

2. For the sake of *family* comfort we must have comfort in the kitchen. Willing and unwilling service are readily distinguishable by every member of the household. We can all of us remember how the atmosphere of a dinner party has been suddenly chilled by a few words of unnecessary blame to a servant. To mortify a person is not usually to reform him. On the other hand, how delightful to a guest are those homes where the relations of masters and servants are friendly; where shortcomings on the part of the latter are delicately excused in public, and judiciously investigated in private. I say, advisedly, investigated rather than reproved; for undeserved misfortune may happen alike to all, and there may be occasion for sympathy rather than blame. If Biddy has had bad news from over the sea, must we not take that into account when we find fault with the gravy? I think sometimes we do not remember sufficiently that those who serve us are not machines, but men and women of like passions, and sorrows, and tempers with ourselves.

3. For the sake of our servants themselves, we must pay them due politeness. Humanity, says Bacon, is sooner won by courtesy than by real benefits. If one would make thorough and efficient servants out of raw material, it must be done by patience and long suffering. You say they are provokingly stupid; we will suppose they are; but if we have to deal with stupidity, let us use the means best adapted to it. Will intimidation succeed? Did you ever find that scolding made an order more intelligible, or caused anything but broken dishes and ill-cooked dinners? Then try gentleness a little while; if that will not accomplish anything, send away your servant, and try another. You can not afford to lose your temper; and a person on whom persistent kindness is thrown away, can render you no intelligent or permanent service.

We put it to the common sense of our readers, whether self-preservation, comfort and duty, do not all require of us a little more attention to kitchen etiquette?

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Wilkie Collins.

We don't like Mr. Wilkie Collins's stories, "and there's the humor of it." At least, we don't like the most of them. He wrote one, a long time since, that we did like very much—"The Dead Secret." Only, even then, his love of sensation, and mystery, and horror in general, led him to give a simple story, with a lovely heroine not a bit too bright and good for human-nature's daily food, a silly title,

which for many people the writer might have been glad to have for readers, shut the book out of their circle, and turned the key upon it. But, this story apart, Mr. Collins has done little since except to minister to those faculties and feelings we have in common with the weakest, and dashiest, and most hysterical of the human race. Our misliking Mr. Collins is not at all a case of Dr. Fell. We can tell the reason why, and we propose to do it; and if our objections seem idle to his admirers, they may con-

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turns out to be an instinct, and, in spite of herself a strife of emotion, and repulsion, and sadness gathers about it which makes the novel a thoroughly human lesson instead of the Civil Rights essay which it probably set out to be. So the story of John Andross involves the scheme of a tract against legislative corruption, yet the least important of the thoughts its suggestive pages excite is the fact that an enormous evil of the sort exists, and deserves attack. This is far from being a failure on the author's part. It only proves that she is greater than her subject, and that her power of analyzing mental operations and portraying shades of feeling carries her far beyond and above the narrow limits of didactics.

The scene of a story upon such a subject is naturally laid in Pennsylvania, and the people who move its machinery are the ordinary judges, and speculators, and officials of that region. Among these there descend, as if from another sphere, one or two persons of very different order, to vex and thwart their combinations. Intrigue of the coarsest kind, stimulated by mere vulgar greed of money, is guided by the intellect of Laird, officially and respectably a banker, a charitable church member, and a dilettante in art. According to poetic justice in the usual novel upon theory, he should have perished in jail, detected, and poor. But in real life, except in signal instances (and in the State of New York) the evil spirit of intellect takes better care of his clever children, and Laird escapes exposure, and prospers after his kind. Among his instruments, Anna Maddox is a cleverly drawn compound of tinsel sentiment and mean art. Andross, at first his victim and legislative tool, breaks away at length from his net, votes against his patron's bill, and resigns his seat in a burst of manly virtue that waits to become historic in our Capitols. The interest of the novel is concentrated upon his wavering course in life, and the struggle of uncertain impulses in his poetic nature among the practical villainies into which he suffers himself to be drawn, is finely conceived and skillfully depicted. There is a journalist, of a kind not agreeable to be familiar with, who seems from his consistency with himself to be a correctly described specimen, but the clubmen and the club interiors are quite out of drawing. In Braddock and Isabella the author repeats a kind of character which is a favorite with her, and very true to nature—a character profound but narrow, silent with strong emotions, and deserving a happier lot in life than it often wins. If any fault is to be found with the denouement of the story, it is a fault that is to be found with real life, suggesting the regret that even in appearance the coarse and commonplace should prosper, worthless as their prosperity is, while more ethereal natures seek satisfaction in vain through suffering. But the author leaves us in no doubt as to the truth that some kinds of failure are better worth achieving than some kinds of success.

"Waldfried." *

It is not easy to decide whether the domestic or the public element predominates in this novel. Influences and events in the national history are so linked with family growth and fortunes that the author seems to waver between asking sympathy for a story of home life, and deserving admiration for a serious political tract. One trait at least is common to all the leading characters, whether in their relations of kinship or their wider range of duty as citizens—that of a high and intelligent morality.

By choosing to tell his story as an autobiography, Waldfried gains a central position that gives clearness and uniformity to his interpretation of family changes and passing events. The wife he worships and mourns, the prince he serves and judges, are strongly individualized by his own knowledge of them, which gives a curious feeling of truth and intimacy to the reader thus taken into his confidence. The life-story seems to be confessed far more than composed, and the narrator with delicate art shows himself to be guided quite as much as he guides others, and wins respect from the very frankness of his weaknesses. Everywhere the sense of some outward control over the course both of public events and of the quiet lives they disturb and mould is implied rather than defined. This unseen rule is not accepted as a mournful decree of fate, nor welcomed as religion welcomes the idea of Providence. It leaves on the reader the impression that the narrator feels himself to be, like all other human beings, whether single actors or combined into nations, only a helpless unit in a general restless movement. The feeling haunts the domestic story as it haunts the pages of "Wilhelm Meister," and inspires the history of public events as Schiller's fine poetic sense breathes it into the lines of "Don Carlos."

It is with the newest politics of his fatherland that the author deals, almost approaching the journalist's region of to-day's occurrences. Waldfried is old enough to have been an actor in the futile revolutions of '48, and to have followed German development through the Austrian war down to the conquest of France, and the consolidation of the Empire. He paints the early struggle for nationality defeated by the powers that were. He describes the agglomeration of states about two hostile centers as the first step towards their combination under one head. And he exults in the establishment of German unity without foreboding as to the effect upon true freedom of the blood and iron cement that holds it together. That unity once attained, he inquires no further into its permanence. As if the jealousies and hatreds of the race were all extinguished at the goal, he forecasts no evil from the dissidences of North and South, liberal and absolute, Protestant and Catholic, which he knows how to describe as so flagrant and deadly, while the

* Waldfried. A Novel by Berthold Auerbach. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

contest for union was going on. A foreign war fused them all for the time, and we should gather no hint from Waldfried that they were not composed in permanent peace. If he is silent upon the conflict between latent communism and traditional mediaevalism, it may be because it is easier to explain than to predict the leadings of the unknown power that guides events. And if the strife now raging between Protestantism and Catholicism passes unmentioned, it is because he regards it only as an incident of progress—a stage in the contest to which alone he gives seriousness in these pages between theology and morality.

In the connection of his own family circle with these great movements of public interests, Waldfried finds an ample field for illustrating the opposing work of principle and of passion. Active heroism and simple goodness, the eagerness of selfishness, the punishment of ungoverned passion, the acquiescence of commonplace people, and the baseness of ignoble ones, all find their part to play on the greater stage of political development. There is a singular distinctness in the chief characters, and in the subordinate ones no little humor and freshness. The touch of German peculiarities clearly marks the localities, and manners, and the modifications of these in the members of the family who came into it from a foreign stock, or return to it with foreign experience, are nicely shaded. One of these at least, Martella, is the picture of an original never before drawn—a wildling of nature, springing up among settled and trim surroundings, and in her outright vehemence and frank sacrifice of everything to self, a true savage, only tamed by the love that she follows as a thing of course, to her death on the battlefield, where she finds and joins at last her lost lover.

Jules Verne.

A WRITER who follows Daniel De Foe or Dean Swift in the invention of realistic fiction must be bold indeed. To produce anything that shall be as life-like as "Robinson Crusoe," or as ingeniously deceptive as "Gulliver's Travels," seems now impossible. Nevertheless, M. Jules Verne has admirably succeeded in beguiling the reading world with his skillful and amusing tales of travel and adventure. Few writers of modern times are comparable with him for fertility of resource, ingenuity and versatility. His inventive powers seem inexhaustible; his pen is as prolific as his fancy. Verne's peculiar vein is that of the improbable-probable. Given, a locality of which we know nothing, Verne fills it with living, breathing figures, clothes it with vivid natural characteristics, and presents it to us with all the minute detail of a photograph, and with the color of an accomplished artist.

This apparent fidelity to detail, which is only a conscientious attention to all the elements of deception, is the chief charm of Verne's work. It is his care for seemingly irrelevant points in the nar-

ative that gives such stereoscopic completeness to the whole. His work is never hazy nor raveled about the edges. He has mastered the art of making fiction appear like recorded fact; it is by turning his attention to the reproduction of what the painters call "the accessories." He describes like a botanist. His stories of adventure with wild animals read like a page of Buffon. Indeed, the only wearisome part of Jules Verne's books is that in which he lets the encyclopedia get the better of his fancy. So long as he gives his imagination full play he is delightful reading; we yawn only when we strike the evidences of his "cramming."

Verne has evidently selected several branches of science for illustration. In his "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," for example, he professes to explore the wonders of the deep. His submarine machine is a possibility of mechanical science; but he fills his tale with marvels of marine monsters, with phenomena and mystery of the sea. In his "Around the World in Eighty Days," he invades geography, making time-tables and steam-lines minister to the requirements of his eccentric Englishman, who wins a wager and puts a girdle around the world inside of the prescribed eighty days. It is easy to see how the commonplaces of travel may be made romantic by the novelty of the adventure, and the imminence of failure. And the *vraisemblance* is possible when the story-teller has absorbed the impressions of men who have gone upon the same route, and have published their own story. African adventure and travel form the basis of another deceptive fiction in "Meridiana," (published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) In this book we have the story of three Englishmen and three Russians, who, measuring an arc of meridian in South Africa, bring us vivid souvenirs of various travelers from the time of Bruce to that of Schweinfurth. Of course, there is enough astronomy and mathematics thrown in to relieve the book of a superfluity of geography. Chemistry has unique illustration in "Dr. Ox" (published by J. R. Osgood & Co.), a story of an experimenter who introduced oxygen into a phlegmatic Dutch town, on pretence of furnishing a cheap gas for illumination. The effects of an excess of oxygen on human, animal and vegetable life are only exaggerated enough to make an amusing sketch.

Science and researches therein form the staples of "A Journey to the Center of the Earth," and "From the Earth to the Moon;" but in "The Mysterious Island," now in process of publication in this magazine, the author evidently proposes to gather up the results of a great variety of scientific observation. He has begun with aerostatics, meteorology and geography, with a slight dash of natural history. It is evident that he proposes to show how a party of men may live happily on a desert island, destitute of the appliances of civilized life, by making use of mechanical and scientific knowledge.

It is, probable, that as the story develops, it will continue more fascinating than it now appears.

Naturally critics are asking if semi-scientific stories like these of Verne's are of real value. It may be said that the fictitious element destroys the science, which is nothing if not accurate; and that the airing of so much erudition is a bore where one seeks amusement in story-reading. There is some justice in this criticism. It must be confessed that Verne's geography is sometimes shaky, as, for example, when he gives his travelers a snow-storm where one was never possibly known; and his facts do sometimes hitch loosely to his imagination, which runs far ahead of the verities. Nevertheless the great popularity of Verne's works is sufficient answer to any who may urge that these objections are fatal—to the interest at least. His "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea" was a new revelation to the book-devouring boy of the period. Its first editions were exhausted as soon as issued; and from the time of its appearance until now the demand for Verne's works has steadily increased. And if,—to take an extreme illustration,—certain of those who have the interests of literature at heart are content to let Sylvanus Cobb serve as a stepping-stone for "the masses" to Thackeray; why may not some such a view hold good in science?

Lange on the Minor Prophets.

THE volume of Lange's commentary which is devoted to the Minor Prophets (and which is the latest contribution of the publishers toward the completion of their great enterprise), is made especially valuable by a general introduction by Professor Elliot, of Chicago, in which the subject of prophecy is discussed with much learning and ability, and in a spirit of candor and fairness which will command general respect. The commentary is marked by the same general characteristics which have secured for this series of volumes such widespread popularity and usefulness. It is to be remarked, however, that the commentary on the books of Haggai, Zechariah and Malachi is not a

translation from the German, but the direct and independent work of Dr. Schaff's accomplished assistants, Mr. McCurdy, of Princeton, Dr. Chambers, of New York, and Dr. Packard, of Alexandria, Va.

Thackeray and Dickens.

THE second volume in the "Bric-à-Brac Series" of Scribner, Armstrong and Co., is devoted to "Anecdote Biographies of Thackeray and Dickens." It is not less interesting than the first of the series; perhaps, indeed, the interest is greater, because the two heroes are nearer and more familiar to us. The two heroes, we say, yet the reader will feel that Thackeray is the real hero of the book. There is much more about him here than about the other; and if we should judge merely from this collection of ana, we should judge him to be the more subtle, refined, frank and noble nature of the two. It was, we suppose, difficult to obtain fresh material concerning Dickens, and so the reader is not kept long enough in his company to know how good it is; to understand fully the potent charm of his hand-pressure and fellowship. If the enthusiast charge Stoddard, the editor, with partiality, he should acknowledge that Stoddard, the poet, has done equal justice. At any rate, there is suggestive criticism in the two poems by him, preserved among the memorial verses of this collection. The ghost of Thackeray is greeted to the sacred place where the greatest dead abide—grand old Homer, the awful Florentine, sweet Cervantes, quaint Montaigne, Goethe, the only Shakespeare. But in the "Gad's Hill" "In Memoriam," when the shade of Dickens reaches that sacred place, we do not see Homer or Dante move to welcome him. Shakespeare makes room for him, indeed; but it is Shakespeare, the humorist.

"Nay, Shakespeare's self was not his peer
In that humane and happy art
To wake at once the smile and tear,
And captive hold the heart!
Make room, then, Shakespeare, this is he
Hath taken the throne of mirth from thee."

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

The Pressure of Sap in Plants.

A REPORT on this matter by Prof. W. S. Clarke, of Amherst, presents points of great interest from an agricultural point of view. From it we make the following extracts:

A mercurial pressure gauge was attached to a sugar-maple, March 31st, which was three days after the maximum flow of sap for this species. Of the record made, the following facts are especially

interesting: First, the mercury was subject to constant and singular oscillations, standing usually in the morning below zero, which indicated a powerful suction into the tree. With the rise of the sun this changed to a pressure in the opposite direction, which after a time sustained a column of water many feet in height. Thus, at 7 A. M., April 21st, there was a suction into the tree sufficient to raise a column of water nearly twenty-six feet. As soon as the morning sun began to shine on the tree, the mercury

suddenly began to rise, and at 9.15 A. M. the pressure outward was enough to sustain a column of water over eighteen feet high, a change represented by more than forty-four feet of water. On the morning of April 22d the change was still greater, requiring for its representation over forty-seven feet of water. These extraordinary fluctuations were not attended by any peculiar state of the weather, and happened twelve days before there were any indications of growth to be detected in the buds.

The maximum was over thirty-one feet on April 11. After April 29th the mercury remained constantly below zero both day and night. During May there was a uniform suction equal to about eight feet of water, and the unaccountable feature of this fact is, that though apparently produced by exhalation from the expanding leaves, it remained the same, day and night, for several weeks. In June the suction gradually lessened, and finally disappeared, the mercury standing steadily at zero.

On the 20th April, two gauges were attached to a large black birch, one at the ground, and the other thirty feet higher. The next morning, at six o'clock, the lower gauge indicated the astonishing pressure of 56.65 feet of water, and the upper one of 26.74 feet. The difference between the indications of the two gauges was 29.92 feet, while the actual distance between them was 30.20 feet. The upper gauge was then raised twelve feet higher, with the effect of changing the difference in the indications of the two gauges, exactly the same amount. On April 21st, a hole was bored into the tree on the side opposite to the lower gauge, and at the same level. Both gauges at once began to show diminished pressure, while sap issued freely from the orifice. In fifteen minutes, one pound of sap having escaped, it was found that both gauges had fallen equal to 19.27 feet of water. Upon closing the hole the gauges rose in ten minutes to their previous level, showing that the rootlets had re-absorbed in that brief period the sap which had escaped from the tree, notwithstanding the enormous pressure already existing.

A stop cock was then inserted into the lower hole, when it was found that the communication between it and the two gauges was almost instantaneous, which proves that the tree was entirely filled with sap, exerting its pressure in all directions as freely as if standing in a cylindrical vessel more than sixty feet in height. The sap pressure continued to increase, until on the 11th day of May it represented a column of water nearly eighty-five feet in height. The buds now began to expand, the pressure of the sap to diminish, and first the upper and afterwards the lower gauge gradually approached the zero point.

To determine whether any other force than the vital action of the roots was necessary to produce the extraordinary phenomena described, a gauge was attached to the root of a black birch, as follows: The tree stood in moist ground, at the foot of the south slope of a ravine, in such a situation that the earth around it was shaded by the overhanging

bank from the sun. A root was then followed from the trunk to the distance of ten feet, where it was carefully cut off one foot below the surface. The end of the root thus entirely detached from the tree, and lying in a horizontal position at the depth of one foot, in the cold, damp earth, unreached by the sunshine, and, for the most part, unaffected by the temperature of the atmosphere, measured about one inch in diameter. To this a mercurial gauge was carefully attached April 26th. The pressure at once became evident, and rose constantly with very slight fluctuations, until, at noon on the 30th of April, it had attained the unequalled height of 85.80 feet of water.

The California Wood-Rat.

In a letter to Prof. Silliman, Mr. A. W. Chase, Assistant U. S. Coast Survey, gives the following account of a singular habit of this creature: "It is a little larger than an ordinary Norway rat, dark brown in color, with large, lustrous eyes, and a tail covered with thin hairs. I should call it intermediate between the squirrel and the rat. This creature builds its nest in the woods, sometimes on the ground, more frequently in the lower branches of trees. It accumulates a surprising quantity of dried twigs, which are interlaced to form a dome-shaped structure, often ten or twelve feet high and six or eight feet in diameter.

"Openings in the mass lead to the center, where the nest is found, consisting of the finely-divided inner bark of trees, dried grass, &c. But it is to a peculiar thievish propensity of this little creature that I wish to call attention.

"To make my story intelligible, I would first state that I am partial owner of some property on the Oregon coast, on which a saw-mill had been placed, but which, owing to various causes, has never been in operation. On this property was a dwelling-house for the hands, in which, on work being discontinued, were stored a quantity of stuff, tools, packing for the engine, six or seven kegs of large spikes; in the closets, knives, forks, spoons, &c. A large cooking-stove was left in one of the rooms.

"This house was left uninhabited for two years, and being at some distance from the little settlement, it was frequently broken into by tramps who sought a shelter for the night. When I entered this house I was astonished to see an immense rat's nest on the empty stove. On examining this nest, which was about five feet in height, and occupied the whole top of the stove (a large range), I found the outside was composed entirely of spikes, all laid with symmetry, so as to present the points of the nails outwards. In the center of this mass was the nest, composed of finely divided fibres of the hemp packing. Interlaced with the spikes, we found the following: About three dozen knives, forks and spoons, all the butcher knives, three in number, a large carving knife, fork and steel, several large plugs of tobacco; the outside casing of a silver

watch was disposed of in one part of the pile, the glass of the same watch in another, and the works in still another; an old purse, containing some silver, matches and tobacco; nearly all the small tools from the tool-closets, among them several large augers.

"The ingenuity and skill displayed in the construction of this nest, and the curious taste for articles of iron, many of them heavy, struck me with surprise. The articles of value were, I think, stolen from the men who had broken into the house for temporary lodging. I have preserved a sketch of this *iron-clad* nest, which I think is unique in natural history."

The Contact Theory of Electricity.

In discussing the recently reviewed contact theory of Volta in the explanation of the origin of voltaic electricity, Mr. J. A. Fleming says: How does this fit in with those cases of electro-chemical inversions noticed by De la Rive, where the direction of the current in a cell is reversed by simply diluting the electrolyte? Thus zinc is negative to tin in strong nitric acid, and mercury negative to lead; but in weak nitric acid the positions are reversed. Hence, if couples be formed of these metals in strong nitric acid, and the acid be gradually diluted, the current first ceases and then is reversed in direction. Here, without altering the metallic junctions, we can at pleasure alter the direction of the current.

Or we may again change the conditions, and notice that it is not sufficient to have merely two different metals and an electrolyte to form a cell. If plates of pure gold and platinum be placed in nitric acid, the most delicate galvanometer detects no current, and the same for many other pairs of metals and electrolytes.

Here we have contact of different metals producing its difference, yet no current flows round "decomposing the electrolyte," as, according to the contact theory, it should do; but the instant we give play to chemical combination, the ordinary results ensue. If the extremities of the copper wires from a galvanometer be attached to iron plates, and these plunged into separate cups of dilute nitric acid, on making connection between the two cups by a bent iron plate dipping into each, no current is detected. On making one limb of the connecting plate passive and re-immersing, a strong current is visible, and we find that we have the direction of the current completely under command by making any of the four plates more or less acted on than the other three.

If these experiments are to have any importance attached to them, it can scarcely be doubted that they land us in conclusions similar to the others, namely, that we must look for the principal source of the electrical disturbance at that place where the greatest chemical activity is being brought into play.

Cultivation of Pearls.

THE "Messenger de Taiti," a paper published by the administration of the French settlements in Oceanica, gives an interesting account, by Lieutenant Mariat, of the culture of the pearl-bearing oyster on these shores. The choice of a locality appears to be the first consideration, one where there is a gentle current being preferable. A sandy bottom kills oysters; a stony one is better, but on it they develop slowly. A gravelly bottom is also good, but is subject to the same objection as the stony. The best that can be chosen is a bottom of living, branching corallines. On this they thrive; and if one cannot be found, it must be made artificially. Little bits of coral must be scattered over the place chosen, or, better still, little coral rocks, which fasten at once to the ground. The coral must not be left more than an hour out of the water, or it will be killed. It is to be surrounded by a wall of dry stones, and the young oysters distributed in compartments, their mouths turned upwards in the direction of the current, packed side by side, like books on a shelf. At the end of a year the oyster will have attained the size of a small plate, after which it will not increase in bulk but in weight. Three years suffice to produce good mother o' pearl. When the oyster has produced its young, it abandons them to the stream. They fix themselves to the sides of the stone walls. Care must be taken to protect them, as the corallines, so favorable to the development of the oyster, are most destructive to the young.

The Blackness of the Firmament.

THE balloon ascent of MM. Croce Spinelli and Sivel has yielded many facts of interest. Among these we may mention the following: The elevation reached was 7,800 meters. They found that the temperature steadily diminished, except when passing through clouds, and finally reached 22° C. At 4,500 meters, crystals of ice were visible floating between them and glistening in the sunshine. The lines in the solar spectrum, indicating the presence of vapor of water, disappeared when they reached the greatest altitude, thus proving that this vapor belongs to our atmosphere, and not to the sun. At 5,000 meters, sensations of discomfort were removed by the respiration of a mixture of forty parts of oxygen and sixty of nitrogen. At 6,000 meters the oxygen was increased seventy-five per cent., and in each instance the physical and mental weakness was restored, and the sky, which, previously to the inhalation, was of a dark hue, again became blue. M. Croce Spinelli has thus removed an old error, and has demonstrated that the blackness of the firmament observed at great heights is due solely to the effects of fatigue on the nervous system.

Reflection of Sound by Flames.

IN connection with Professor Tyndall's recent experiments on the reflection of sound by strata in the

air, we may recall those made* not long since by Mr. Cottrell on the division of sound by a layer of flame or heated gas into a reflected and transmitted portion.

A vibrating bell, contained in a padded box, was directed so as to propagate a sound-wave through a tin tube, and its action rendered manifest by its causing a sensitive flame, placed at a distance in the direction of the sound-wave, to become violently agitated. The invisible heated layer immediately above the luminous portion of an ignited coal-gas flame, issuing from an ordinary bat's-wing burner, was allowed to stream upward across the end of the tin tube from which the sound-wave issued. A portion of the sound-wave from the latter was at once reflected at the limiting surfaces of the heated layer, only so small a portion passing through the flame as scarcely to agitate the sensitive flame.

The bat's-wing burner was then placed in such a position that the heated layer formed an angle that sent the reflected portion of the sound-wave into a second tin tube, with a sensitive flame at its extremity. This was at once violently agitated whenever the flame of the reflecting layer formed a proper angle, and again became quiescent when the angle of the reflecting flame was changed.

The Transit of Venus.

MR. GEORGE FORBES thus describes this phenomenon. The first evidence is the appearance of a slight notch in the contour of the sun's edge at a certain spot. This notch increases until the full form of the planet is seen. The first appearance of the notch is called the time of first external contact. But when the planet appears to be wholly on the sun, her black figure is still connected with the sun's limb by a sort of black ligament. When the whole of the planet is just inside the sun's edge, the time of first internal contact has arrived. The breaking of the ligament is a very definite occurrence, and was, until lately, taken to indicate the true moment of internal contact. The second internal and external contacts take place just as the planet leaves the sun.

Memoranda.

THE Dutch papers warn the public that the curious-looking nuts imported from Acheen are poisonous. These nuts have a fancied resemblance to the head of an ape, and are extensively sold as playthings for children.

E. Reichardt proposes the use of the microscope in the determination of the quality of drinking water. For this purpose a few drops of the water are evaporated on a slip of glass, and the forms of the crystal obtained compared with those of known salts dissolved in water, and re-crystallized in the same manner. In this way one can detect with dispatch and certainty common salt, calc-spar, gypsum, niter, &c., and to a certain extent the relative quantities present.

It is an admitted fact, which physiologists may explain if they can, that women, whatever else they may be, are not inventive in the broadly scientific sense of the word. On this account we record with satisfaction the announcement that reaches us from San Francisco, of a lady of that city who has invented a new kind of needle, which has the advantage of admitting of the insertion of a finer thread than ordinary needles, and making a proportionally smaller hole in the process of sewing. ["Academy."]

According to H. Vogel, the colors of the solar spectrum differ as regards the intensity of their chemical action at various times. These variations he attributes to the action of the moisture in the air.

A nugget of gold weighing 200 kilogrammes, and valued at 600,000 francs, was recently sent to Paris by one of the companies working the mines discovered a few years ago in the French colony of Guayana. It is now proposed to divert the waters of the river Oyapoch and its affluents from their present beds to obtain the gold contained therein.

Another instance is reported in which a fertilizer, consisting of superphosphate, to which ammonium salts were added, proved injurious to the crop. The manure was found to contain sulphocyanide of ammonium.

Herr August Kundt states that gutta-percha and caoutchouc become dichroic by stretching, and exhibit a dark brown tint in one direction, and a straw yellow one in another.

Aniline red is now employed to give a fresh appearance to sausages. It can easily be detected by a little alcohol or ether, either of which dissolves aniline, but not blood. Not only is aniline itself injurious, but from its method of preparation it not infrequently contains arsenic.

A disease of the leaves of the coffee plant is troubling the planters of Ceylon. It is a fungus like a miniature mushroom that attaches itself to the under side of the leaf, and causes it to wither and die.

Signor Eugenio Morpurgo has recently published, at Venice, a monograph on paper-making. In this it appears that the United States consumes more paper than England and France united. The average consumption is 17 lbs per capita. In Russia, it is 1 lb; in Spain, 1½ lbs; in Austria and Italy, 3½ lbs; in France, 7 lbs; in Germany, 8 lbs and in England, 11½ lbs.

Dresden papers report seventeen experiments in which lamb's blood has been infused successfully into the human subject. In the case of a patient who had for long suffered from pulmonary disease, the immediate effect was to raise the pulse and impart a sense of greater strength.

Dr. Peez writes that the ancients, in the time of

Strabo, were obliged to combat the inroads of the Phylloxera on their vines.

M. Raboteau states that, while the salts of thallium are not more poisonous than lead salts, they act more rapidly on account of their greater diffusibility.

A new drug from Brazil has appeared in France. It is called Jaborandi and is a powerful diaphoretic.

Mr. A. R. Leeds has shown that the majority of the salts of ammonia undergo dissociation at temperatures below 50° centigrade.

M. Colladon, a Geneva physicist, proposes to utilize poplar trees as lightening-rods, by inserting an iron pin into the lower part of the trunk, and connecting this with the earth by a chain. One would think that the roots of the tree would make a better connection than that described.

Mr. Ringway states that the cardinal bird has a finer song in Southern Illinois than in Maryland; and the Baltimore oriole sings better there than near Washington.

Vogel confirms the observation of Runge, that camphor has a stimulating effect on the growth of plants.

Professor Ranke shows that the charcoal resulting from the partial combustion of hay is prone to undergo spontaneous combustion. The conditions under which hay produces this charcoal have not been determined.

Mineral cotton formed by blowing steam into the molten slag from iron furnaces is said to possess valuable non-conducting properties. Its exceeding brittleness will, however, limit its application to a very narrow compass.

A little glycerine added to the gum used in attaching labels prevents them from curling up when written on.

Mr. William Harris gives an account in the "Journal of the Franklin Institute" of the manner in which an artificial tin mine was prepared for examination and analysis by the chemist.

Sir William Thomson states that the needles of mariner's compasses, as at present employed, are altogether too large. He recommends a needle one-fourteenth of the length of that at present used in the English service.

ETCHINGS.

THE clever people do not all live in Boston, though many Bostonians would have us think so, for occasionally a good thing is said in New York. "Where have you been lately?" was the inquiry addressed by one club man to another, who made some pretensions to literature. "Haven't you heard? I've been to Boston to lecture." "I'm glad of that," replied the party of the first part; "I hate Boston." Another New Yorker, who is better known in Wall street than in literary circles, and who is a confirmed stutterer, tells a good story at his own expense. He was passing by a bird shop one day, when his attention was attracted by a parrot. "Can he talk?" he finally managed to ask the shop-keeper. "If he couldn't talk better than you," was the reply, "I'd wring his neck." He walked away smiling, but his enemies say that he went back at night and bought the parrot, and made him his tutor! He was standing one afternoon, with a friend, on the steps of his club-house, when a certain great railroad financier, who was more conspicuous for smartness than for honesty, came in sight. "Look, look," he exclaimed to his friend, "there's Astutus Sharp. It's very extraordinary!" "What is? I don't see anything different from usual." "You don't? Why, don't you see that his hand is in his own pocket?"

THERE are many bills besides doctors' bills

which the average man pays with reluctance, and among these the world over are tax bills. It is not difficult to escape paying one's tradesmen, to bilk the doctor for medical services, to cheat the grocer, "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker;" but the tax-collector is quite another personage. He, or the Law which he represents, is powerful enough to compel payment. It is no wonder, therefore, that he is disliked, and that all sorts of subterfuges are resorted to, to lessen his exactions. Few ever consider these assessments just, and of these few not one in a hundred resides in the country. The influences which are sometimes brought to bear upon country assessors may be inferred from the following anecdote: Mr. B., an assessor of a small town on the sea-board of Massachusetts was one day waited upon at his house by a man who lived on the Neck, as it was called, whom he knew by sight, but whose name he could hardly be said to remember. He took a seat,—it was just about dinner, as he must have known,—and unburdened himself in this fashion: "Mr. B., I have called to pay you a debt I owe you." Whereunto Mr. B. replied: "You must be mistaken; you don't owe me anything." "Yes, I do. Don't you remember about eighteen years ago, when you had the ship-yard here?" "Yes." "Well, I wanted some tar one day, and I came over from the Neck to your yard, and got it." "I don't know anything

about it," said Mr. B., "and I don't think you owe me." "Yes, I do," and taking out his pocket-book, he produced a bill, "and here's the money." It was a fifty cent stamp! He waited a few moments longer, and when he rose to go, remarked: "Mr. B., when you come down on the Neck I hope you'll make my taxes as light as you can." "That's been attended to. Captain P. has been down there, and he fixed the assessment yesterday." Clearly that fifty cent stamp was thrown away.

ANOTHER anecdote, illustrative of the aversion of the American mind to taxes, is not without importance, because it concerns men of a different stamp from this commonplace, close-fisted farmer. They were philosophers, or reported to be such, and on one occasion, when they were dissatisfied with the state of affairs,—a chronic condition of mind with modern philosophers,—they both agreed that they would pay no more taxes. They would be martyrs to principle, and would rot in jail first. They were in earnest, no doubt, particularly Mr. A., whose impetuosity was proverbial. The time came when they had to pay or be incarcerated, and Mr. E., who was not without shekels, weakened. Not so Mr. A.; he went to jail manfully, taking with him to console himself in his solitary hours, Plato, Porphyry, Plotinus, the Bhagavat Gheta, and other elementary works of philosophy. The next day he was visited by his friend, Mr. E., who peeped through the bars of the jail, and said: "Mr. A., what are you doing there?" He looked up quietly, and remembering the compact that they had made in regard to their respective taxes, he asked: "Mr. E., what are *you* doing *there*?" It was a pertinent question, which must have puzzled his fellow-philosopher to answer. How the matter was settled, we are not told; but it is certain that the Orphic dreamer and talker was released, and has since paid his small taxes regularly.

THE late Lord Macaulay had a most extraordinary memory, and as he was all his life an enormous devourer of books on all sorts of subjects, and in many languages, he was qualified to talk down any man in England, and did talk down most of his acquaintances. His flashes of silence, like angel visits, were few and far between. We are told that he could repeat all the old Newgate literature,—hanging ballads, last speeches, and dying confessions,—while his memory of Milton was so accurate that if his poems were blotted out of existence, they might have been restored from his memory. Moore relates that breakfasting one morning with Monckton Milnes, to meet Hallam and Macaulay, the latter opened quite a new chapter of his marvelous memory, astonishing as much as amusing them, which was no other than his knowledge of the old Irish slang ballads, such as "The night before Larry was stretched," &c., many of which he repeated as glibly as Moore could in his boyhood. "He certainly obeys most

wonderfully Eloisa's injunction," said Moore. "'Do all things but forget.'"

Macaulay was fond of rummaging old book-stalls, and scarcely a dusty old book shop in any by-court or out of the way corner in London escaped his attention. He would mount a ladder, and scour the top shelves for pamphlets and curious relicts of a bygone age, and come down, after an hour's examination, covered with dust and cobwebs. He was not communicative to booksellers, and when any of them would hold up a book, although at the other end of the shop, he seemed to tell from the cover or by intuition what it was all about, and would say "No!" or "I have it already!" before the dealer could ask whether he would look at it. If he purchased anything, he was so impatient to have it at home that he would tuck it under his arm, and act as his own porter. He was passing one day through the Seven Dials, where he bought a handful of ballads from a dealer who was bawling out their contents to a gaping audience. Proceeding on his way home, he was astonished, on suddenly stopping, to find himself surrounded by a half a score of urchins, their faces beaming with expectation. "Now, then," said Macaulay, "what is it?" "Oh, that is a good un," replied the boys, "arter we've a-come all this way." "But what are you waiting for?" he asked, astonished at their familiarity. "Waiting for? Why to hear you sing, to be sure!"

THE poet Rogers was rather unfortunate in his servants, one of whom, who had been a long time in his service, took it into his head to die. A kind-hearted friend called to condole with the old man on his loss. "Well," exclaimed Rogers, after listening for some time to his expressions of sympathy, "I don't know that I feel his loss so very much after all. For the first seven years he was an obliging servant; for the second seven years he was an agreeable companion; but for the last seven he was a tyrannical master." On one occasion, when in the country, his favorite groom, with whom he used to drive every day, gave notice to leave. Rogers asked him why he was going, and what he had to complain of? "Nothing," replied the man; "but you are so dull in the buggy?"

ONE of Rogers's best stories was about a Frenchman and an Englishman that had to fight a duel. That they might have the better chance of missing one another, they were to fight in a dark room. The Englishman fired up the chimney, and he brought down the Frenchman! "When I tell the story in Paris," observed Rogers, "I put the Englishman up the chimney!"

Rogers disliked writing letters of condolence, and when he had that melancholy duty to perform, he generally copied out of Cowper's. Lord Lansdowne once spoke to him in congratulatory terms about the marriage of a common friend. "I do not think it so desirable," observed Rogers. "No!"

replied Lord Lansdowne; "why not? His friends approve of it." "Happy man," returned Rogers, "to satisfy all the world. His friends are pleased, and her enemies are delighted!"

Twiss, in his "Life of Lord Eldon," relates a story of Lord Erskine which, we think, would delight the tender heart of Mr. Bergh. On one occasion a ruffianly driver in the neighborhood of Hempstead Heath was punishing a miserable, bareboned hack horse. Lord Erskine's sympathy provoked him to a smart remonstrance. "Why," said the fellow, "it's my own; mayn't I use it as I please?" And as he spoke he discharged a fresh shower of blows on the raw back of the beast. Lord Erskine, excessively irritated, laid his walking stick sharply over the shoulders of the offender, who, crouching and grumbling, asked him what business he had to touch him with his stick. "Why," replied Erskine, to whom the opportunity of a joke was irresistible, "it's my own; mayn't I use it as I please?"

THE Life of the Rev. R. H. Barham, the author of "The Ingoldsby Legends," swarms with anecdotes of his acquaintances, who were among the most notable men of his time. Here is one in which Dr. Thomas Hume figures. He walked with Barham one day to the office of a morning paper, where he silently placed upon the counter an announcement of the death of some friend, together with five shillings, the usual charge for the insertion of such announcements. The clerk glanced at the paper, tossed it on one side, and said, gruffly, "Seven and six." "I have frequently," replied Hume, "had occasion to publish these simple notices, and I have never before been charged more than five shillings." "Simple!" repeated the clerk, without looking up. "He's universally beloved and deeply regretted! Seven and six." Hume produced the additional half crown, and laid it deliberately by the others, observing, as he did so, with the solemnity of tone that he used throughout, "Congratulate yourself, sir, that this is an expense your executors will never be put to."

Barham, who was full of mischief when a boy, had a companion named Diggle, who was, if anything, more mischievous than himself. He was fond of practical jokes, in one of which Barham was a sharer. The two boys having, in the course of their walk, discovered a Quaker meeting-house, forthwith procured a penny tart of a neighboring pastry-cook. Furnished with this, Diggle marched boldly into the building, and holding up the delicacy in the midst of the grave assembly, said, with perfect solemnity, "Whoever speaks first shall have this pie." "Friend, go thy way," commenced a drab-colored gentleman, rising; "go thy way and ——" "The pie's yours, sir," said Master Diggle politely, and placing it before the astonished speaker, hastily effected his escape.

In the Diary which Barham kept, he jotted down

the amusing stories that he heard, and among others the following, his authority for it being Sir Walter Scott. A Scottish clergyman, whose name was not mentioned, was cited before the Ecclesiastical Assembly at Edinburgh to answer to a charge brought against him of great irreverence in religious matters, and Sir Walter was employed by him to arrange his defence. The principal fact alleged against him was his having asserted, in a letter which was produced, that "he considered Pontius Pilate to be a very ill-used man, as he had done more for Christianity than all the other nine apostles put together." The fact was proved, and suspension followed. A good pendant to this anecdote is the blunder that was committed, by some noted English Judge, who, in airing his historic knowledge, spoke of the famous Roman Emperor Julian, who was so noted for his piety, that he was called Julian the Apostle!

Scott, on a later visit to London, related another clerical story. It was about a minister near Dundee, who, in preaching on Jonah, said: "Ken ye, bretheren, what fish it was swallowed him? Aiblins ye may think t'was a shark—nae, nae, my bretheren, it was nae shark; or aiblins ye may think it was a saumon—nae, nae, my bretheren, it was nae saumon; or aiblins ye may think it was a dolphin—nae, nae, my bretheren, it was nae dolphin—" Here an old woman, thinking to help her pastor out of a dead lift, cried out: "Aiblins, sir, it was a dunter" (the vulgar name of a species of whale common to the Scotch coast). "Aiblins, madam, ye're an auld witch for takin' the word of God out of my mouth!" was the reply of the disappointed rhetorician.

Another story told by Sir Walter was of a drunken old laird, who fell off his pony in the water while crossing a ford in Ettrick. "Eh, Jock," he cried to his man: "There's some pair body fa'en into the water; I heard a splash. Who is it, mon?" "Troth, laird, I canna tell; forbye it's na yersell," said John, dragging him to the bank. The laird's wig, meanwhile, had fallen off into the stream, and John, in putting it on again, placed it inside out. This, and its being thoroughly soaked, annoyed the old gentleman, who refused to wear it. "Deil ha' my saul, it's nae my ain wig. What for do ye no get me my ain wig, ye ne'er-do-weel?" "Eh then, laird, ye'll na get any other wig the night, so, sir, pit it on again. There's nae sic a wab of wigs in the bunie I jalouse."

Barham has preserved for us a little story of Hook's. It was related of Sir George Warrender, who was once obliged to put off a dinner party in consequence of the death of a relative, and sat down to a haunch of venison by himself. While eating he said to the butler, "John, this will make a capital hash to-morrow." "Yes, Sir George, if you leave off now."

Archbishop Whately used to tell the story of a traveler who, finding himself and his dog in a wild

country, and, desolate of provision, cut off his dog's tail and boiled it for *his own* supper, giving the dog the bone!

SHERIDAN KNOWLES, the dramatist, was famous for two things—forgetfulness, and a propensity to make bulls. The names of Mark Lemon and Leman Rede used to puzzle him severely, and as both were frequently before the public as writers for the stage, he could never bring himself to understand which of the two was the subject of congratulation when a dramatic success was achieved by either of them. At length he met Leman Rede and Mark Lemon walking arm-in-arm. "Ah," said Knowles, the moment he was close enough to accost them, "now I'm bothered entirely. Which of you is the other?" When a version of "Frankenstein" was being performed nightly at two London theaters, the hero being represented at the one by O. Smith, and at the other by T. P. Cooke, Knowles on meeting the former one day in the street, stopped him and cried: "Faith, I met your namesake yesterday—Mr. T. P. Cooke."

HOSPITALITY is a good quality, but there is such a thing as overdoing it—a fact of which many kind-hearted people are not aware. Such a one was Macready, the tragedian, who could never do enough for his guests. Jerrold was once stopping at his house in the country, and when the hour for retiring to rest arrived, he questioned him as to whether in his defective preparations for sleeping from home, he had left any wants that might be supplied. The friendly "Good-night" was exchanged several times between guest and host, and at length Jerrold thought there was no chance of seeing anything more of his hospitable friend until morning. He had not, however, completed his disrobing before there came a sharp tap at the door, when Macready's face, full of earnest expression, again appeared before him, and his deep-toned voice sounded the words: "Jerrold, have you got a tooth-brush?"

THE mention of a tooth-brush in the preceding paragraph recalls an anecdote of Daniel Webster. His extravagance was the theme of discussion among a party of gentlemen in Washington, and several anecdotes illustrative of it were related. A Western member of Congress who was present, and who had known Webster, gave his experience with him. They were traveling together a number of years before, and had occasion to stop at a country hotel which was so crowded that they were both put in the same room. Mr. Webster indulged in an ablation, and his traveling companion did the same. When the latter had finished, he turned to the great expounder of the Constitution, and said: "Mr. Webster, will you lend me your tooth-brush?" "Certainly, sir," and going to his traveling bag he took out his tooth-brush and handed it to him. It was used, and returned. "What do suppose he did, gentlemen?" "What?" "Why, he threw it out

of the window! There never was such a wasteful man."

A CAREFUL, prudent wife is a blessing to a man, especially a poor one, but some wives are a little too careful and prudent. Lord Eldon's wife, for example, was somewhat "near," as they say in New England. His lordship was very fond of hunting, and usually retired into the country for a few weeks towards the end of the season, where he was in the habit of riding a little Welsh pony, for which he gave fifty shillings. One morning his lordship, intending to enjoy a few hours' sport after a rainy night, ordered "Bob," the pony, to be saddled. Lady Eldon told him he could not have it, but, company being in the room, gave no reason. In a few minutes, however, the servant opened the door and announced that "Bob" was ready. "Why, bless me!" exclaimed her ladyship, "you can't ride him, Lord Eldon; he has got no shoes on." "Oh, yes, my lady," said the servant, "he was shod last week." "Shameful!" exclaimed her ladyship, "how dared you, sir, or anybody, have that pony shod without orders? John," continued she, addressing her husband, "you know you only rode him out shooting four times last year, so I had his shoes taken off, and have kept them ever since in my bureau. They are as good as new, and these people have shod him again. We shall be ruined at this rate!"

WE all have our ideas as to what we would do if we had all the money we wanted, but few of us are ever in that enviable position. A number of years ago (it was, we think, when the Negro Minstrelsy was in its infancy) an impecunious poet, who had a sweet tooth, gave vent to his aspirations in a popular melody, of which this couplet was the chorus:

"If I was President of these United States,
I'd lick molasses candy and swing on the gates."

A relative of this candy-loving singer,—at least in a spiritual sense,—was fortunate enough at one time to have money wherewith to gratify her wishes. She was the wife of a sea-faring man, who during the late civil war was a master's mate on a man-of-war. It was stationed on a foreign coast,—in China, if we remember rightly,—and as he was paid off in gold, which was at a high premium there, he sent the gold to his wife. It did not quite turn her head, for she was a woman of sense, but it gave her what she had never had before—an opportunity of gratifying her tastes, which she eagerly embraced. She had the most primitive notions of what constituted a lady, so she went at once to the nearest large city, which was some fifty miles off, and purchased a very expensive black silk polonaise, and nothing else, which she wore over her country-made gown whenever she had occasion to go to the village store. Before she was a lady,—for, of course, the

polonaise made her one,—her appetite was as simple as became the wife of a sea-faring man; she ate her smoked herrings with a relish, and was not daunted at hard tack. Now she had a craving for luxuries, and the most expensive one that she could think of was rich, fruity, black wedding-cake, and she had it for breakfast, dinner and supper! When her husband returned, her money had all gone in wedding-cake, which was eaten up, and in a black, old polonaise, which was worn out. She had one satisfaction, however, over the herrings to which she returned—she had lived like a lady!

THE RING.

"GIVE me," said Lubin to his fair,
To whom he would be more than friend,
"Give me the little ring you wear,
'Tis like my love—it has no end."

"Excuse me, that I cannot do;
My heart you have no hope of winning;
The ring is like my love for you,
For, Lubin, it has no beginning!"

THE FATTED CALF.

SAID Jack to Tom, one summer day,
"You're getting in a baddish way,
Your breath is short, your breast is flat;
You used to weigh a dozen stone,
And now you're only skin and bone,
Why, you're as lean as I am fat.

Come out with me, my farm is near;
I know you'll like our country cheer,
My fruit is ripe, my eggs are new;
I've claret, too, your favorite brand;
Come out now, come; say 'Yes,' off-hand
I'll kill the fatted calf for you."

"That last remark of yours, dear Jack,
Though meant in kindness, holds me back.
"I don't see why, though," Tom replied.
"The fatted calf—to take its life—
Think of your children and your wife,
And you committing suicide!"

A PERPETUAL destruction and renewal is going on in our bodies, the chemists teach us; and what with the old matter we put off, and the new matter we put on, we may be said to be different persons every seven years. We are not conscious of the change, but it exists all the same, if we may trust the chemists, who, by the way, are not very apt to trust us. How often in the course of our lives we are changed mentally, no philosopher has arisen to tell us. That we do change, the most self-observant of us are willing to admit, but the majority are such sticklers for their own consistency that they will not hear of it. If we may believe the politician, he is always consistent, no matter how many times he has changed his coat, never once

forgetting to look out for his pocket; and if we may credit the divine, he, too, is always consistent, although he has boxed all the points of the theological compass. Most of us have our shibboleths, that we repeat under all circumstances, which fact reminds us of "a little story," as Mr. Lincoln used to say. Once upon a time there was a lad in a New England town who was not remarkable for an overplus of mother wit. He was not exactly a fool, but he lacked what few Yankee children lack—gumption—and his memory was woefully deficient. He remembered best the things that never happened, which gave him rather a bad character for veracity. Now, the story goes that his mother sent him one day to a grocery in the town where she traded, swapping her hens' eggs, like the thrifty women she was, for whatever she needed most in the grocery line. On this occasion, tradition says, she wanted three different kinds of spice, either because they were handy to have in the house, or because she was going to make gingerbread and other sweet and strong specialties of the sort for home consumption. Perhaps the minister was coming to tea. However this may be, she charged her boy to do his errand correctly, or—we leave the dreaded alternative to the imagination of those who are familiar with old time ways in New England. She wanted him to get cinnamon, allspice, and ginger (the quantities of which were stated), and in order to stimulate his uncertain memory, he was ordered to repeat them as he went, "Cinnamon, allspice, and ginger." He started off at a dog trot, repeating his spicy shibboleth. Running down the road on which he lived, he was met by an inquisitive playmate, who stopped him with "Who's that at your house?" To whom he, mindful of his errand, "Cinnamon, allspice, and ginger." "Pretty company they are. Where are you going?" "Grocery: cinnamon, allspice, and ginger." A little further on a man hailed him. "Father got home?" "Don't no: cinnamon, allspice, and ginger." "Allus thought that boy a fool," was the consoling remark. The nearest way to the grocery was a short cut through the ship-yard of the town, and our grocery-bound young messenger started through it "lickety-split," as he said afterward. As luck would have it, while he was running at the top of his speed, he stubbed his toe, and was precipitated wildly forward among logs, chips and tar-barrels, and other ship-yard belongings. Now, whether the time had come for him to be a changed boy, or his small wits were shaken into foolishness, no one knew; but up he scrambled at last, and sang out: "I haint forgot it yet—tar, pitch and turpentine." He remembered to the last that he had a shibboleth. Whether the store-keeper supplied him with these strange groceries, tradition omits to mention, as well as the penalty that he paid for remembering to forget his errand. If the minister came to tea that day, we may be pretty sure he was discussed as a shocking example of what a boy should not be.

